NON-FICTION

Frontier Times

FT
K

March, 1968
35¢

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

GOLD IN IRON BOXES!

TWILIGHT OF THE GRAY WOLF

BILL WILSON'S GETAWAY

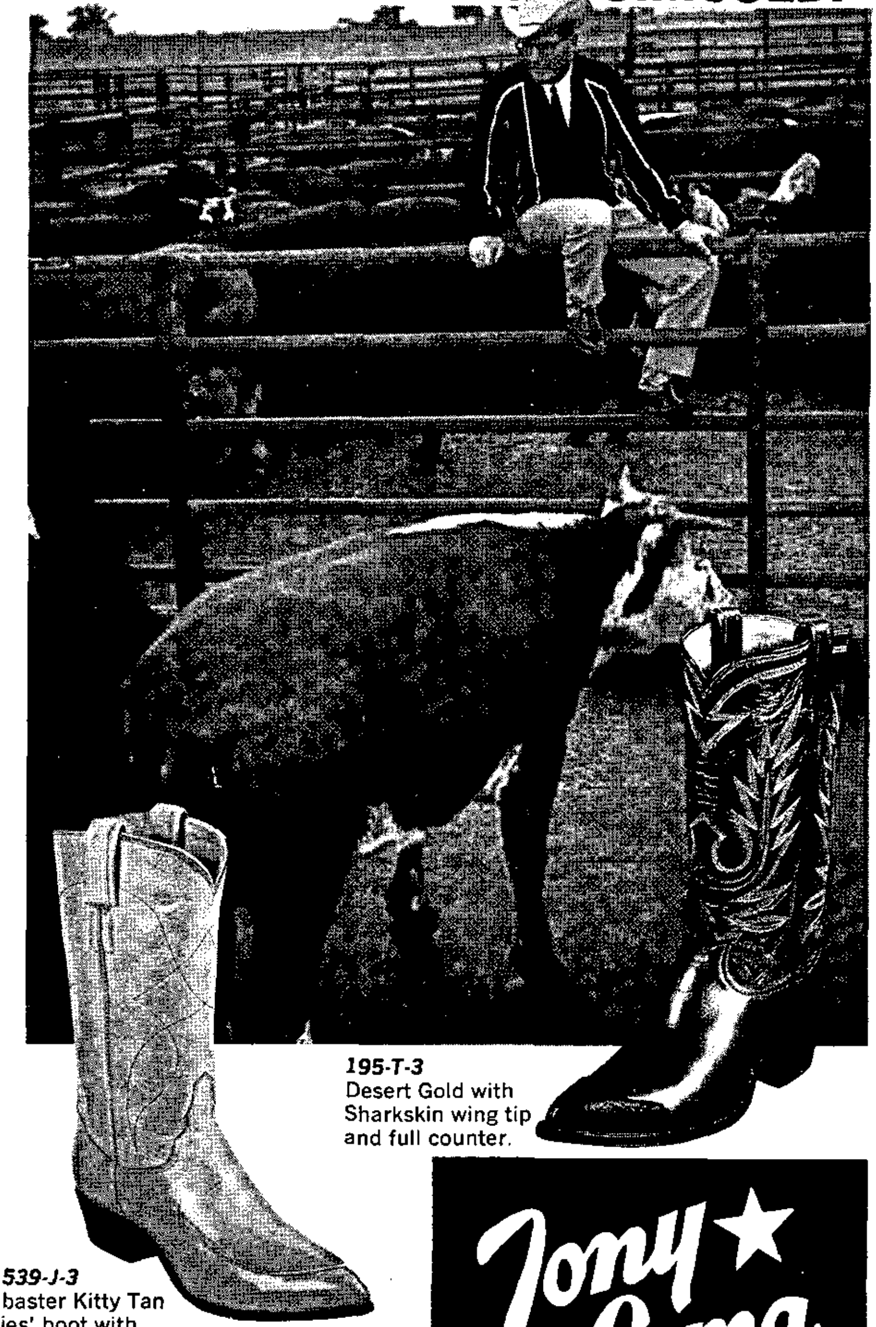
(GOODNIGHT'S HEROIC TRAIL HAND)

MY FIRST FRIEND WAS AN OUTLAW | THE [illegible] S | TANGLED TRAILS TO TREASURE

MAY•68

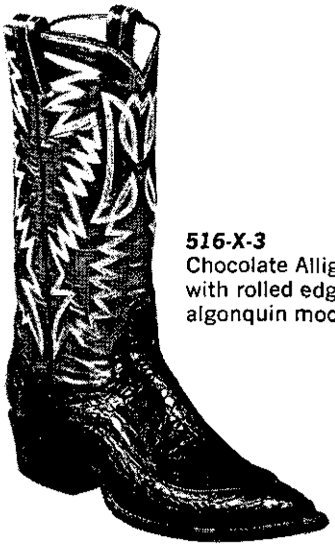
"NOWIMGONNAGETTONYLAMABETTERGIVEMETONYLAMAGONNAGIVEONETWOTHREEFOURREASONSGONNAGETLAMANOWLAMAHASTOPLEATHERSONELAMAHASHANDCRAFTEDFITTWOLAMAHASGREATSTYLINGTHREEANDLAMAISTHEWORLDSBESTMADEBOOTFOURBETTERGIVEMETONYLAMABOOTSIMSOLD!"

Auctioning over ten billion dollars worth of stock, as the livestock industry does every year, takes a lot of talking! World Champion Livestock Auctioneer Ken Troutt has proven he can herd more words into a minute of selling than anyone around. As you can see, Tony Lama boots "turn him on." If his endorsement is a little on the hard-to-read side, let's sum it up this way: like successful pros in every phase of the livestock industry, Ken Troutt says, "Tony Lama boots are my personal choice over all others."



195-T-3
Desert Gold with
Sharkskin wing tip
and full counter.

L-1539-J-3
Alabaster Kitty Tan
ladies' boot with
rolled edge
algonquin moccasin.



516-X-3
Chocolate Alligator
with rolled edge
algonquin moccasin.

FIND YOUR
TONY LAMA DEALER
IN THE YELLOW
PAGES IN MOST
WESTERN STATES

OR WRITE FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST DEALER

1137 TONY LAMA ST. EL PASO, TEXAS 79915

Tony★Lama
CO. INC.

D-TEX ALL AMERICAN

THE D-TEX MARK OF QUALITY

ALL TRY TO IMITATE — NONE ABLE TO DUPLICATE

The only detector made using

ALL AMERICAN made parts.

WORLD CHAMPION TREASURE HUNTER—NOW D-TEX REPRESENTATIVE

Roy Lagal, winner of the National Treasure Hunter's Field Trials, won his title in open competition against all professional treasure hunters entered. Roy is one of the few actual professionals who makes his entire living at treasure hunting and it is his only source of income.

Roy is pictured above with a small amount of his finds in his Treasure Sales headquarters located at 2416½ East Main, Lewiston, Idaho. Roy has this to say about D-TEX: "I have tried and used in the field almost all makes of detectors on the market today, and D-TEX sure delivers the goods. Since starting to use D-TEX, I have multiplied my finds many times over. I have gone back over areas that I had covered with other units with no luck, and with a D-TEX I have had several good finds. I am currently using the D-TEX Koin-King and believe me it sure lives up to its name. It is truly the KING."

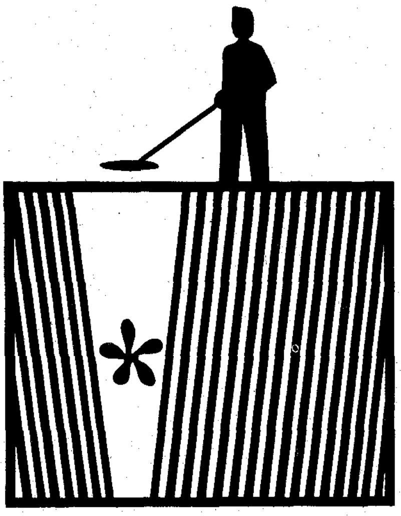
The only detector made with a Lifetime Guarantee.

FORGET THE REST—GET THE BEST—GET D-TEX

(Is This Your Year To Strike It Rich?)

For Full Information and Free Illustrated Catalog Plus Free Treasure Finding Tips Write Today

P. O. Box 451 **D-TEX ELECTRONICS** **Garland, Texas 75040**



Discoveries* Unlimited

Explore with the super-sensitive Fisher M-Scope. Here is an instrument world-famous for dependability, made in the center of aerospace industry. Discover buried treasure . . . rare coins . . . relics . . . collector items worth thousands of dollars. If there's something worth finding, Fisher M-Scope will find it. For example:

- * Unearthed $20 gold pieces that paid immediately for his T-20 Scope. W. W., Clinton, Tenn.
- * Found 700 silver dollars on a trip to Nevada with his Fisher M-Scope. W. A., Denair, Calif.
- * Uncovered rare 1902 "O" Barber quarter and 1881 Indian Head Penny. E. D., Evansville, Ind.

Free Illustrated Catalog and Success Stories
Guaranteed Satisfaction — Use Your Interbank Card

WRITE:

frl FISHER RESEARCH LABORATORY
DEPT. TW, Palo Alto, Calif. 94302

For a third of century, the leading manufacturer of scientific detection instruments.

FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

February-March, 1968
Vol. 42, No. 2
New Series No. 52

PAT WAGNER
Editor

JOE AUSTELL SMALL
Publisher

ROBERT SMALL
Advertising

MARY SANDERS
Editorial Assistant

LESTER U. BEITZ
Art Director

MARILYN WHITE
Circulation

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."— Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue—

FRONTIER POST 4
GOLD IN IRON BOXES! . . . . By Maurice Kildare 6
PINING AWAY FOR CADDO COUNTRY . . . . . . By J. H. Bell 10
SQUAWMAN MAURICE LEDUC . . . . . . By Milton LeMoyne 14
TWILIGHT OF THE GRAY WOLF . . . . . . By Norman B. Wiltsey 17
THE GREAT GREEN PARKS OF THE ROCKIES . . . . By G. L. Savage 18
BILL WILSON'S GETAWAY . . . . . . By E. L. Garner 21
TANGLED TRAILS TO TREASURE . . . . . . By Tom J. Christensen 22
THE FIGHT AT BRUNCKOW'S CABIN . . . . . By Arizona Bob Kubista 24
A MAN WHO DIDN'T SMILE . . . . . . By William S. Furno 26
THE BRUSH POPPERS . . . . . . By Don Hedgpeth 28
MILT BLEW HIS SHOW IN CHICAGO . . . . . . By Milt Hinkle 30
NOT A CHANCE IN THE WORLD . . . . . By Charlotte M. Offen 32
THE OLD KITCHEN STOVE . . . . . . By Glenn Neville 34
NUGGETS 36
MY FIRST FRIEND WAS AN OUTLAW . . . . . . By Velma Dorrity Cloward 38
A RIDE FOR LIFE . . . . . . By Jim Flanary 41
TRAILS GROWN DIM 43
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 48
TUMBLEWEEDS . . . . . . By Tom K. Ryan 72

Cover: Ray Manley
"Winter Comes to Canyon de Chelly"

FRONTIER TIMES is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3668, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704. 35c per copy, $4.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico. $5.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Copyright 1968 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

Three weeks' advance notice and old address as well as new are required for change of subscriber's address.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped envelope with all submissions. Please inquire before sending in original art.

INVEST *NOW!*
PROSPERITY AWAITS YOU!
1¼ ACRES

MEADOW VALLEY *RANCHOS* *in* NEVADA

$1.00 DOWN

$10.00 MONTHLY

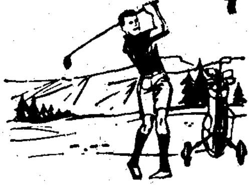
FULL PRICE $695.00

THE BOOM THAT HAD TO COME IS NOW ON IN NEVADA. *Ground floor buyers have* reaped fortunes from small initial investments. A factual example of skyrocketing values is Las Vegas, Nevada. Land that originally sold for $200.00 an acre, now sells for $20,000.00 an acre, a profit of 1000%! The first offering of LAS VEGAS land was open to everyone. Buyers who took advantage of low opening prices have become wealthy. The ground floor opportunity of Las Vegas *is gone,* BUT ANOTHER AREA OF PROSPEROUS NEVADA IS BEING RELEASED FOR PUBLIC SALE!

This area has such a tremendous growth potential, such a fantastic, unlimited future, that wise investors have purchased large acreage. Bing Crosby's ranch was one of the largest cattle ranches in the county. James Stewart is honorary sheriff. Yes, the smart, experienced investors have sensed the future and are buying MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS in Elko County, Nevada.

MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS has all the factors needed to boom . . . to prosper . . . to skyrocket its land values. Ideally located in the prospering Elko Valley, The Ranchos have the backdrop of the statuesque *Ruby Mountains. The sparkling Humboldt River actually* flows through the property and is a valuable asset of the Ranchos. Every Rancho fronts on a graded road. The City of Elko, with its long established schools, churches, and medical facilities is MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS friendly neighbor.

FAMILY RECREATION



FISHING: A fisherman's paradise. Huge Rainbow, Brook Trout and German Browns abound in Alpine-like lakes and mountain-fed bottom streams.

GOLF: Enjoy leisurely golfing, with never *a rush for starting times, at the city owned* Ruby View Golf Course. This beautiful golf course is only minutes from the property.

LAKE OSINO: No charge to Rancho owners for full privileges at nearby Lake Osino. Fish, Picnic and Relax with your fellow Ranch owners at this private lake and recreation area.

HUNTING: You will find the hunting of your life. Big game species such as Mule Deer are abundant. Duck, Quail and Chukar are plentiful.

YOUR PROFITABLE TOMORROW —

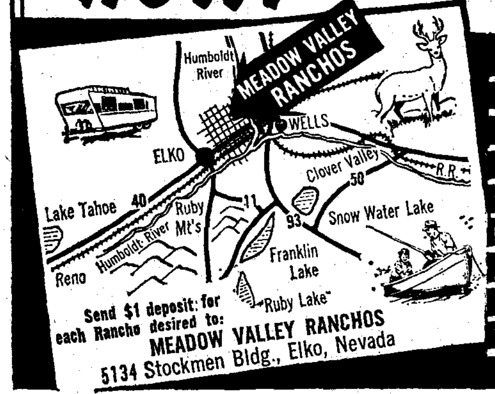
YES, wise investors are buying in MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS, but America's largest corporations, whose research closely follows the trend of increasing land values and population growth, are also busy investing throughout Nevada. U.S. COMMERCE BUREAU FACT: Per capita income in Nevada is highest of all 50 states.

TAX RELIEF — No State Income, Gift or Inheritance Tax. The low Real Estate Property Tax is actually limited by the State Constitution.

WHAT ARE THE TOTAL COSTS?

The full price of the title to your 1¼ acre Rancho is only $695. Total payment schedule is $1 down, and $10 per month. No interest, no carrying charges. John D. Rockefeller said, "The big fortunes of the future will be made in Real Estate." You are not required to do anything to *your land. You can live or vacation on it, or simply watch its value* grow, then sell all or part of it for a profit. Your profitable tomorrow is here today in MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS.

NOW! DON'T MISS THIS OUTSTANDING OPPORTUNITY!



MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS

5134 STOCKMEN BLDG., ELKO, NEVADA 89801

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Yes!—Reserve acreage at MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS for me - $695 for each 1¼ acre parcel—payable $1 down and $10 a month. No other charges. Send purchase contract and map showing exact location of my holding. You will return my $1 deposit if I request same within 30 days. I enclose $1 deposit for each 1¼ acre Rancho desired.

SIZE ACRES	DOWN	PER MO.
1¼	$1	$10
2½	2	15
3¾	3	20
5	4	25

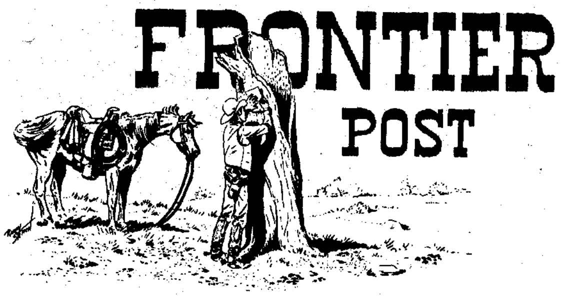
Name:__________

Address__________

City:__________Zone:_____State:______

Indicate No. of Ranchos_____Total enclosed $_____

FRONTIER POST



Harry Gant

Dear Editor:

I don't know if you heard that Harry Gant died last July 26. He organized the Chuck Wagon Trailers in 1931. He was a Colorado cowboy and came to Hollywood around 1912, where he became a double, stuntman and actor. Later he became one of the top cameramen in Hollywood.—Herman Hack, 571 North Arden Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90004.

1913 Liberty Head

Dear Mr. Small:

In a recent issue of your magazines I saw the 1913 Liberty Head nickel mentioned. Perhaps I can fill you in on some of the background material concerning it.

In January, 1913, the Philadelphia mint had set their presses to strike this nickel when word was received from the Treasury Department to hold the striking, as a new type (Indian Head or Buffalo) was going to be used to replace it. Some person in the mint wanted to see what the 1913 Liberty Head nickel would have looked like, so he ran off a few. I understand he was fired. These nickels were thrown into a bag of Buffalo nickels and they ended up in Florida.

About 1919, an ad appeared offering $500 for 1913 Liberty Head nickels. At first the mint denied having issued such a coin, but later it came out that a few had been struck. To date there are only five of these 1913 Liberty Head nickels known to be in existence and they all are accounted for. The market price today—if they could be bought—would be about $50,000.—Larry J. Murrell, 341 Meredith Drive, San Antonio, Texas 78228.

Crazy Horse

Gentlemen:

A good Indian friend of mine named Little Killer, age seventy-seven, residing on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota, gave me a copy of your July, 1964 issue of FRONTIER TIMES which contained an article regarding his father, also named Little Killer.

I have known the family since 1936, at which time we honored three Indians on the 60th anniversary of the Battle of the Little Big Horn with a celebration at Hot Springs, South Dakota. The names of the three Indians were Little Killer, White Cow Bull and Red Paint, all eighty-three years or older. They all claimed to have fought in that battle.

I have a picture of these three Indians and also their thumb prints. Little Killer gave me the belt of Crazy Horse which he claims was worn by him during the Battle of the Little Big Horn. White Cow Bull gave me the moccasins which he claims he wore in the same battle.

Little Killer (the second) says that Crazy Horse married his father's sister and that his father was a constant companion of Crazy Horse. He also claims that his father was with Crazy Horse when he was killed at Fort Robinson. I have no way of verifying these statements.—Walter J. Beck, P. O. Box 849, Hot Springs, South Dakota 57747.

Basque Art

Dear Sir:

I was most interested in a copy of your magazine that I received through a friend of mine—the August/September 1967 issue.

It contained the article "Remember Me—The Lonely One," by Jane Atwater, regarding the aspen art of the Basque sheepherders' carvings around Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Hans Reiss and I—both artists—were residents of Brockway on the North Shore of Lake Tahoe, and from 1958 to 1965 hiked over the upper meadows of Lake Tahoe making tracings, directly from the trees, of these carvings.

We traced seventy-eight in all, and we finished in ink on illustration board the twenty-eight best of the collection, which we sold to the University of Nevada through the offices of Mr. Robert Laxalt of the University Press, and Mr. Kenneth Carpenter of the University Library.

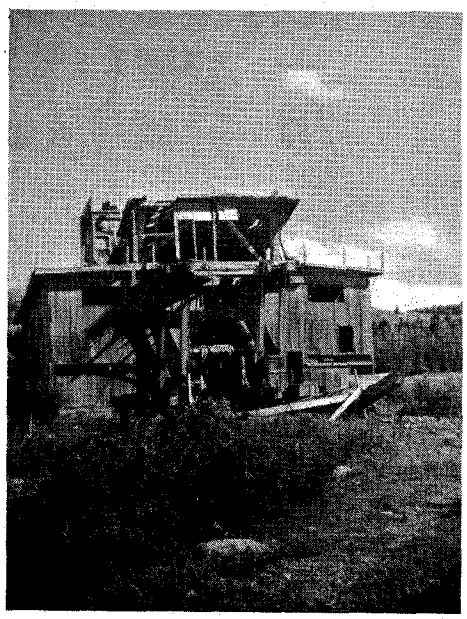
Five of those photographed for your article were among those we drew. Strangely, the *first* one we found also proved to be the oldest of the entire collection—1895. It was on Spooner's Summit Road from Tahoe to Carson.—Frances Revett Wallace, Fielding Hotel, Corner Geary and Mason Streets, San Francisco, California 94102.

Ghosts

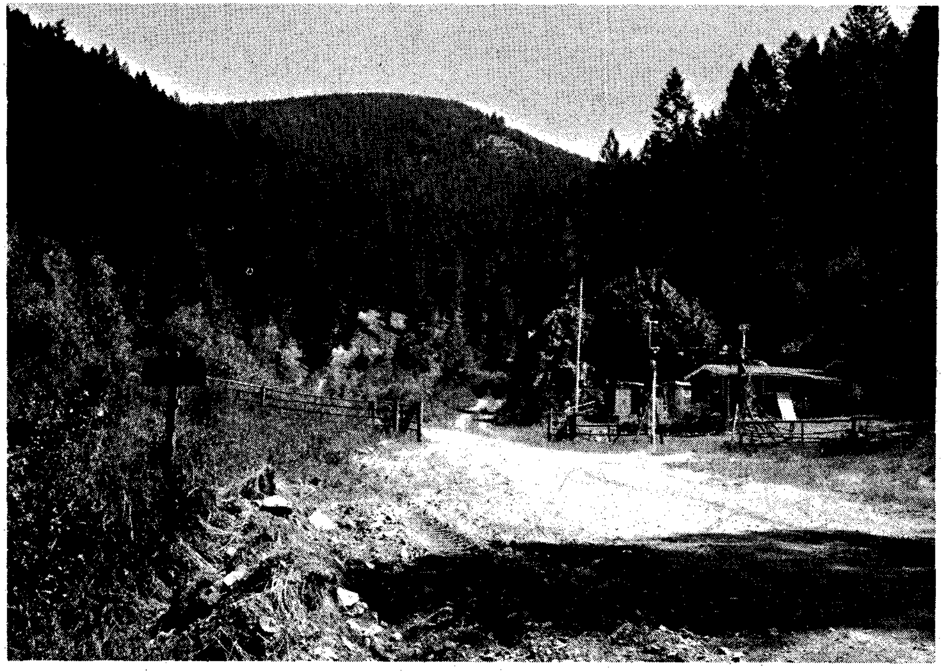
Dear Pat:

I am sending some pictures I took this past July. This old dredge is the one that worked around Pioneer, mentioned in one of your recent stories. Beartown is on the road to Garnet, Montana. The cabin at right is the only building standing. You've got the greatest magazines yet. Just wish there were more issues per month.—N. C. Reeve, N. 2206 Fancher Way, Spokane, Wa. 99206.

Abandoned gold dredge south of Gold Creek, Montana.



Old Beartown, Montana



Trapper Corbett

Dear Sir:

The "Fiddling Trapper" by Ramon F. Adams that I read in an old FRONTIER TIMES brought back the old days. I knew John Corbett in Dallas, Texas, in 1926 or 1927. My wife and I had three little girls and he just fell in love with them. He was working for a boys' school near Oak Cliff. About every month we would see him burning a brush pile on a side hill near our place. We wondered why he did that so one day he came to our place and asked my wife and girls to go with him to the places he had burned brush. He took a shovel with him and dug up the ashes and got a fruit jar full of money every place he dug. Part of it was paper money and it had molded, so my wife helped him wash it and they spread it out on a blanket to dry.

While it was drying, I came home with two flat tires on my dump truck. I was worried where I could get the money to buy new ones. Corbett asked me what I was going to do and I said, "God knows how I will get them." He sat there for a while, then got up to see if the money was dry.

While I was working to get the tires off, he came over and handed me $50.00 and said, "Will this get your tires?" I said, "Oh, Mr. Corbett, I don't want you to do that!" He just laughed and said, "I would very much rather you would have it than leave it buried on the hillside. I won't live much longer and I have enough to last me."

I don't know how much money was on the blanket in paper money. I do know he had a half-gallon jar filled with silver and some gold pieces. He told me how he had trapped wolves and I later went to Oklahoma to trap coyotes and wolves for the Government. I followed his instructions on setting my traps and making bait and I made good money all that winter of 1928.

My girls are all married but they will never forget Mr. Corbett. He would sit for hours telling them about his wagon and dogs and how he had played the fiddle. They asked him to play for them but he said, "I lost my fiddle a long time ago."

I've wondered where he went after he left Dallas. If anyone can tell me more about him I would appreciate it.—Warren Thrush, 2351 East Harding Way, Stockton, California 95205.

A Mixed-up Horse

Dear Mr. Small:

It is generally accepted that a horse can always find its way home. However, once when a rider and I went out to round up wild horses near the Black Hills, we learned otherwise.

A few of these mustangs had been branded but many had never known a rope. During the chase through heavily timbered country, my partner and I became separated and I found myself quite lost. Having heard that a horse will go home if given free rein, I gave mine a chance to prove it. But the horse was as confused as I was and went around in circles. After marking a tree on the second or third time around and proving this point when the tree appeared again, I turned and headed rather uncertainly in the direction I thought would lead me home. Eventually I made it, but no thanks to the ability of that horse to guide me!—Charles Snyder, Box 2774, Globe, Arizona 85501.

Jim Porter

Gentlemen:

This is to inform you that my husband, James W. (Jim) Porter, passed away in Tustin, California, August 24, 1967. Jim was one of your most loyal readers and in the March 1963 issue, you published a story written by him, "Life in The Nation."

Jim was ill for about a year prior to his passing and during his illness, he always looked forward to your magazine each month. Jim was buried in Mont Meta Memorial Park between San Benito and Rio Hondo, Texas, where prior to his retiring in 1960, he had been a deputy sheriff for twenty-six years.—Mrs. J. W. Porter, 14362 Mervyn Place, Tustin, California.

Pecan Point Sermon

Dear Joe:

In the September, 1967, FRONTIER TIMES, the article "Bible in a Bearskin" states that Baker delivered the first sermon preached in Texas by a Protestant in 1828. But according to our family history (and the history of Texas Baptists), my great grandfather, Reverend Freeman Smalley, preached the first sermon in Texas by a Baptist at the home of his sister in Pecan Point in 1824.—Edwin W. Smalley, Box 309, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

The School Children's Blizzard

Dear Sirs,

I was very interested in the Martha E. Lambert story, "A Little Casket in the Snow" in a recent issue of FRONTIER TIMES. One of the teachers she mentioned was Etta Shattuck from Holt County, a cousin of my mother.

My mother told me that Etta was trapped in a haystack with four children from Thursday until Sunday during that January blizzard. When a farmer found her, she was crowded in a hole in the hay with the children behind her. Her legs had been exposed and both were frozen to her knees. Later they had to be amputated.

A few days after the rather primitive operation, Etta overheard someone say that further amputation above the knee would be necessary and in her weakened state she could not stand this news and and gave up and passed away.—Grace Henry, 1807 Eldorado, Boise, Idaho 83704.

New Rockhounds

Dear Sir:

I was given two copies of FRONTIER TIMES by a friend and find it one of the most interesting magazines I have ever read. My husband's grandfather was a U. S. Marshal in the Indian Territory in the late 1800s, now the east and southeast part of Oklahoma. His name was Jake Haze. Before my father-in-law passed away he often told of coming in contact with Belle Starr, Henry

(Continued on page 67)

GENUINE
Joe Hall
BOOTS

Wood Pegged
Brass Nailed
Steel Shanked
Hand Made
Hand Lasted
Leather Lined
Imported

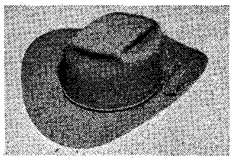
P.O. BOX 17246 T, EL PASO, TEXAS

WESTERN MARSHAL
16-inch tops. All Calf. Square or narrow toe—please specify.
No. 70 Black
No. 71 Brown
No. 72 Tan
$31.95

LINE RIDER
16-inch tops. All Glove Leather. Dogger heel. Narrow Toe.
No. 50 Black
No. 51 Brown
No. 52 Tan
$29.45

Give Measurement in Inches of the Bare Calf of Your Leg at the Largest Part.

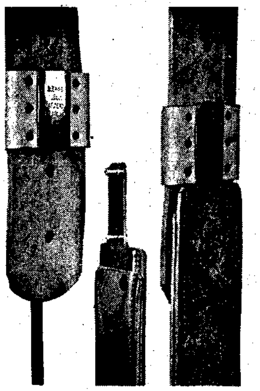
GENUINE
Joe Hall
HATS
$14.95
$15.95 $16.95



Genuine High Quality Fur Felt Hats, Satin Lined—Excellent Quality Sweat Bands. Many Styles and Colors

FREE CATALOG of BOOTS, HATS, PANTS, SHIRTS, BELTS, SADDLE BAGS, JODHPURS and ENGLISH RIDING BOOTS.

$5.00 Dep. on C.O.D.'s—Prepaid Orders ppd.
Satisfaction Guaranteed



Blevins Stirrup Buckles
NEW, IMPROVED
$4.95
per pair

Sleeves same as older style, the tongue has no hinge or strap. Easy to change stirrup lengths quickly and easy to install—won't slip or stick. Made of stainless steel and heat-treated aluminum. Sleeves covered with leather prevent rubbing horse or saddle. Available in 2½" and 3" widths. Order either new, improved or the old style buckle. Satisfaction guaranteed.

AT YOUR DEALERS OR
BLEVINS MFG. CO.
WHEATLAND, WYOMING

NOW!
16" DEERSKIN
SCOUT BOOT

Comfort, durability, protection, and good looks. Genuine heavyweight deerskin. Hand-molded thick rawhide sole, foam-padded leather-lined insole. Drawstring under *fringed flap. Buffalo-brown suede* Order yours today!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Ladies'—**4-10** N. & M.— **$17.95**
Men's—**6-13** N. & M.— **$19.95**

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

ORDER USUAL SHOE SIZE.
LARGEST MAIL-ORDER MOCCASIN SPECIALISTS SERVING YOU DIRECT.
P'PD. EXCEPT ON C.O.D.'S.

OUTDOOR WORLD
Div. of Western Brands FT-3
ESTES PARK, COLO. 80517
PHONE 303: 586-3361

Above, Thomas V. Long spent years seeking the elusive treasure chests. Right, three iron boxes like this one contained the gold.

GOLD IN IRON BOXES!

When things vanish, it has to be either into thin air or a hole in the earth. Right? Well, maybe—but here's a story to make you ponder!

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

WHIP Mose Stacey raced his six-horse stage out of heavy timber into the clearing at Pine Springs. The deep silence and the failure of station tenders to appear aggravated his jittery nerves. No changing teams stood in the barn corral but he braked to a stop before the log station building.

In a matter of seconds intuition provided a sinister reason for the deserted surroundings. His stage was filled with mail bags long overdue in Prescott. Concealed beneath them reposed the cause of Stacey's apprehension—three iron boxes filled with gold coin.

His one passenger, a whiskey drummer from Santa Fe, New Mexico, rode the box with him. Stacey tried to reassure himself that bandits would not suspect this shipment because valuables were seldom transported by the Santa Fe-Prescott, Arizona line. This instance was a secret so carefully guarded that company officials did not believe outlaws could possibly learn of it.

Abruptly two unmasked men appeared in the station door armed with six-guns. Two more bearded hardcases slid around the near corner of the log wall.

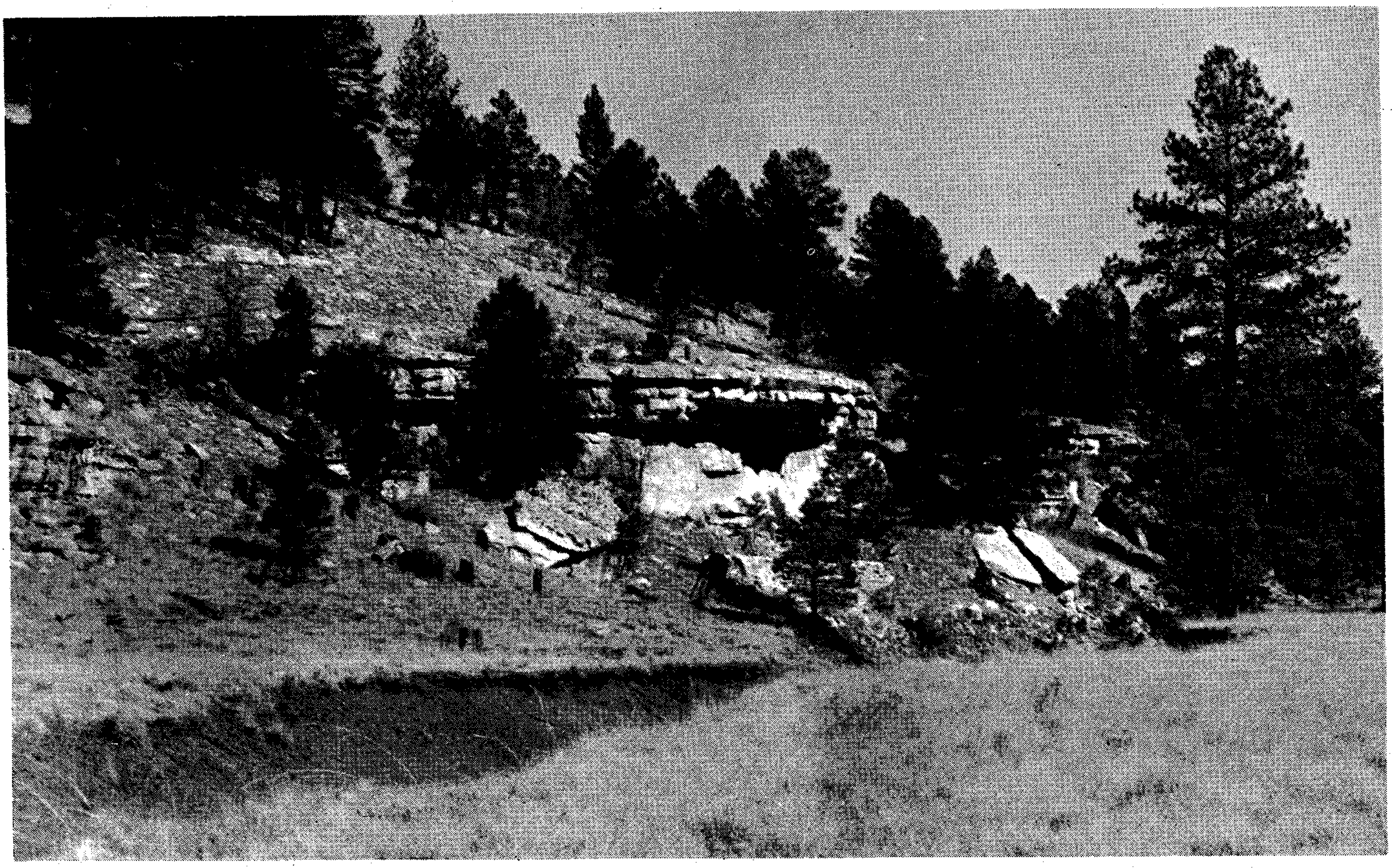
No order was given, not a word was spoken—the quartet simply swung their guns into roaring action. Shot dead, the passenger in the derby hat toppled off to the ground. The startled stage teams plunged forward, and though bullets flew close to Stacey he rolled off the opposite side untouched and managed to gain concealment in some jack pines.

Despite solidly set brakes, the stage slewed on until the tongue broke out and the teams became entangled in saplings. Stacey watched the bandits collect about the coach in jubilation. Several mail sacks had been thrown out when the near door flew open. The bandits pulled out the rest to reach the heavy iron boxes, each of which was fastened with a padlock. It took two outlaws to the box to pack them into the station.

Sizing up the situation after they disappeared inside the building, Stacey decided he could cut out one of the horses. The nearest help was fifty miles away at Camp Verde where cavalry was stationed. Passing through deep timber he circled to the leaders standing in the jack pines.

The bandits, waiting here far from any settlement to pull their ambush, obviously had known the three boxes were aboard. Probably the hostler, and station agent and postmaster Daniel Henderson had been killed. There was no sign of life around the small log house set against the backdrop of Mahan Mountain. Stacey wondered fearfully if Mrs. Henderson and her little girls, aged four and six, had also been brutally murdered.

THE STAR STAGE LINE slanted 507 miles across northeastern Arizona Territory from Prescott into New Mexico. All the towns along this route in 1879 were mere camps and villages. The easternmost Arizona station was Navajo Springs, followed by Horsehead



The cliffs near Pine Springs where the gold might have been hidden.

Crossing (Holbrook) where a spur buckboard line reached south to Fort Apache. Next came Little Colorado on the river of the same name, the new settlement of St. Joseph, Brigham City (Winslow), Chavez Pass, Pine Springs at the southeast base of the mountain, Beaverhead, Camp Verde and on to Prescott.

Outlaws had never robbed the Star Stage before. This trip it carried the locked iron boxes containing $75,000 each for a total of $225,000 in newly minted gold. In after years the amount was often disputed, sometimes placed at half a million dollars. However, records of the stage company at Albuquerque, point of origin, give the exact amount. These records are now in the New Mexico historical archives.

Freeing a leader, Stacey mounted bareback, using the blind bridle and snaffle bit. Looking through the timber at the station he saw nothing of the outlaws. They had not come back outside, or evinced any interest in finding him.

Riding at a walk, parallel to the stage road, he gained some distance before entering a narrow swath cut through the forest and putting the horse in a gallop.

Stacey had started down a gentle slope when he caught sight of about twenty riders advancing toward him. All were heavily armed and at first he feared they might be more outlaws. Then he recognized two Prescott men in the forefront.

Elated over his good fortune he hurried on to meet them. The riders were a posse of citizens pursuing four robbers who had fled Prescott two days before. Two stores, a saloon and a small banking business had been held up.

"They are in the station now!" Stacey exclaimed. "Shot up my stage and took off three iron boxes filled with gold!"

At once the posse raced on, catching the outlaws still in the building where they promptly forted up. A ragged exchange of gunfire briefly ensued before the possemen were able to surround the station. Behind the rear wall, a windowless one, they found four saddled horses and the bodies of the hostler and Henderson. The animals and the murder victims were moved farther away. In the meantime, Stacey had recovered his stage teams and put them in the barn corral.

The siege settled into a stalemate. The outlaws were prevented from escaping; at the same time the possemen did not dare risk a charge into the building. Loss in lives would be heavy if they tried it and likely they couldn't take the station anyway.

Mrs. Henderson suddenly appeared at the edge of the timber. Stacey and the posse leader rushed to her side. Tearfully she told them how the outlaws had arrived at noon. She and the children were sent from the station, which was also a combination store and post office. Ten minutes later gunshots rang out, and the bodies of her husband and the aged hostler were dragged from the rear door. Mrs. Henderson and the children had retreated to the springs which gave the station its name.

It was then four o'clock in the afternoon. The dead, including the passenger, were buried east of the springs at the edge of a hill. As dusk came, camp was made well away from the station and a fire was kindled for cooking. The posse ate in relays, always leaving a sufficient force to halt a breakout should the outlaws attempt one.

The gang, however, was not yet desperate enough to risk a showdown. Sporadic gunfire continued all night with neither side gaining an advantage. No one was wounded. At dawn several sleepless possemen demanded that the building be fired to drive the outlaws into the open, and though reluctant to do so, the leader finally had the rear wall set afire in four places.

Heat and choking fumes forced the outlaws out. The front door barricade of a counter section was pulled aside and they sprinted into sight firing steadily. A return fire greeted them. The first to go under dropped ten feet from the lean-to porch. The other three got no more than a couple of steps before they also fell, kicking their last.

THE POSSEMEN immediately raced to the flaming rear wall to save the building from burning up. Blazing logs were torn out and others chopped apart. When the smoke cleared they entered the several rooms—stage office, the store and post office, dining room and kitchen. But nowhere in any of them did they find the three gold-filled iron boxes!

The flooring was torn out, but not one box turned up. Mrs. Henderson declared that she had at no time seen any of the robbers outside the main building after the stage was looted. Still, maybe it was possible for them to have done so undetected. Accordingly, the barn, corral,

Ford McElroy with his .45-70 rifle and "treasure hunter's special."

the entire premises and adjacent thick timber were searched carefully. The iron boxes had vanished!

(Just how this was possible has taxed men's reasoning all the decades since.)

Stacey decided he could repair the stage enough to get on to Beaverhead and Camp Verde. The four unidentified outlaws were buried in a common grave inside the forest north of the springs. The stage company remuda was rounded up and brought in for fresh teams. Mrs. Henderson confessed that she could stay there no longer. Please, would they help her?

A spring wagon was hooked up. Into it went personal possessions, the mother and the children. A member of the posse drove the wagon, and two others were detailed to remain behind to guard the station property. The wagon followed the stage from Pine Springs after the mail sacks were reloaded.

From Camp Verde the stage line agent in Prescott was telegraphed the tragic news. At once he dispatched a new station crew. Colonel John A. Walsh, who had sub-leased the Santa Fe-Prescott mail route from the original government contractors, offered a $10,000 reward for the recovery of the gold-filled boxes. At his request a company of cavalry hastened to Pine Springs from Camp Verde.

Troopers and stage company employes gave the premises a thorough going over but found no clue to the strange disappearance of the gold shipment. Drawn by the big reward, many other men went there, hunting on their own, some of them likely expecting to get away with the loot for themselves. But no one found the iron boxes.

The stage station and post office in its remote, lonely setting was maintained until July 27, 1882, when the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, crossing Arizona sixty miles north of Pine Springs, put an end to the Star Stage Line, along with several others. The road fell into disuse, and only a few short sections of it were traveled thereafter by settlers and stockmen.

In 1889 A. T. J. Mahan took up a homestead claim in the vicinity, and it was from him that the mountain by the springs received a name. Fire of unknown origin, perhaps from lightning, had destroyed the stage station and horse corral some time before his arrival.

It wasn't until the following year that Mahan learned about the three iron boxes filled with gold. Of course, he immediately began seeking them. The outlaws had had all night to dispose of them, Mahan reasoned. Where could the boxes have been placed while holding off the posse? Right under the station floor as previously suspected. So Mahan dug holes as deep as twenty feet where the main building had once stood.

His efforts, both in treasure hunting and in homesteading, failed to pay off. The land put into cultivation did not produce. Water was plentiful but late spring thaws and early frosts shortened the growing season too much. A small bunch of cattle he ran in the forest did not support his family. After four years of frustration, Mahan abandoned his claim and moved to Phoenix where he died in 1912.

OLIVER HARDIWICK, a Groom Creek prospector, had been a member of the posse, but until his Prescott claim panned out had not been interested in the lost gold at Pine Springs. All along he had believed the stage company men were certain to find it. If they failed, surely other hunters would not. Only after Mahan had departed the mountain did Hardiwick pack to the site of the old stage station and begin his own search.

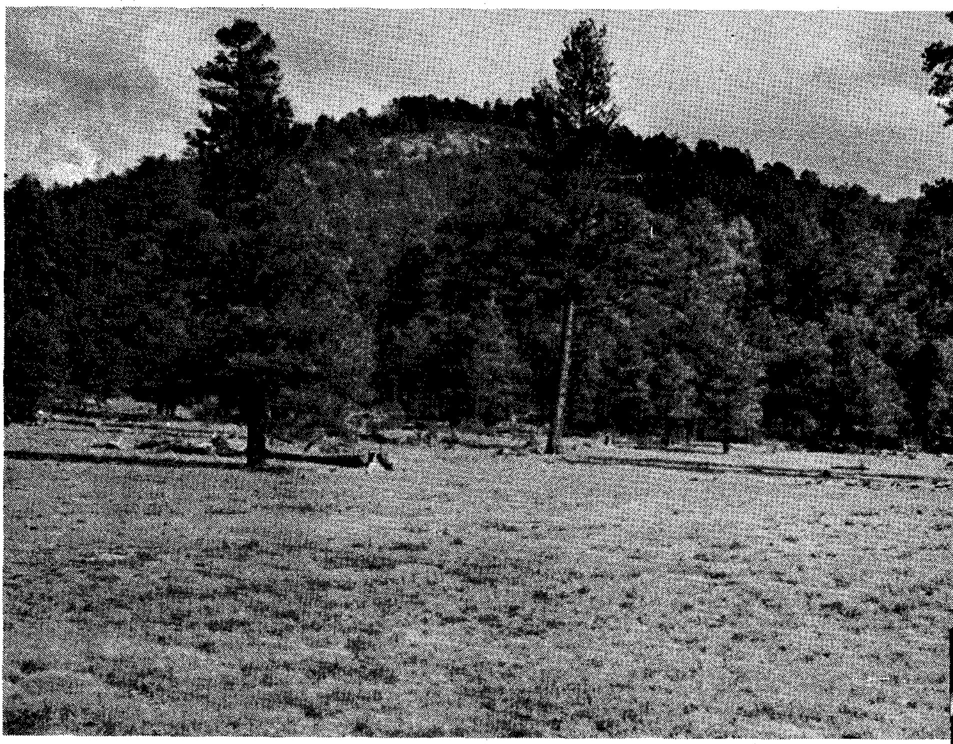
While making camp in the timber he noticed many cattle tracks in the forest. Two days later he found a small branding corral of poles secreted in a rincon of the mountain base. The absence of men and cattle reassured him the area was then clear. He suspected rustler activity but hardly expected any trouble from them.

Hardiwick's theory was that the outlaws *did* reach the barn corral, although unseen by Mrs. Henderson. Relocating the site, he began digging in the stall section. At three feet he encountered solid rock, and repeated failures caused him to reconsider the station building. Maybe previous searchers had not gone deep enough. Harried by loose rocks and cave-ins, he finally dug a ten-foot square hole as deep as his head. A ladder constructed of poles was used to haul out dirt in buckets.

After eight weeks of excavating, Hardiwick became thoroughly discouraged. Only a dogged determination kept him going. Then occurred the incident which forced a conclusion of operations.

Climbing the ladder one noon, his hatted head cleared into the sunlight and a bullet whistled past his ears. Hardiwick, falling off the ladder into the hole, waited half an hour before raising his hat on a stick. Several bullets in rapid succession whined overhead. The gun crashes indicated two riflemen somewhere above on the mountainside. Apparently they had not tried to hit either him or the hat. The shots were rather a warning to make himself scarce at Pine Springs.

Ascending the ladder warily he slid over the rim of the hole, and crawled a few feet. Then Hardiwick leaped to his feet and sprinted a crooked course into the tall timber. Overhead he could hear the laughter of men amused by his desperate flight.



Mahan Mountain, through the pine forest, broods over its well kept secret of a fortune in gold.

Hardiwick packed his mules and returned to Camp Verde. In the Wingfield store he told about being fired on, and of the corral and the many cattle tracks.

Grim-faced men heard him out and promptly formed a posse. Before dawn they were in the timber at Pine Springs. Locating the two stock thieves by their own firebed of coals, the posse captured them easily. After daylight nearly a hundred head of cattle stolen from the Verde Valley were recovered.

En route to Camp Verde an argument was raised over wasting time with a trial. The proposal was voted on, and the rustlers were hanged on Mud Tank Hill.

THOSE who knew most about the Pine Springs stage robbery, company employes and members of the Prescott posse, gradually went their separate ways. The remaining few who were cognizant of the details became close-mouthed and wary of revealing any information. Hardiwick alone was no longer interested in seeking the treasure. He gave his information to George Washington (Wash) Henry, then running a faro bank in Prescott's Palace Bar and who, in between periods of gambling, prospected—unsuccessfully.

On learning the details of the Pine Springs robbery, Henry concluded to give it a try. As described by old-timers who saw him leave for the station site, his mode of travel was somewhat unusual. To a light spring covered wagon he hitched three big burros abreast as wheelers. Ahead of them were three more as swing or leaders. Extra burros for changing off were led tied behind the wagon. All his equipment and supplies were carried under the sheeted bows where he also slept. Establishing camp at the base of the mountain he spent many lonely nights trying to analyze what could have happened to the three iron boxes.

Small and wiry, Henry had come to Arizona following the Civil War. He was a pale, blue eyed, soft talking man when I knew him. Never on the windy side, if he told you anything the facts were reliable. Most of the time he talked little at all, and only to few.

Henry planned and carried out a more careful search for the treasure than any of the others who had hunted for it. Determining the original lines of long gone buildings, he staked them. He did the same with the horse corral. Henry also marked the immediate trails and roads as they had been in 1879. It took him a little while to find the graves of the seven men, but he accomplished it.

As Henry said later, there wasn't any use excavating where so many had dug before him. In fact, he did very little pick and shovel work. An expert with powder, he drilled holes, packed them, and blew out large sections of soil and rocks in a much easier and faster fashion.

Henry surmised that the boxes were buried shallow, and that in her bitter grief Mrs. Henderson had not been as alert as she imagined—namely that there were periods during that horrible afternoon when she failed to spot the outlaws moving away from the station building.

Henry also settled on certain other deductions. First, the treasure had already been buried when the posse struck. It had been quickly hidden, but neither under the station floor or in the barn. One big question puzzled him. Why had the outlaws buried it at all? Why didn't they simply sack their loot and take off immediately? He could only presume that the outlaws had hung around to rob another stage by the same bushwhacking method. The boxes must have been temporarily concealed just in case they were jumped in force. The next stage was due to reach there in late afternoon or that night, hence it was of no concern if Stacey got away. He had too far to go for help to cause them any trouble.

Treasure hunter Wash Henry ran a faro bank in a Prescott saloon, 1895.

Henry's deductions seemed reasonable, but if he ever got close to solving the mystery he never told anyone. In one spot he blasted up a copper coffee pot filled with single and double eagles. Obviously no part of the stage robbery loot, he believed the money belonged to Henderson. Later he tried to trace Mrs. Henderson in order to give it to her, but failed.

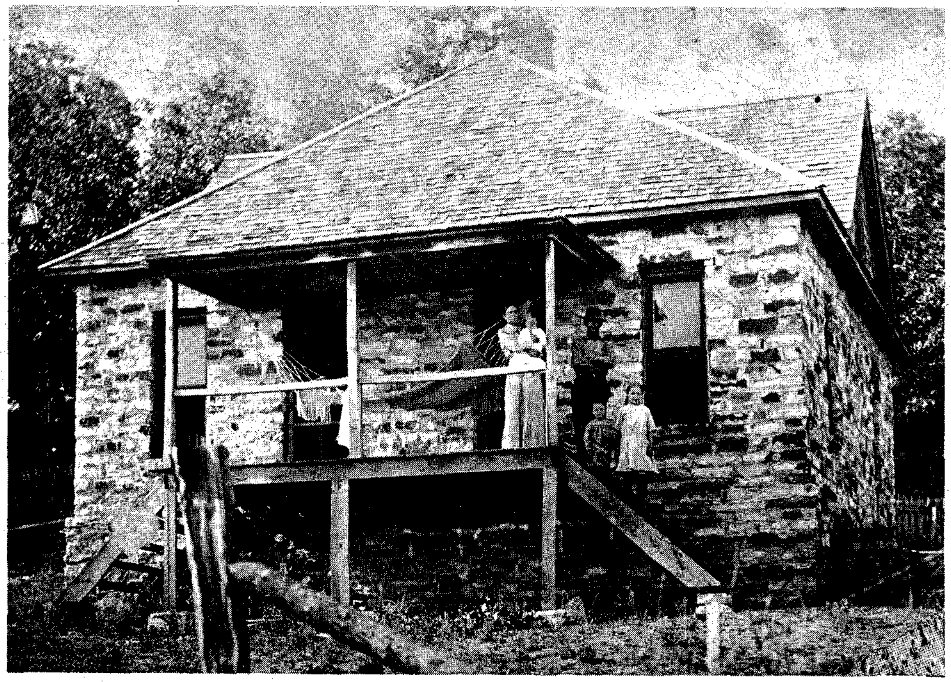
Every few days Henry broke the monotony of his work by prospecting on the mountain with pick and rock hammer. One afternoon, wandering out on a point overlooking Pine Springs, he was surprised to spot two Indians walking south through the forest. Their presence puzzled him, for the nearest tribe lived below the Mogollon Rim fifty miles south in Verde Valley.

Descending the mountain he examined

(Continued on page 55)

You can't plant a straight furrow up a stony hill,
as any old farmboy knows . . .

Pining Away for Caddo Country



The Bell Family at their house in Berry County, Missouri, 1913.

By J. H. BELL
as told to J. H. BELL JR.

Photos Courtesy Author

THE DRIEST year on record in Oklahoma was 1911. I didn't raise enough oats and corn to feed my stock. Everything I planted either burned up or never came up. I got eleven bales from twenty acres of alfalfa, and it made me want to quit.

We had 150 hens but eggs got so cheap that they weren't paying for their feed. I was milking five cows but cream was so cheap that I wasn't making any money. Some of our wheat crop didn't even sprout. When 1912 didn't look any better I was ready to give Oklahoma back to the Indians.

My wife had been writing to her dad in Arkansas; he said crops were good and there was plenty of rain. We made plans to sell out and move. Myrt had left there in 1904 and she was homesick, so it didn't take much persuasion to get her started.

We would need to make the trip by wagon and take as much equipment as we could with us. I had taken several long trips in a wagon but never with a wife and two small children. I had never lived in rough country like Arkansas but I was willing to try anything if I could just get a crop.

We had a sale and disposed of everything but our new wagon and four horses. We also kept as many household articles as we could put in a wagon. We were ready to move to Arkansas where it rained.

The first leg of the trip was over good roads from Piedmont to Edmond and north to Guthrie. There the good roads ran out. We were traveling in a covered wagon with the extra horses tied on the back. It wasn't possible to carry enough feed in the wagon to make the entire trip and we were depending on buying it along the route.

We stocked up on groceries, and corn for the horses before we left Guthrie. Our road went past the old capitol building and off toward the northeast, and it started getting bad five miles out of town. It was rough broken country. In one place the wagon fell up to its axle into a crevice. I had to cut down a tree to use as a lever while Myrt and the kids piled rocks under the wheel. I had never been in this part of Oklahoma and I wouldn't have believed roads could be so bad.

We could never make more than fourteen miles per day and I became alarmed that my wagon, loaded as it was, wouldn't stand such hammering all the way to Arkansas.

One afternoon we drove into Langston. It didn't take us long to see that the population was mostly colored. In fact we didn't see a single white man as we drove down Main Street. There was a wagon yard so I stopped there and unhitched my team and led them to the water tank in the town square. The horses had just started to drink when a big Negro strolled up. He was whittling on a stick with a large jack knife.

"Mr. White Man, you can't water your horses here," he said, accentuating his words with a cut at the stick. "You'll have to move along."

"Where can I water them?" I asked, noticing a crowd was moving in my direction.

"There's a water tank behind the gin at the edge of town; you can water there. Now get along and don't stop here; no white men are allowed here."

Finding myself outnumbered and surrounded, I thanked him and hitched my team to the wagon again. I didn't even stop at the gin but kept going until we were a mile out of town. There we found a white farmer and stopped for the night.

The farmer said that we'd received standard treatment in Langston. He said the Negroes only tolerated him because he had been there longer than they had and he didn't stir up any trouble.

We spent the night parked in the farmer's yard, and cooked around a campfire. Next morning we were up early and preparing for the day's trip. We packed all our equipment, rolled up

THE BIG OIL FIRE AT DRUMRIGHT. AUG. 28.14.
ELECTRIC STUDIO.
GROCERIES

our beds and were all ready to go when the farmer came out to give us directions as to which road to take.

"Stay on the south side of the river and keep in the open country as much as possible," he directed. "Coyle is just five miles ahead. The next town of any size is Cushing. It's about twenty-five miles east and a little north of here. There are several bad hills between here and Cushing but they aren't as bad as the ones you just came over between here and Guthrie. Goodbye and may the Lord bless you."

"Thanks for everything," I called back and we were off.

WE DROVE east through Coyle and had lunch on the south bank of the Cimarron River. That night we camped in the open country west of Cushing. South of town we saw men building wooden oil derricks. They looked like huge windmill towers standing above the rough terrain. This land wasn't much good for farming but it was good oil country. Already derricks were dotting the countryside. We drove close enough to some of them to see the carpenters nailing the towers together with bridge spikes. This was the very roughest type of carpentering work.

We stopped in the town of Drumright the next day. It was built on the side of a hill ten miles east of Cushing. The main street was the freight road and was up a hill so steep that horses could barely drag loads of pipe up the deep ruts. The dust and heat made it worse. Although the draft horses were giant animals, the freight wagons were huge and very heavily loaded. Extra teams had to be put on to get the wagons over the hill. Even then a draft horse sometimes would fall dead in the harness. They were pulling their guts out.

North of town at the top of the hill was a draft horse graveyard. When the horses died they were dragged to a big ditch and rolled into it. It was not uncommon to see four huge hoofs the size of dinner plates protruding from the ground alongside the road where one of these draft horses had been buried. The gravediggers didn't always cover the feet.

To me this was the most cruel, inhuman treatment of animals I had ever witnessed. Horses are man's noblest friends; to see them murdered in this way was too much for my stomach.

It had been some time since I had seen men carrying guns but the roughnecks and derrick builders had six-guns in their belts or stuffed in their back pockets. There was considerable talk in the Drumright store about a shoot-out in a local restaurant a couple of nights before.

"Seems like a pretty lively place," I remarked to the storekeeper as he waited on me.

"Yeah, on Saturday night when the men get their paychecks we stay open all night," was his reply. "There's more going on here at two in the morning than most towns see in broad daylight."

"What was this shoot-out about?" I asked.

"Nobody seems to know exactly," he answered, "but it had something to do

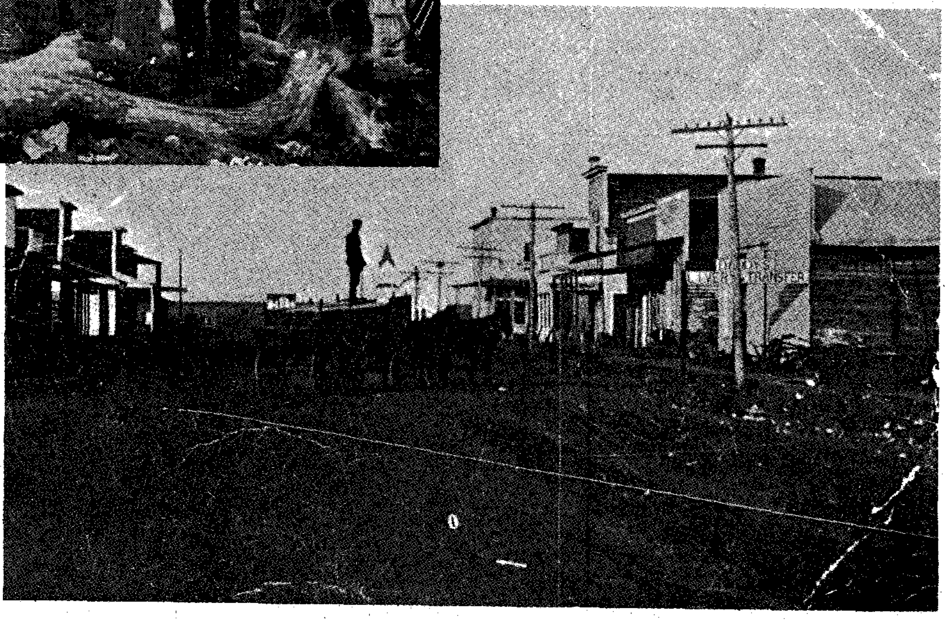
Stillwater, Oklahoma, before the turn of the century.

with horse stealing out on one of the jobs. One of the fellows that lost the horses ambushed three suspects over in Charlie's place. He was hiding behind a partition, with a hole in it where he could see through and watch the door. When the three men came in the door he opened up on them from behind the partition. He knocked down two of them but the third one ducked under a table and put three slugs into the partition where the ambusher was standing. The ambusher is still alive but I don't think he will last the day out. He's down in Doc Jones' office and Doc is trying to save him but he hasn't been conscious since the fight."

WE CAMPED just east of Drumright that evening. There were people passing all night and I kept watching for intruders but no one bothered us. The next morning we hitched up our team and drove into the Creek Indian Territory. It was a long desolate stretch of road between Drumright and Sapulpa. Camp was made that night in the wild rough country west of Sapulpa. The land was almost as deserted as Caddo Country. There had been few signs of life on the road—just an occasional oil field freight wagon. I wasn't pushing the team because we had a lot of miles ahead and I was saving my horses as much as possible.

At Sapulpa we ran into oil fields again. Someone made a strike east and south of town and the area was booming just like Cushing and Drumright. The railroad brought equipment from eastern points and unloaded it at Sapulpa. Here the freighters would load up and haul the pipe and equipment to the well sites. Tulsa was just getting started as an oil center. It was producing some derrick equipment and supplies. These were the forerunners of the expanded oil equipment business that was to make Tulsa the oil capital of the world.

I had very little interest in oil, and the traffic congestion that it caused on the road was just something I had to put up with to get to the place I was going. My most important task was to



The above photos were taken at Buffalo, Oklahoma.

Top, roundup time.

Middle, pioneers celebrating July 4, 1909.

Bottom, the barbecue of a buffalo in honor of the arrival of the railroad.

Right, Main Street, Piedmont, Oklahoma, 1909.

find a farm where I could raise something and where the weather could be depended on.

Friday night we drove into Coweta, still in Oklahoma. It was a quiet little community that seemed far from the boom area that we had just left. The hills were getting higher and the country greener the farther east we went. The farms here were small and the people didn't seem to be aware of the hurrying outside world.

Saturday night we pulled into Wagoner. A local man told me to be careful because there were horse thieves operating in the area. We camped outside of Wagoner that night in a secluded area off the main road. I put Myrt and the rest of the family in the wagon and I slept in a clump of bushes with my shotgun ready. If anyone came near the wagon I intended to welcome them with a load of buckshot.

But we passed an uneventful night. About seven a.m. I walked into town. I hadn't gone far when I saw a man run out of a store and back through some new buildings that were in the process of construction. In hot pursuit came a butcher armed with a meat cleaver. The town seemed deserted so I just ducked behind a building and watched the little drama.

They raced through the new buildings as fast as they could. There were several cut 2 x 4 studs lying around. The pursued man grabbed one of them and, whirling about, crushed the skull of his pursuer. The butcher dropped like a felled ox and lay still.

The man looked all about. Thinking no one saw his deed, the man laid the 2 x 4 down and slowly walked away.

I didn't want to be around when they found the dead butcher, and me a stranger in town. I went back to the wagon, puttered around a while, then hitched the team and drove into town with my family. We stopped in front of the store and I entered to buy my supplies.

The town was a-buzzing about the murder but I didn't let anyone know that I had been a witness to the crime. In those days of mob rule, strangers were strung up without a hearing. I just went on about my business and bought some bacon, eggs and flour. I don't know if they ever solved the case but I knew I didn't want to become involved in it.

We drove east to Welling on Sunday and on to Stillwell on Monday. We were on the last leg of our trip and already the valleys were lush and green. The dried-up prairies had been definitely left behind us. About seven miles east of Stillwell we came to the top of a hill and there was the sign, "Arkansas State Line." The weary travelers had arrived at last!

IT WAS still a two-days' drive to Baldwin where Myrt's family lived. She had been in Oklahoma for seven years and now that she was approaching home she could no longer conceal how anxious she was. This trip had been hard; the roads had been bad and we were traveling with two children and Myrt was carrying a third. It had been a long weary trip for her. She was so happy she started to cry when we came within sight of her old home.

Gladys, Joe and Manuel Bell, 1916.

We left more than dry land when we left Oklahoma. We left a way of life. The people of Arkansas and southwest Missouri were all settled in their homes; most of them had been there all their days. Myrt's family were fine people but their little farm and their homey little ways of doing things were completely different from the way we did things in Oklahoma.

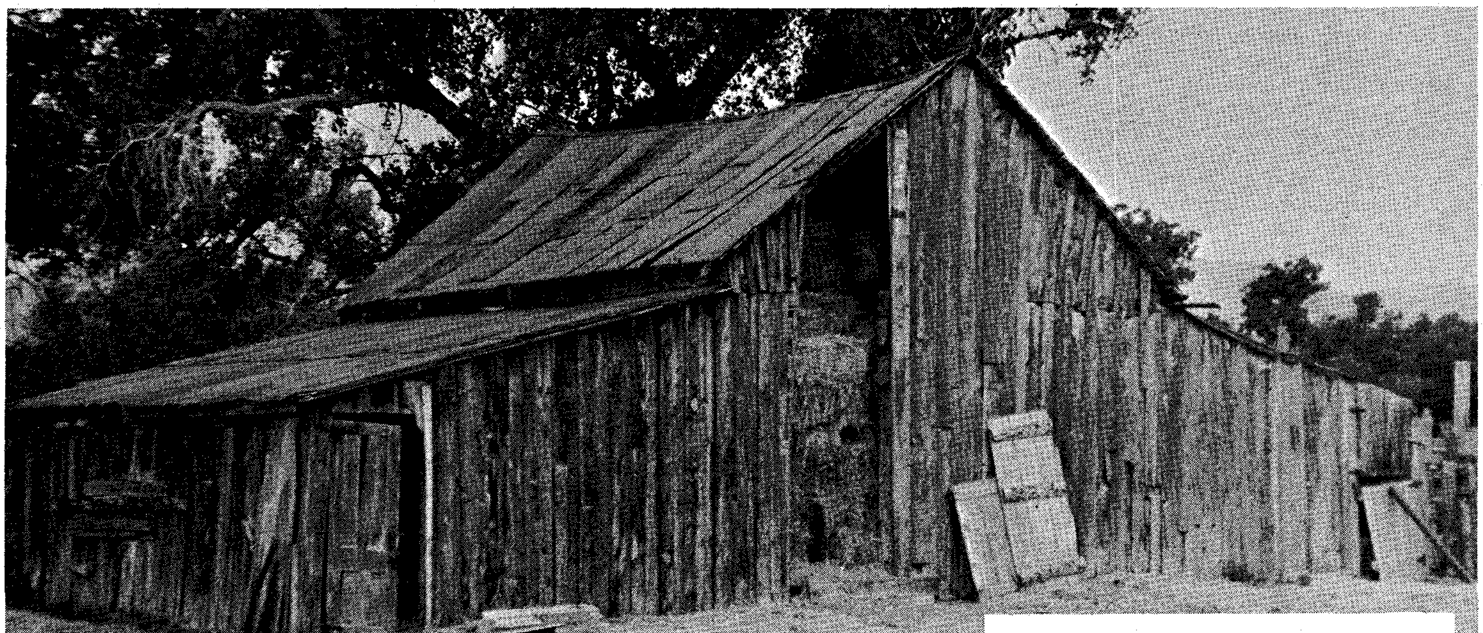
Dad Ferguson was a one-horse potato patch farmer. Almost everything his family used had been raised or made by him on that little farm. It didn't take me long to see that these people didn't think big in terms of farming like the people of Oklahoma.

I left Myrt and the children at Dad Ferguson's and set out to find our own place. I went to Fayetteville and looked up a land man. He had several farms listed in and around Fayetteville and some as far north as Rogers. We spent several days driving to these places but they were either too small or too expensive. I couldn't find anything that fitted my needs.

Finally we drove up to Rogers and visited other land men there and looked at farms in that area. I liked it around Rogers but the farms were very expensive so finally we went farther north to Seligman. A Seligman land man took me over to Missouri to a farm near Big Springs.

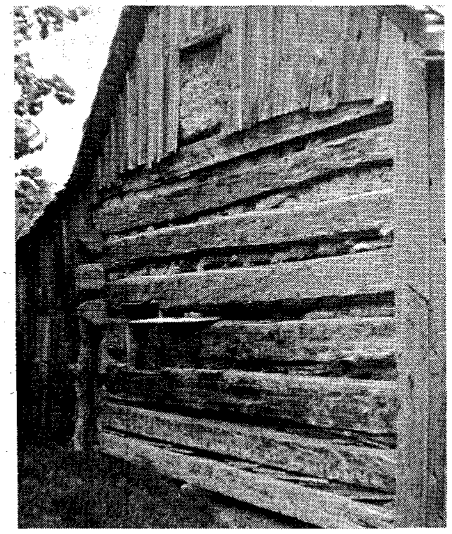
The farm had a good-sized stone house and a good barn and several good outbuildings but the land was very rough and hilly. However, the price was right and the farm seemed large enough for the effort I was used to making, so I put up $3,000 and the land man gave me a warranty deed. We recorded it in the courthouse at Cassville and I was ready to get my family and start. We

Continued on page 62)



Squawman Maurice Leduc

The 1830 West was definitely his element. He liked the country; he liked the women; and if trouble moved in, he only had to whistle for the Utes to have his own private army!



This is the original cabin at the Kincaid Ranch as it looks today. Now being used as a hay barn, the logs were faced years ago with native boards. At the rear of the cabin, logs are still visible. This is the cabin in which Kit Carson stayed on his visit to the Kincaids.

By MILTON LEMOYNE

Photos Courtesy Author

ONE SNOWY NIGHT two trappers high in the Rocky Mountains—foregoing their usual precautions—decided to build a fire and warm themselves before going to sleep. Maurice Leduc, awakened by an agonizing groan, leaped up to hear an Indian pony making a getaway. Then he noticed that his companion, who had been sleeping beside him, had been skewered to the earth by a Ute lance.

This shocking experience, which he related to his friends many times in later years, might be termed "the finishing touches on the education of a frontiersman," because Maurice, though his life span was to cover most of a century, was never to repeat such an error in judgment.

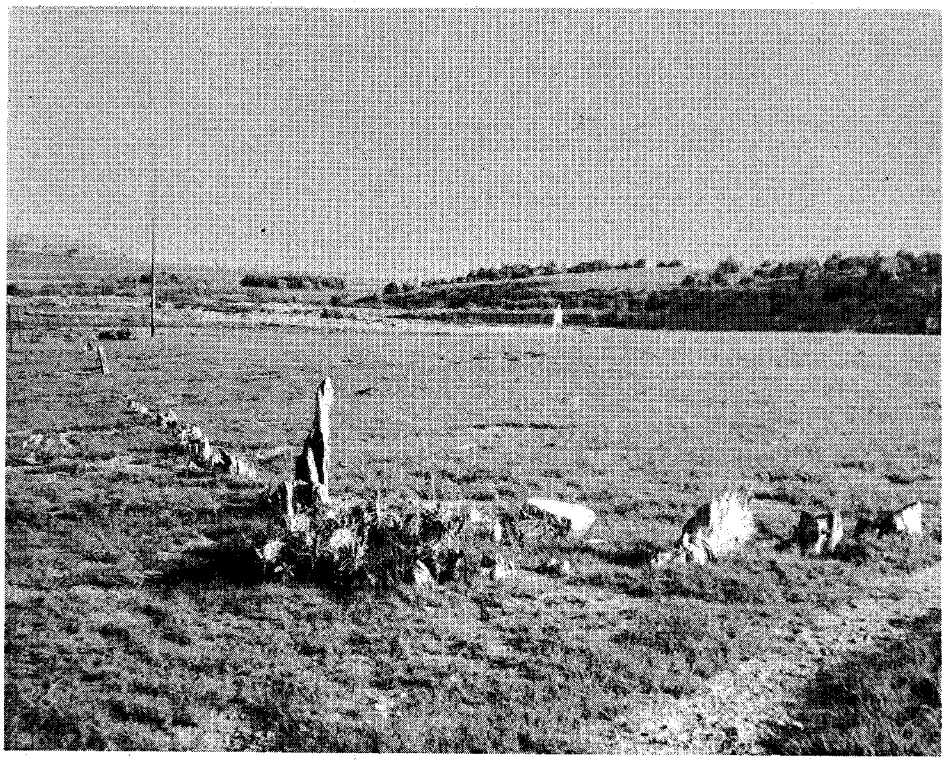
By all accounts "Old Maurice" was quite a man. Born in France, he came to this country in 1817 or 1818 and struck out with a trapping party for the upper Missouri River. Leaving the Missouri, he joined a group of French trappers who made their way westward to the Rockies, then trapped southward along the frontal range of those mountains, splashed across the Arkansas (the boundary line with Spain), and eventually stumbled into Taos.

In the spring of 1824, he was one of a small group of independent trappers who trekked northward and westward from Taos into the rugged San Juan Mountains. Tom Smith—the same rough, rowdy Smith who became known as "Peg-leg" Smith and who gained fame in connection with the fabled Peg-leg gold mine—accompanied him.

Near where the Green and Upper Colorado Rivers pour together, the group split. Smith and Leduc, with only each other for company, wormed their way south. In the bleak wastes of what is now southeastern Utah, Utes stole five of their horses and the pair fled across the sand-choked San Juan River to take refuge among the Navajos. From there they swung deep into Arizona and, by circling far to the south, managed to work their way back to Taos.

Soon after his return to Taos from the trip with Smith, Maurice made his way into south-central Colorado where he established a trapper-trader rendezvous on historic Hardscrabble, Adobe and Mineral Creeks. Geographically, this is known as the "Fremont Area," about thirty miles west of Pueblo and less than one hundred miles south of the summit of Pikes Peak.

By 1825, the Bent Brothers, Charles and William, had constructed their first Colorado stockade on Turkey Creek on the north side of the Arkansas River only a few miles "as the dog would go home"



A corner of the original Bent Stockade on Turkey Creek. Pickets or posts were chopped off and used by early settlers.

from the headquarters of Maurice Leduc. Their stockade was an imposing rectangular enclosure, some 590 feet long by 350 feet in width, made of 15-foot cedar (or pine) poles set closely side by side and sharpened at the top. Three cabins with native rock foundations and fireplaces were inside the stockade. The remains of both the stockade and the cabins are visible today.

After a few years, the Bents abandoned their stockade in favor of the more famous Bent's Fort farther down the Arkansas. Maurice, however, used their idea to promote a similar fort. Assisted by Mexicans and some local residents, he built a log stockade above the junction of Adobe and Mineral Creeks. Exactly when it was erected is uncertain. It is logical to assume that it was completed sometime around 1830. One account (unconfirmed) names Carlos Beaubien as the man who supplied and directed the operation of the stockade, and likewise reaped the profits.

ONE THING for sure, the stockade on Adobe Creek was built to last. Octagonal in shape, with 8 sides and 8 angling corners, it measured 144 feet from corner to opposite corner. Each of the eight corners was fortified by a log tower or turret, and massive twin gates opened into the west wall.

Within the stockade was an inner compound with its own double gate. The forty-eight-foot square courtyard was surrounded by eight rooms of various sizes. On the west side a large story-and-a-half adobe was constructed; the rest of the complex was built of logs. West of the north corner, between the compound and the stockade wall, a reservoir twenty-four feet in diameter was dug. A depression still marks its location. The Mexicans and Spanish-speaking French called the stockade "El Cuervo." The few Americans who visited the stockade translated the Spanish to "The Crow's Nest." It was also known as "Old Maurice's Fort."

After a few years of flourishing business, El Cuervo was abandoned. Maybe the dropping price of beaver pelts or the expansion of the powerful trading empire of the Bents forced its closing. Whatever the reason, it was almost completely deserted by 1844.

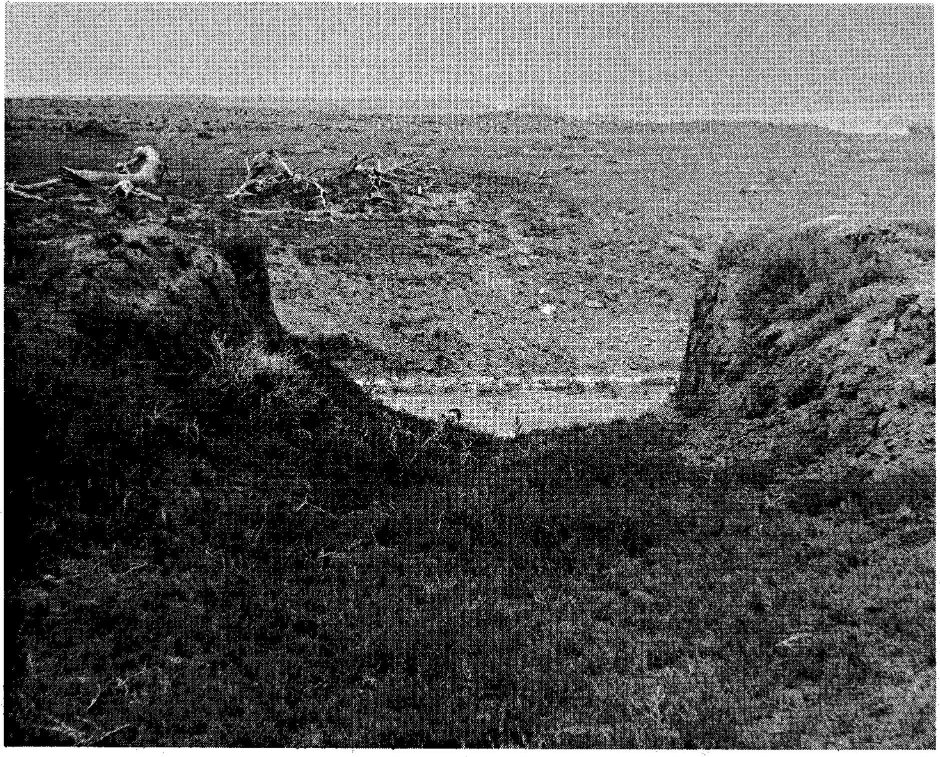
Soon after the completion of El Cuervo stockade, an agricultural settlement was established by Mexicans near the mouth of Adobe Creek. Maurice spent much of his time there. His new neighbors built thirteen low, flat, earth-roofed adobe houses on one side of a protected square, or plaza, which was surrounded by a thick adobe wall. One of these buildings, with a dirt floor and small box window, was used as a church.

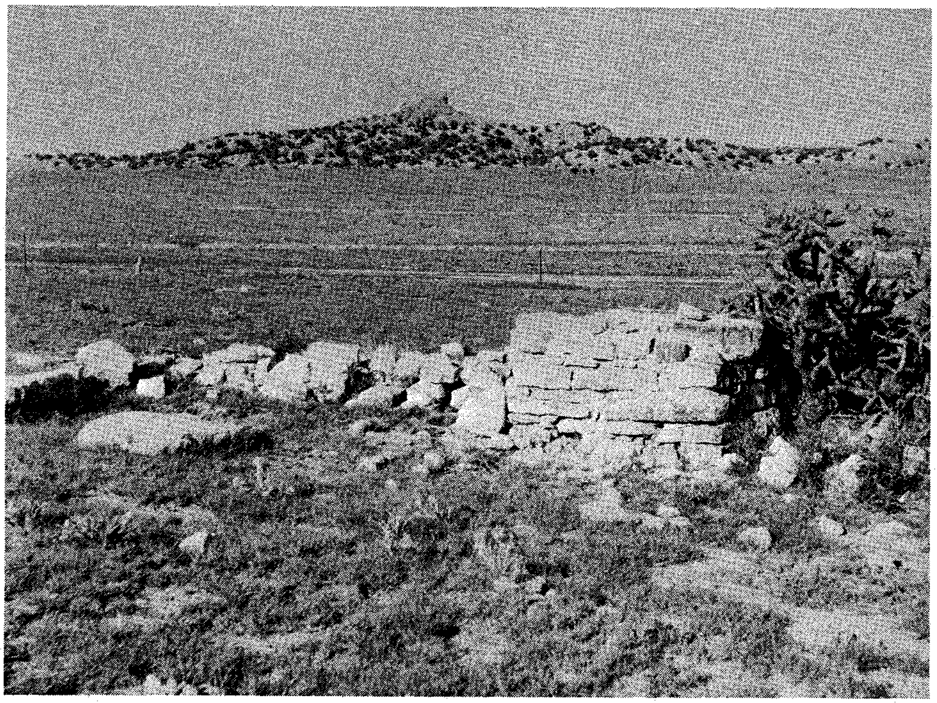
The first American to enter the settlement reported their marriage customs as ". . . being performed in the evening, and followed by a night of revelry; they would repair with their friends to church in the morning, and after Mass would form a procession headed by the bride in the whitest garments available and, conducted by the groom, the procession marched around to the music of a violin and a sort of drum, the friends shooting off firearms and making grotesque gestures, until their future residence was reached, when each took their departure from the newly married couple, after hearty pressure of body, by placing hands to backs, and without further congratulations or salutations."

During their stay at the settlement, the Mexicans cultivated some land on a small mesa overlooking Hardscrabble Creek but led a life of constant hazard because of the Indians.

John C. Fremont tramped by at about this time and mentioned the Hardscrabble settlement. "Its Spanish name, La Placita de Penasco Amarillo, is much too eloquent to describe the meager adobe huts which were clustered around a mud plaza." It was, by the time of Fremont's arrival, everything but a Spanish settlement. The mixture of nationalities in the village included Americans, French trappers, and Mexicans.

This deep cut in the bank of Adobe Creek was worn by wagons of the early settlement. Until recent years, the wheel depressions were clearly visible.





Remains of one of the frontier cabins within Bent Stockade.

Their wives—mostly squaws—included women from the Assiniboine, Blackfoot, Arikara, Cheyenne, Sioux, Arapahoe and Pawnee tribes. There were also Mexican and a few American women.

IN 1838, on the approach of some Sioux and Arapahoes, the inhabitants of the village took refuge in Maurice's Fort. The Indians demanded that Maurice surrender a Ute squaw who was living with him at the time. Maurice, in compliance with their demands, indicated that a night would be needed to prepare for the squaw's departure. He then had a courier slip out and ride to the Ute village in the Wet Mountain Valley, some thirty miles distant, for help.

During the night, after receiving word that their old enemies had invaded their domain, the Utes hastily prepared for battle and rode down the main trail (North Hardscrabble Creek) and were ready at dawn to attack their adversaries. Seeing the Utes coming, the Arapahoes and Sioux quickly broke camp and mounted to meet the challenge. The engagement began with a head-on clash which lasted only a few minutes. Then the Utes fell back a little at a time to draw their opponents into a pocket. When the Plains Indians followed, the trap was sprung.

During their night ride down the main trail, the Utes had actually split their forces, sending a hard-hitting contingent of warriors on the fastest and strongest mounts down South Hardscrabble Creek. Under cover of willows, tamarisk and natural embankments, this force had moved in behind to cut off their invaders' retreat. Suddenly the Utes swept out and joined the conflict, urging their horses to full racing speed as they charged into the fray.

The rugged ground over which the battle was fought made going extremely hazardous for both men and horses. Occasionally two warriors would lose their mounts at about the same time and a vicious hand-to-hand combat with knives or lances would follow. In describing the clash afterwards, both groups agreed that "before the sun had reached high noon there was much blood on the ground that day. . . . Firearms, lances, bows, arrows, saddles, blankets, and various paraphernalia of battle, were strewn for miles."

Soon the Plains Indians began to think less of winning than of escaping with their lives. Already large numbers of their braves lay dead or dying as they faded into the cover of creek banks and foliage. Those still on horseback made a run for it. According to Leduc, it was a disheveled and disorganized band of Sioux and Arapahoes who made their escape.

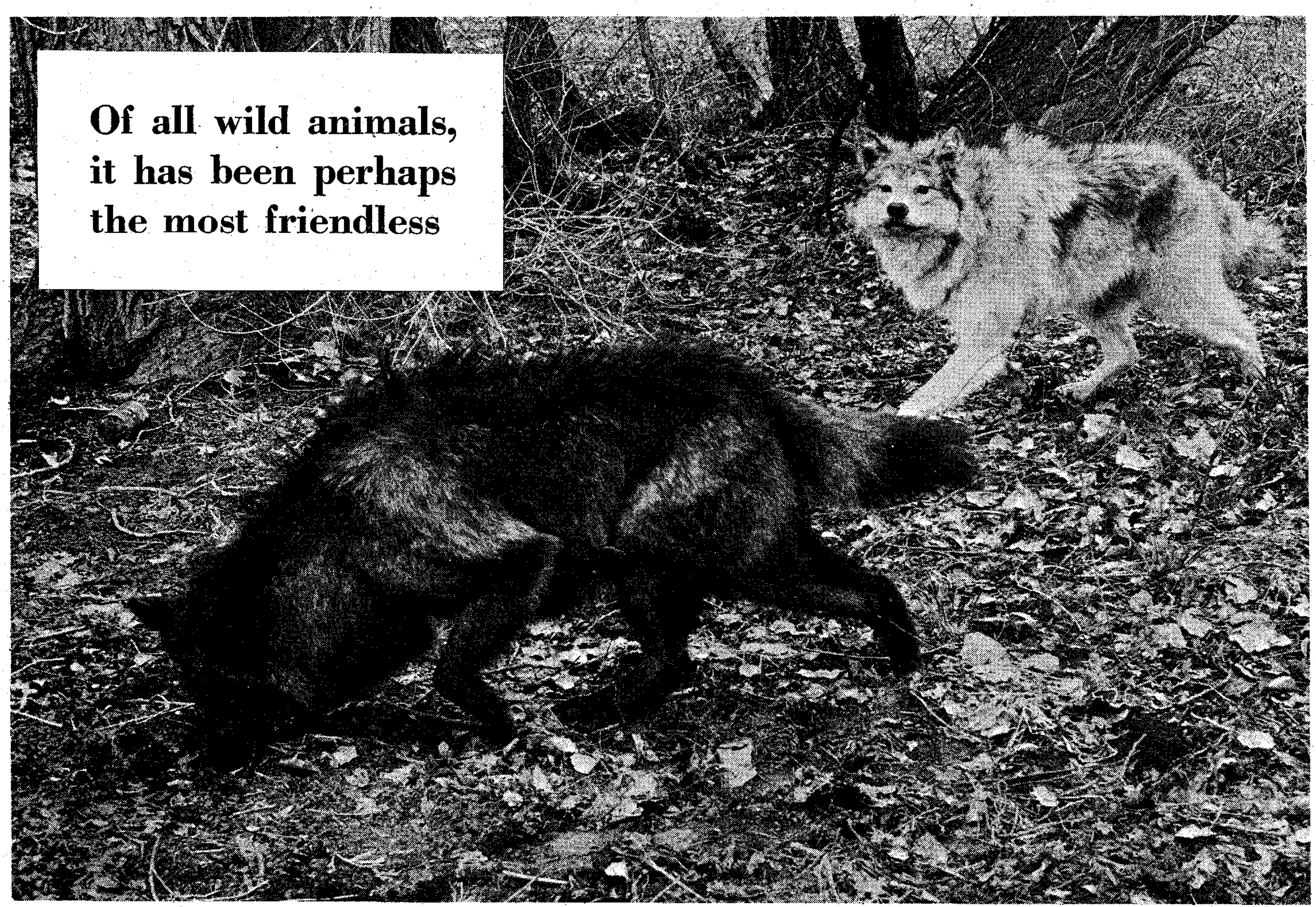
While old Maurice was reluctant to go into the details of this Indian battle, he did give some information to his friend, J. A. Toof. The Utes, according to Toof, lost 125 men. Each season for years after the first settlers came to the country, the Utes spread evergreen branches over rock-covered mounds along the trail. They were said to show much respect, as well as grief, over their fallen braves. They chanted mournful melodies, with all the guttural cadences peculiar to primitive song in every Indian tribe.

THE TOOF BROTHERS, Al and George, had, by 1860, built a trading post on nearby Beaver Creek, where they peddled supplies to goldseekers trudging by on their way to California. Old Maurice told the Toofs many a tale of the early days, little of which they understood due to his poor English, which was threaded with French, Spanish and various Indian dialects. They did understand that the old Frenchman recalled all of his dates by moons. Maurice told Toof that in 1844 four feet of snow fell all over the country and lasted for three moons, killing all the bison and many elk and deer. Toof noted that he considered this correct, for bison heads could be seen all over the area.

The first American settlers at La Placita on Hardscrabble, about 1840, included Charles Bent (future governor of New Mexico), Mr. Lupton, Colonel Ceran St. Vrain, Carlos Beaubien and Lucien B. Maxwell. The old settlement remained on Hardscrabble and Adobe Creeks, with few interruptions, until about 1848 when it was broken up, the

(Continued on page 44)

Hardscrabble Creek, just above the old settlement and Kincaid Ranch.



Of all wild animals, it has been perhaps the most friendless

Courtesy U.S. Dept. of the Interior, Fish and Wildlife Service

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

TWILIGHT of the GRAY WOLF

LONG AGO, when game of all kinds was plentiful in America and only the Indian was on hand to take a toll of Nature's bounty, wolves ranged clear across the country from coast to coast and from mid-Mexico to the Arctic tundra.

The Indian hunter, an instinctive conservationist, had a deep, mystical regard for the wolf and rarely killed one unless his need for food and hides was desperate. Unfortunately, this animal was held in no such regard by the colonists.

When wolves were over-abundant, an epidemic of rabies, distemper or mange was certain to decimate them, and the species remained in rhythmic equilibrium with other animals until the arrival of the first Europeans upset Nature's delicate balance. All-out war was declared upon the wolf, and clearing off the primeval forests of the East was the initial stroke. As the great trees fell under the busy saws and axes of the pioneers and the thin line of the frontier pushed slowly westward, the wolves retreated.

By the early 1800s the remaining eastern wolves—except for a few stragglers —had been driven onto the Great Plains. Here, preying upon the calves and cripples of the vast buffalo herds, they joined their western brothers, the "buffalo wolves."

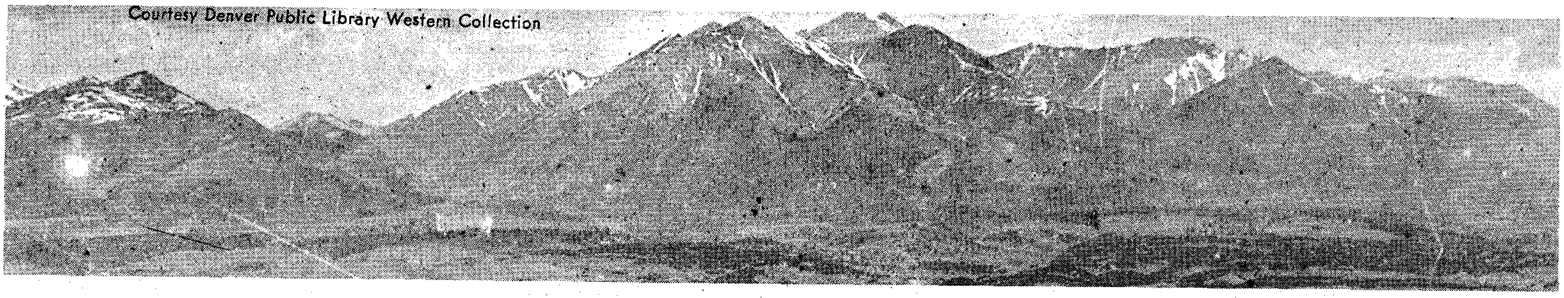
Explorers Lewis and Clark, journeying from the Missouri to Oregon in 1804-05, found wolves fairly numerous all along the way. Captain Clark noted in his journal: "I observe near all [buffalo] herds large gangues of Buffalow wolves, and when the buffalow move these animals follow and feed on those that are killed by accident or those that are too pore or fat to keep up with the gangue."

On May 29, 1805, Lewis wrote: "We saw a great many wolves in the neighborhood of these mangled carcasses [buffalo driven over a precipice by Indians]. They were very fat and gentle. Captain C. who was on shore killed one of them with his espontoon." (The weapon referred to was a kind of military half-pike. The intrepid captain bagged his wolf at the mouth of the Judith River in north central Montana.)

The early-day white trapper disdained the wolf to snare the more lucrative beaver. But the beaver petered out in the late 1830s and the trappers turned to wolfing. Pelts brought only a dollar apiece and the daily take of the wary animals was small. Then, in 1840, strychnine was introduced on the Plains. This took all the skill and challenge out of wolfing, and many of the old-time mountain men quit in disgust and turned to trading or moved on to new territory in California or Oregon.

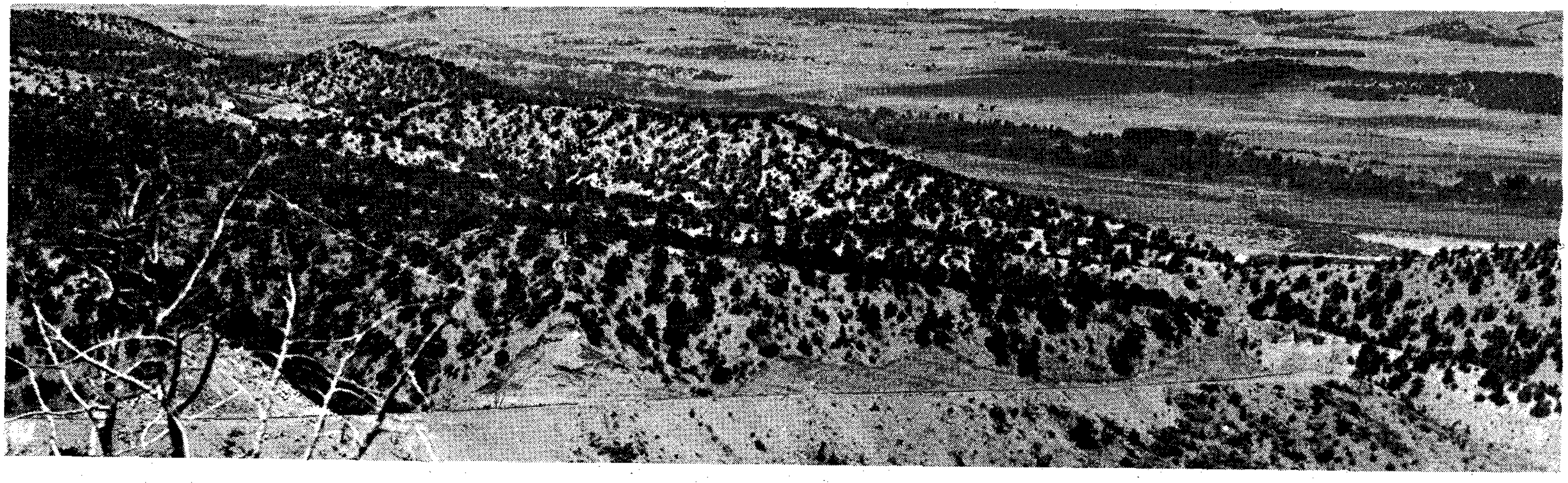
WOLFING was so easy that hundreds of drifters who had tried and failed as beaver trappers turned to the ruthless business to make a living. Traps were unnecessary; the wolfer simply killed six to a dozen buffaloes over a distance of as many miles, stripped off the hides for robes, and "salted" the carcasses with strychnine. A hunter could collect thirty

(Continued on page 50)

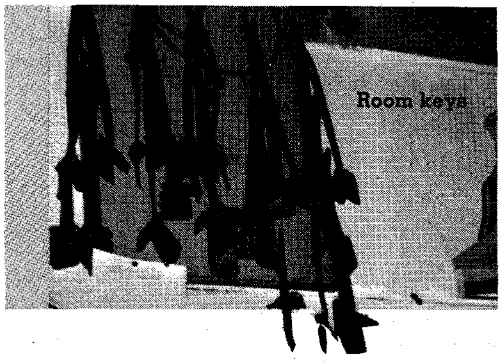


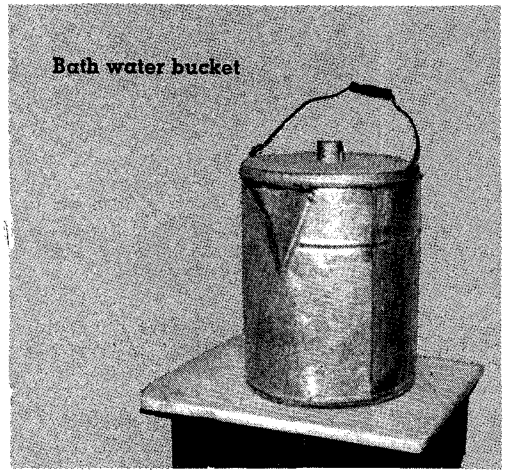
Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

The GREAT GREEN PARKS of the ROCKIES



Undoubtedly some places and some things must have been created just to give mankind a breather!





By G. L. SAVAGE

Photos Courtesy Author

HIGH IN THE Rocky Mountains there are beautiful valleys called parks, and they extend for miles in every direction. The best known ones in Colorado are North Park, Middle Park and the great South Park.

Headwaters of the Arkansas River, clear as crystal, rush through South Park, fed by the cold mountain streams and springs. Zebulon Pike came into this Park during the winter of 1806 on an exploring mission. A small detachment of soldiers was with him, less than twenty altogether, and they were cold, hungry and homesick. Rations were running low and it was the day before Christmas.

Sundown found the men camped in the sort of place which officers are trained to look for. It was safe from surprise attack, had plenty of firewood and clean running water. Their campsite is where Squaw Creek enters the Arkansas River. On Christmas Day the men went hunting and killed enough buffaloes to have a big feast and replenish their rations. Fresh meat keeps well in the high, cold country. Less than a century later the valley was well known throughout the country, for gold had been found on the west slope of the Rockies. The sound of train whistles echoed from Marshall Pass 10,845 feet above sea level, where sturdy little engines brought their passengers safely over the great Continental Divide. There the passengers transferred to stagecoaches which took them on to various mountain towns and mining camps. Each passenger on the stage was allowed fifty pounds of luggage, and all over that amount had to be paid for at the rate of ten cents a pound.

Left, the first hotel at Poncha Springs, completed in 1878, showing the hotel's tents and the miners' dugouts.

Any man who came into the valley with a strong back and a desire to work, could make a living whether he struck it rich or not. Miners from the south were surprised to wake up and see wild flowers blooming at the edge of melting snow, for spring came quickly. There were acres of wild flowers in delicate shades of pink and lavender, pale yellow, blue and white. Buffaloes and moose, deer, elk and antelope which had wintered in the valley would start back up the mountain trails to the small pastures there.

Summers were short and balmy, and for the miners were the busiest time of the year. Days were long, trails were clear, and ore could be brought down to the mills by jack trains.

The Park changed colors again in the fall; wild flowers bloomed in deep purples, gold and reds. Animals which had spent the summer in high pastures began trailing down the mountain paths for shelter below. Firewood was cut and stacked for the cold months ahead. Women gathered choke cherries and wild currants and made them into jelly. Discarded clothing was washed in big iron kettles over open fires, cut into various shapes, and stitched back together to make quilts. These coverlets were stuffed with wild goose feathers or down.

Prairie hens, sage hens and turkeys were plentiful and taken only as needed for food, but wild geese flew into the Park at their own peril. They were much in demand by the housewives, not only for the feathers and down for quilts and pillows, but for their meat and grease. Goose grease, mixed with a little salt and a lot of baking soda, formed a salve good for man or beast, and any person who complained of a sore throat was pretty sure to get an old flannel cloth, soggy with goose grease and turpentine, wrapped around his neck. A cough which lasted two days was met with strong arm tactics. The sufferer had his head pulled back, his mouth pried open, and a tablespoon of goose grease mixed with a little sugar and coal oil poured down his gullet. They were a hardy lot of people and for the most part, happy.

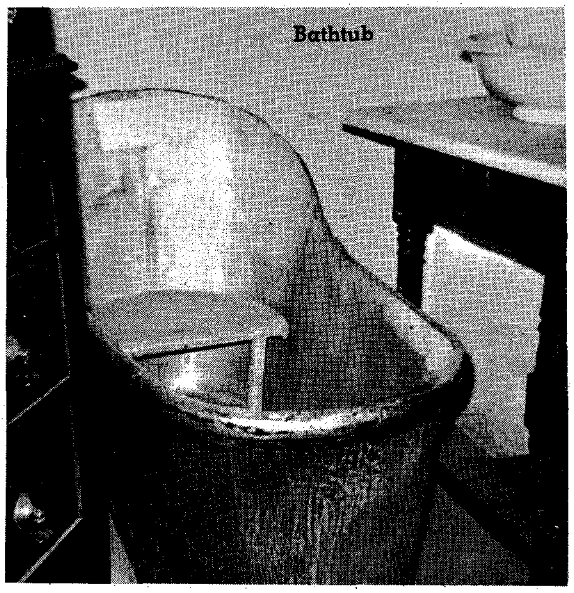
Hard rock miners followed the wild game down the mountains when fall came. Then the aspen trees turned their colors and looked as if Mother Nature had filled great ore buckets with pure gold dust and cast it over the mountainsides. It was her grand finale of the season before the white curtain fell for the winter.

MANY little towns sprang up in the Park and one of the best known was Poncha Springs. Its first hotel was a crude structure a story and a half high, built of native logs. The ground floor was made up of a large dining room and kitchen, while the upper floor was used as sleeping quarters for the owners and hired help. A woman traveling alone or with small children could be put up there but men who stayed at the hotel were housed in canvas tents even in winter. Each tent had a heating stove in it with the pipe sticking out the top. A wide metal ring was set in the canvas around the pipe to keep the tent from catching fire. Many of the miners had bearskin coats or buffalo robes for they were cheap to come by and with the fur or hair folded inside, were comfortable warm mattresses for cots which were furnished by the hotel. The tent walls were well staked down and sealed at the bottom with soil and rocks to keep out moisture and cold drafts.

Good meals were served at the hotel and the fame of them spread throughout the country. More and more strangers found their way to Poncha Springs and travelers made a point of staying over for a day or two before resuming their journey.

Some of the miners built their own winter quarters. They dug a hole about three or four feet deep, the size they wanted their room to be, and made the upper part with logs. Each dugout had its own fireplace built of stone. The windows were made too small for a grown bear to crawl through. Some were covered with deer skin with the hair scraped off and then rubbed with tallow until sunlight could show through. The skin was rolled up in pleasant weather and fastened down when the weather was inclement.

Bear grease was used for oil because it was plentiful and free. The miners used it in wick lamps fastened to their hats when they were working, and for torches or saucer lamps in their cabins. Deer tallow was also used for candles and the miners spent a great deal of time in the winter hand-dipping them for use



the next summer. The candle holders used in the mines were iron rods with sharp points which could be driven into the wall at any height.

Old friends knew they could find each other in Poncha Springs and wandering peddlers and tinkers settled down there for the winter months. Cobblers moved in with their loads of heavy leather and boot lasts for the men, and a few pieces of vici kid for the little girls and women. A boot last stuck in the whip socket of a cobbler's wagon was his business sign, and one good at his trade could stay busy all winter making new boots and repairing old ones.

Public prayer before bedtime was common practice in hotels and wagon yards and any man who could read a verse from the Bible was invited to conduct the service. Children had a good school for that day and time.

A railroad came to the edge of town and two trains came in daily, bringing building supplies and fresh food and merchandise. When the log hotel burned down, a new one of milled lumber full two stories high with more rooms upstairs was put up in its place. Poncha Springs was booming.

H. A. JACKSON who built the hotel had been a wagontrain owner and master, hauling freight from Missouri to the mining country. Although his heart was in his adventurous business with the mule and oxen teams, he realized the railroads were coming through, and that wagontrains would become obsolete. Jackson chose Poncha Springs as a place to settle.

Indians camped along the original Poncha Springs for its healing waters.

Courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado

His new hotel, completed in 1878, was one of the best in that part of the country. When it was demolished by fire, money to rebuild came quickly from an unexpected source. D. R. Asbury, an executive with the railroad, and John D. Rockefeller furnished the capital to start again. The new hotel was even better than the previous one.

Guests had everything but inside plumbing. The men still had to wash in basins put on a bench outside the door, and dry their whiskers on a community towel of coarse linen which turned on a roller. When the weather was so cold that water froze in the pail they were allowed to wash inside.

Ladies were invited to freshen up themselves and their protesting offspring in the semi-privacy of the upstairs hallway. The front end near the window was set aside for their use. A comfortable rocking chair, a washstand with fresh linen towels, and a large china basin with a pitcher of water was at their disposal.

The hotel's dining room was filled with family size tables covered with immaculate white cloths. Meals cost less than ten dollars a week. In the parlor was a four-legged square piano which had been brought from St. Louis by wagontrain.

The hotel opened in January, 1882. A select crowd of guests were there the evening before to bid the new year welcome, and parlor games were played. A piece of blank writing paper was handed to a guest who wrote one sentence, then folded the paper down so the next guest could not read it, but who also wrote a sentence and passed the paper along until everybody had written something. When all had finished, it was read aloud. Here is exactly what they wrote on New Years Eve December 31, 1881.

All gone.
But the world moves on and revolves, nevertheless.
Jes so I took a bath.
Don't let it happen again.
I was ever thus in childhood's happy hours.
You don't tell it.
Well never, what never.

Among the guests who were there that night was Charles McCord, who wrote in a very precise hand that he was from London, England. John Jackson, an executive with the Denver and Rio Grande Express Company, was also present. Most of the guests, however, were businessmen, trying to sell everything from horses and mules to omnibuses and street cars for a firm called Wall and Witter located on Wazee Street in Denver. It was a practice for those who wanted their business known to write it down on the hotel register for easy referral.

Many well known names were left on the hotel register in the following years —John D. Rockefeller, Rudyard Kipling and his wife, Susan B. Anthony, Evelyn Walsh McLean and General Ulysses Grant.

Courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado

General Grant with his wife, daughter-in-law, and granddaughter on one of his western tours in the early 1880s.

IN 1882 the little hotel had another fire and when the ashes cooled off the place was again built back, bigger and better. The north wing at the front of the hotel—although now more than seventy years old—is still referred to as "the new north wing."

The reason for the frequent fires was lack of central heating. Each bedroom had its own little stove, and some of the guests were careless. Hotel porters, who built the fires each morning, also worked as bootblacks. Guests placed their shoes and boots outside their doors when they were ready to retire at night and found them clean and polished the next morning. Affluent travelers would put a silver dollar in the toe of a boot, and sometimes a two dollar gold piece as a pleasant surprise for the porter, but ladies and little girls never tipped. It was not considered polite for them to do so.

The "new" hotel still did not have running water in the bedrooms and each guest was brought a small pitcher of hot water every morning to be placed beside the big pitcher of cold water on the washstand.

All guests, whether rich or poor, had one thing in common, and that was the bathtub. There was not much room to splash in it, for it was a "boot tub"—a big heavy tin affair which looked like a king-sized coal bucket. A bail fell to the back of the tub when it was set down. The bather sat on a small stool curved to fit the back of the tub. At the foot was a drain.

The tub had to be reserved in advance and the exact time for its use set. First come first served, but the men usually

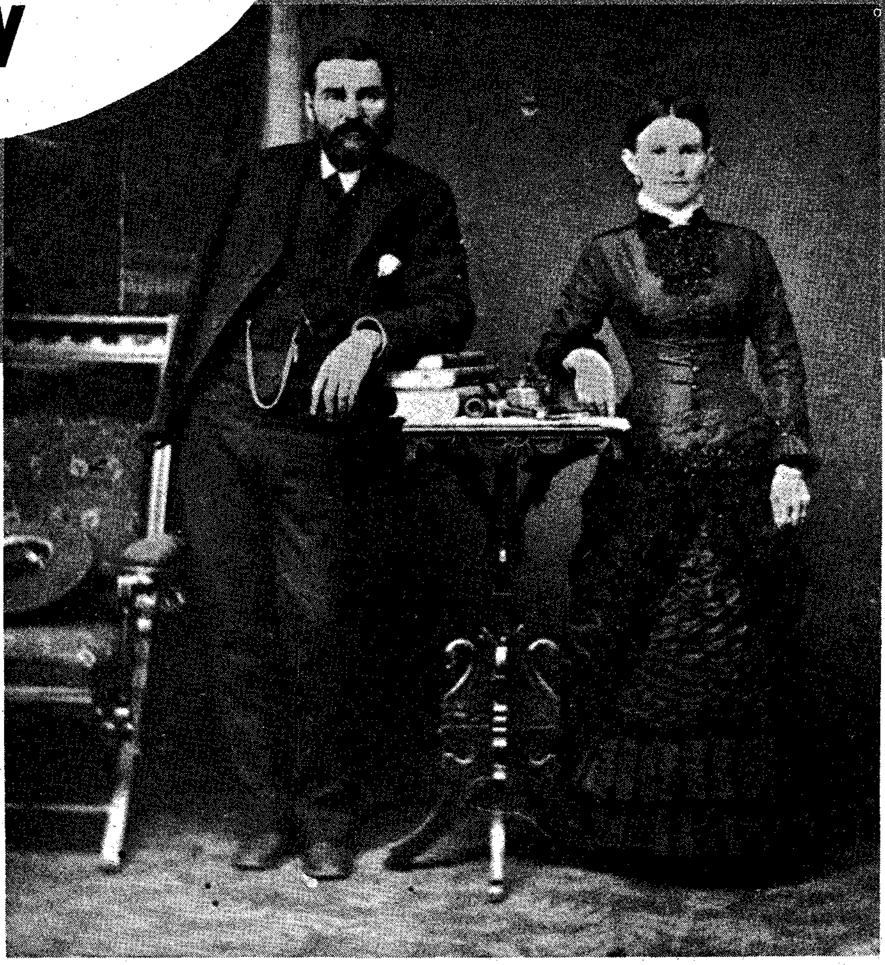
(Continued on page 58)

Bill Wilson's Getaway

Between himself and Goodnight's trail herd were a hundred blistering miles and six hundred roving Comanches. No sane white man would try it alone along this stretch of the Pecos!

By E. L. GARNER

Photo Courtesy Author



William J. Wilson with his wife, Emma Sheek Wilson, 1843.

DURING harvest season one year, young William J. Wilson lost his right arm in a threshing machine, and from then on he was known as One-armed Billy Wilson. He was my mother's maternal uncle.

Born on White River in Washington County, Arkansas, in 1843, Billy and his many brothers and sisters grew up into strong and healthy young people. About 1860, his father moved the family to Palo Pinto County, Texas, and they lived for several years on Keechi Creek, east of the present town of Graford. It was there the young man had his accident.

Billy went to work for Charles Goodnight, a cattleman who lived nearby. In 1867 Mr. Goodnight and Oliver Loving gathered up their cattle and started with a large herd for New Mexico and Colorado where the government was to let contracts for beef. They traveled southwest until they reached the Pecos River in the latter part of June, and had gone up this river about 100 miles when they became worried that they would be late for the bidding. It was decided that Mr. Loving, with a one-man escort, should go ahead of the herd and make the bids, and Billy Wilson was selected to be his companion.

Knowing the dangers of passing through Indian country, Mr. Goodnight tried to impress on these men the fact that only by traveling by night could they hope to make the trip in safety. The first two nights after the journey was begun, they followed these instructions, then Loving, who detested night riding, persuaded Wilson that Goodnight was unduly cautious, and so one fine morning they changed their hours of travel and rode by daylight.

Everything went fine until about two o'clock that afternoon, when Wilson, who had been keeping a lookout, sighted five or six hundred Indians heading toward them from the southwest. Later they determined that they were Comanches. The men left the trail and made for the Pecos River, which was about four miles to the northwest, and which was the nearest place they could hope to find shelter. They were then in present-day New Mexico on the plain which lies between the Pecos River and the Guadalupe Mountains. About 150 feet from the bank of the Pecos, the plain drops abruptly one hundred feet. The men scrambled down this embankment and dismounted, hitched their horses (which the Indians immediately captured) and crossed the river, where they hid themselves among the sand dunes and brakes along its edge.

Meantime the Indians were hot on their trail—some of them halted on the bluff while others crossed the river and surrounded the men. A brake of Spanish cane, which grew in the bend of the river a short distance from the dunes, was soon filled with them. Since this cane was from five to six feet tall, the Indians were easily concealed from view of the white men, but they dared not advance as they knew Loving and Wilson were armed.

The Indians on the bluff, speaking in Spanish, urged the men to come out for a parley. Wilson instructed Loving to watch the rear so they could not shoot him in the back, and he stepped out to see what he could do with them. Loving, in attempting to guard the rear, was fired on from the cane, receiving a broken arm and a bad wound in the side. The men then retreated to the shelter of the riverbank and their pursuers did not know their exact location.

The Indians began a methodical search of the bank, but just before they reached the hideout of Loving and Wilson a rattlesnake appeared close to the latter.

(Continued on page 45)

By TOM J. CHRISTENSEN

Photos Courtesy Author

TANGLED TRAILS

A few acres of blackberry thickets are hiding a very juicy pie!

"THIS IS the map my grandson drew, with me looking over his shoulder and telling him how," said the spry, little woman, her faded blue eyes peering up into my face, then down at the paper in her hands. "I guess I know the landmarks all over this part of the country. Our family has been here longer'n any, since before Washington was a territory at all."

The sketch she held, drawn on heavy white paper, was an authentic treasure map, with landmarks, distances, and the very important "X" in a critical spot. Because I am a treasure hunter in my spare time, I had been recommended to the family to help locate the long-lost family cache. The old lady, many times a great-grandmother, continued her story, and we who had never before heard it were attentive:

"My grandfather was a cattle dealer, and it wasn't that he didn't trust the banks. No, he was a real smart man, he knew the banks were all right. But all cattle dealings had to be in gold. He would get some from the fellows who bought his cattle. Then when he wanted to buy yearlin's he had to have gold in hand to pay for them. Cattle buyers didn't trust anything else. If he put his gold in the bank, they wouldn't promise to have gold to give back to him when he needed it. The bank wanted to keep his gold and give him paper. So my grandpa was just too smart to deal with 'em.

"He tried a lot of places looking for where he could put his money away so he could lay hands on it easy. I remember one morning hearing a big crash from the bedroom, where my grandma was wielding a broom. I rushed in and found her staring openmouthed at a pile of gold eagles on the floor. She had pulled out their big cherrywood dresser for easier sweeping, and there behind it my grandpa had cut into the wall and made the cutest little shelves, all stacked with gold pieces—all except the ones that had just fallen out on the floor. Grandma was mad, though. She didn't like gold around the house, too dangerous.

"'Willie,' she said, 'I give you your choice. Take them gold eagles in to the bank, or find another place to hide 'em. I won't sleep a wink while they're in the bedroom.'

"Just a few days later Grandpa came looking for me. I was about eleven at the time, and his favorite, though I was a short skinny girl and not too good looking. Grandpa had a big can in his hands. I could tell by the way he held it that it was real heavy.

"'Come on, Ginnie, we're going to walk a piece,' he said. And that map is the way we went. It was a nice warm summer day, but still fresh smelling, like it is here on the Coast. We walked up the creek past the neighbor's house, even farther up the creek than that. Then pretty soon my grandpa said, 'You sit down here in the shade. I'll be right back.' I sat down, and he took off through the woods with the little shovel and the big heavy can. He was gone maybe fifteen or twenty minutes. Then he came back without the can, looking real pleased with himself.

"That wasn't the only time he took a container up and buried it, either. He took me with him one other time. And once our old deputy marshal was visiting here and walked part way up the creek with him while he buried a third one. Grandpa must have found a real good spot, for I know that's where his fortune still is, $80,000 or more."

THE STORY seemed very real as we listened to this eye-witness, who had actually seen the gold and helped in hiding it. I could imagine the thoughtful pioneer cattle dealer heeding his shrill-voiced little wife and carrying his cans of gold to a safe place outside the house—a spot which sudden death prevented his ever revealing.

Eighty thousand dollars in gold! And not in some sunken ship in a far away coral sea, but right here in Washington State, in an accessible field! And I was being asked by the rightful owners to find the treasure and split it with them! Could anything be more exciting?

My friend Ron Elliott and I had gone out with metal detectors several times in Spokane. He has a high opinion of my treasure-hunting ability and through his recommendation I had been invited by a member of this pioneer family to follow seventy-year-old clues to treasure. I am a civil engineer, still a few years from retirement. Treasure is my hobby—not really the finding of it, but the suspense of the search.

Shortly after, I gathered up four metal detectors, a sleeping bag and kit of belongings, and flew 300 miles after work on Friday afternoon. The day of the trip was hectic. A crowded eight hours at the office was followed by attempts to meet a schedule at the Spokane airport, with my delicate luggage. I missed two planes by a whisker and finally caught a "commuter" which stopped every thirty miles for passengers or freight. Late that night I reached the west coast of Washington. Ron had driven to the Olympia airport to meet me, then on up the freeway to the Seattle airport. Grandson Don, the man with the map and in whose family the treasure had become a legend, was with him. Both young men were in a high state of excitement, and very shortly we arrived at Don's home.

Like children on Christmas morning, we removed the wrappings of the detectors right in the middle of the living room floor. We looked them over and discussed their capabilities.

At dawn next morning we were sleepily eager to begin our treasure search. Fortunately, the day was fine. Before our host could leave, he had to milk the cow, feed the pigs, and instruct his young son in the day's chores. There was a wistful look in the boy's eyes, but Don explained to him cheerfully that this was not "kid stuff." Then Ron Elliott, Don and I drove to the "old home place" where the map began.

We got out the map again, and noted that it was quite easy to follow. The big white two-story house with the tall narrow windows was our first landmark. It was substantial, obviously filled with treasures of the past.

"Some of our folks were at the very first convention they held at Monticello to organize the Territory," Don said with pride. "I didn't want to get anyone excited about treasure," he continued, "so I told them we were going up the creek to look for agates."

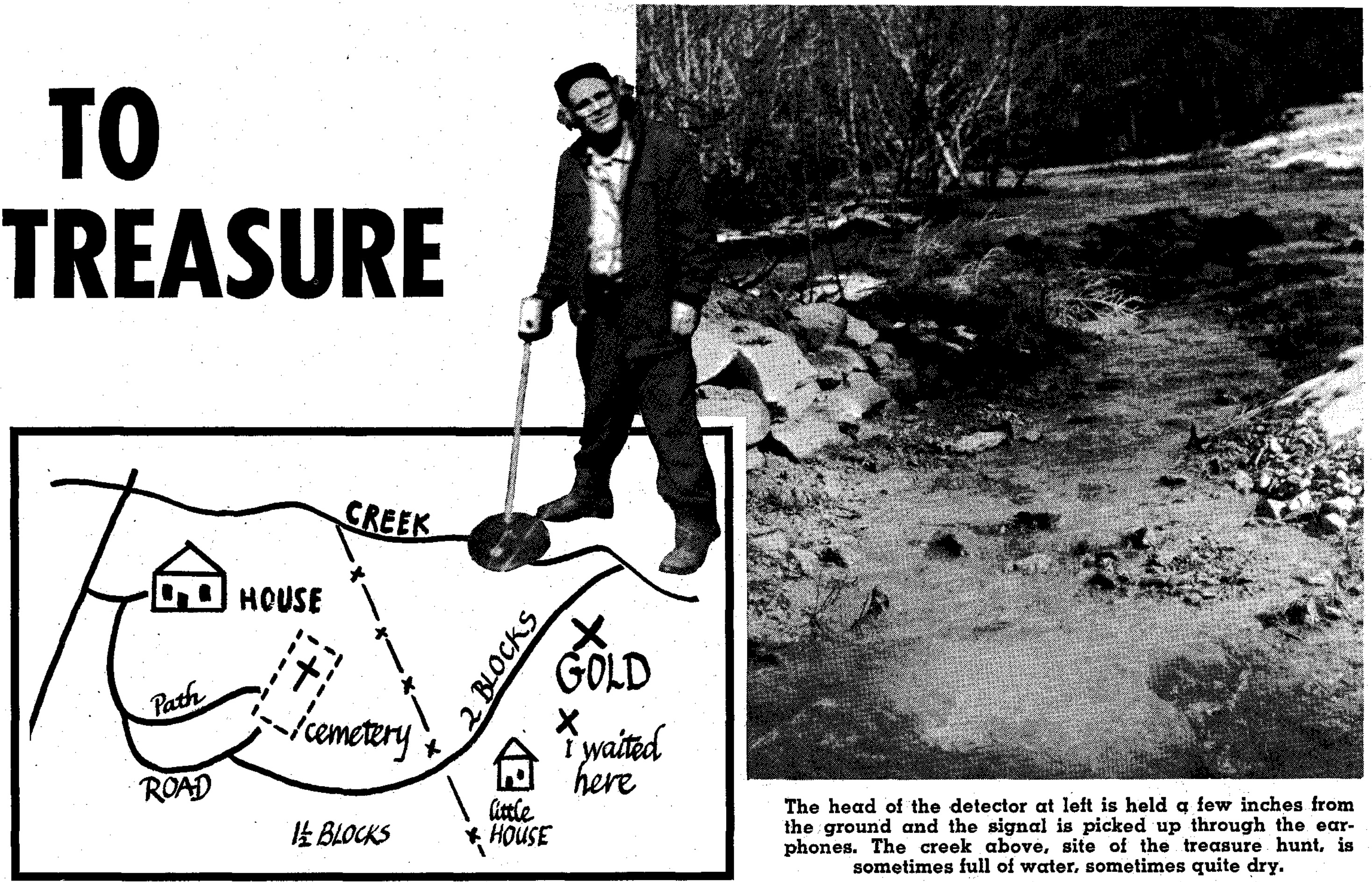
We parked the station wagon discreetly in a pasture. Both of my companions were very excited. Each carried a compass and a big ball of string. "You don't need a compass," I kidded them. "Moss always grows on the north side of a tree." They reminded me of this last crack when we later found trees completely overgrown with festoons of moss.

Each of us picked a detector from the car, and started up the trail single file. Each of us carried a small shovel. We had brought a pick for possible creek digging, but we left it in the car. After one look at the country, I decided on my little light machine, partly because I might need one hand to hang onto the trail itself before we got up that rocky height.

HERE WAS our first challenge. The map had already proved to be a good one. Don had not been over the country in years, yet he was able to spot the landmarks indicated immediately.

But to picture this country truly, you

TO TREASURE



The head of the detector at left is held a few inches from the ground and the signal is picked up through the earphones. The creek above, site of the treasure hunt, is sometimes full of water, sometimes quite dry.

need to tilt the paper just a little less than straight up and down; that would show the real slant of the creek and land. And it was not bare pasture land or sagebrush such as one usually would find in Eastern Washington. It was thick underbrush in profusion.

We followed a footpath part way up the creek to the family cemetery. It was well preserved; few of them in such good condition are in existence now. The headstones were weathered but readable. I copied names and dates which went back a century or more, almost all of the same family name.

"A gas line went in above here about fifteen years ago," Don said as we left the cemetery. "That should have cleared away the trees and left the ground wide open for a detector."

According to the map the clearing should not be far ahead, so we climbed on hopefully, until all at once the path was cut off by a real jungle. In fifteen years the wilds had taken over, and the "clearing" was a solid patch of jagged blackberry brambles!

"Himalayas!" groaned Don. They were leafless at this time of year, but covered with sharp needles. We could poke the detectors into the tangle only a few inches. I had gloves, the others did not. But in my first few forward moves I was torn and scratched unmercifully. I shoved forward, I backed sidewise, to no avail. Finally after a bad slash across the chin I managed to back out. The others had also plunged into the tangle, and I could hear but not see their struggles. Without protection for their hands they suffered even speedier defeat than I had. We would have to work our way around.

The detectors were all quietly humming, ready like hounds on leash to pinpoint any stray bit of metal; but as we toiled around the thorn thicket there was no alert from them. Away from the tangle we headed for the creek, taking an old path which had been hacked out of the hillside, sometimes by slicing through logs two to three feet in diameter.

Soon came indications of the old rail fence of split cedar which had separated the "home place" from the "Hansen place," and a remnant of a later fence of barbed wire. There were dilapidated buildings which were probably the remains of the Hansen homestead—a shed with fruit jars and old odd bottles, the remains of a high chair, a broken roof. Eventually we were in the woods high above the two homesteads. Now the spot marked X on the map, where a little girl had waited for her grandfather, was somewhere below us, and if we were to explore scientifically we would have to circle back.

SUDDENLY I heard a shout, "Got something!" Ron's detector was bleating furiously. Hopes rose. It was a good indication. We might by chance discover the treasure this early, although we hadn't expected to. The men got out shovels and began digging frantically. It was only a short way down to the source of the sound. No treasure; it was pipe which had once carried water down to the homestead from a spring high on the mountainside. Disappointment sobered us a moment, but lots of time remained.

We came down to the old orchard on the Hansen place, the trees hanging thick with moss, the ground thorn-filled but in bare spaces showing withered specimens of fruit and nuts. The trees, though ancient, were still bringing forth fruit in their season. Our detectors found little on which to comment here; metal had been fairly scarce on early homesteads.

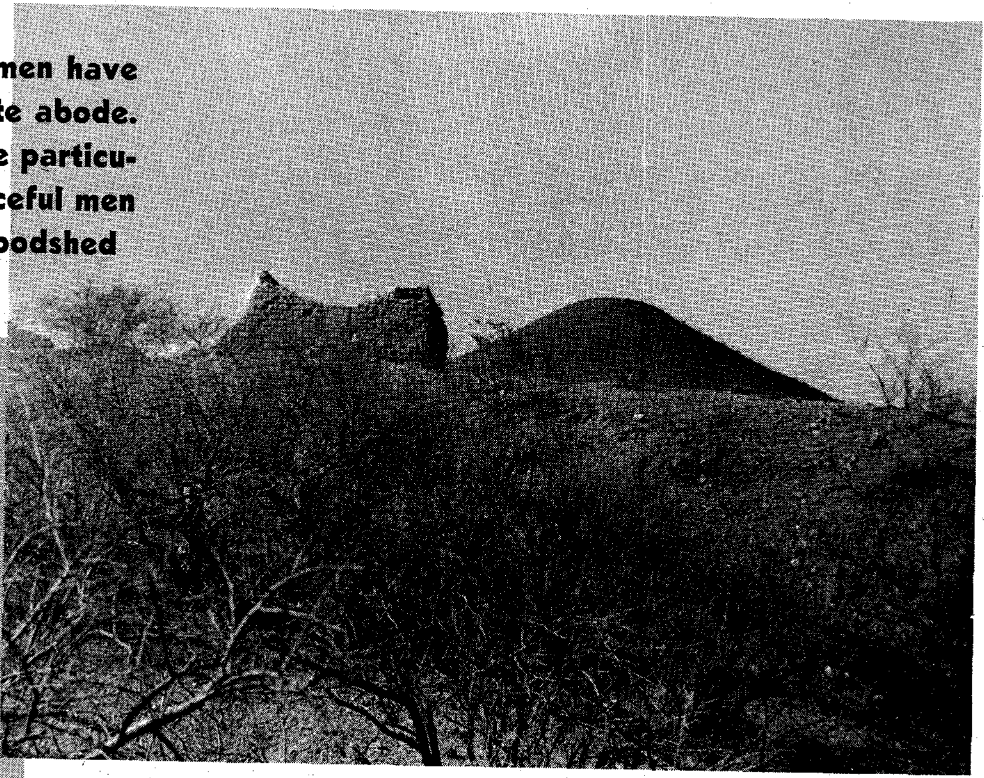
The woods where the ground had never been broken were comparatively free of thorns. Here were no blackberries—only huge logs, vine draped to catch the feet, and thick brush of various kinds and sizes. To cover territory more quickly, we decided to separate and go in three directions, climbing, walking the big logs, ducking limbs, and still protecting our detectors and trying to keep them in maximum range of the earth for reporting metal. There was now no sign of the trail on the steep and rocky hillside.

We passed over other sections of the old water pipe many times during the day. Then Don had a positive indication which could not possibly be the pipe line. "It's something round!" he panted. "Maybe a coffee can?" One of the boys wielded a shovel; the other dug with his bare hands. Our "treasure" was the hub of a light buggy wheel—we had found its mate near the surface right after coming off the road.

The search continued, as carefully as we knew how to make it. I kept stumbling over logs and, although I tried to protect my little detector, it got an occasional bump. Each time it got a bump I checked the setting; this was rather a nuisance. The trouble was its light weight, but the light weight was also what made it handy to carry up the mountain.

(Continued on page 66)

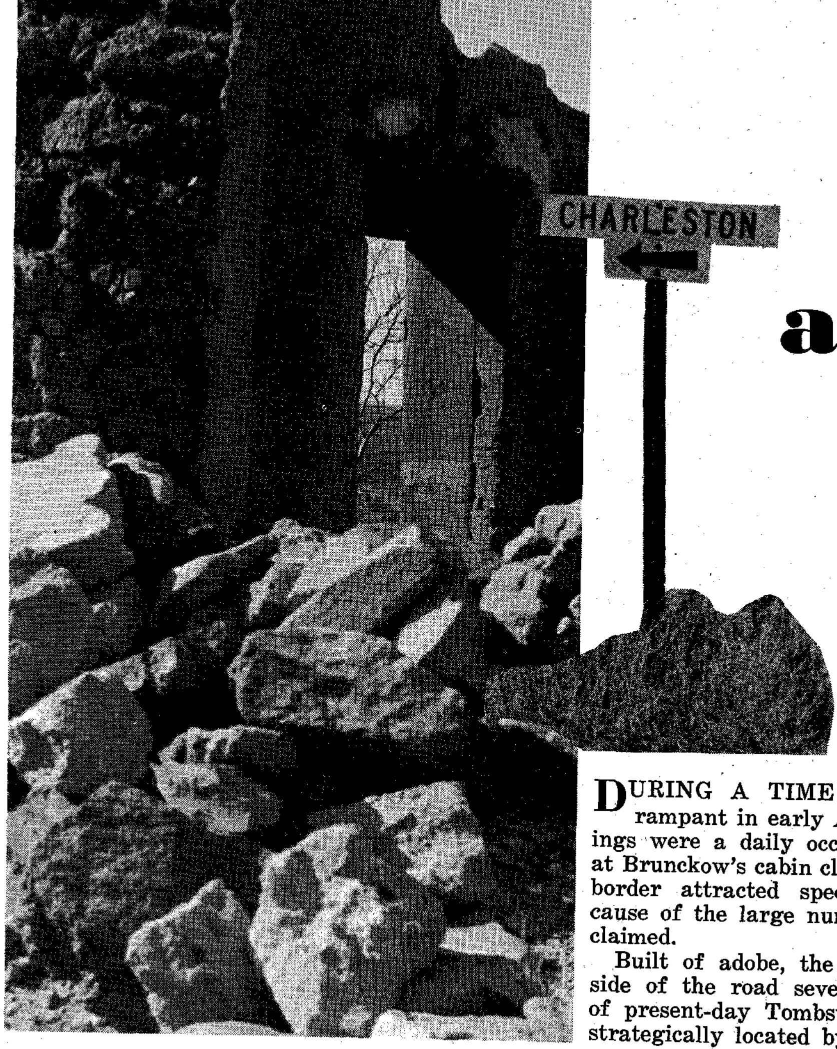
Over the years, seventeen men have lost their lives at this remote abode. The first three murders were particularly senseless because peaceful men can be robbed without bloodshed



The Fight at Brunckow's Cabin

By ARIZONA BOB KUBISTA

Photos Courtesy Author

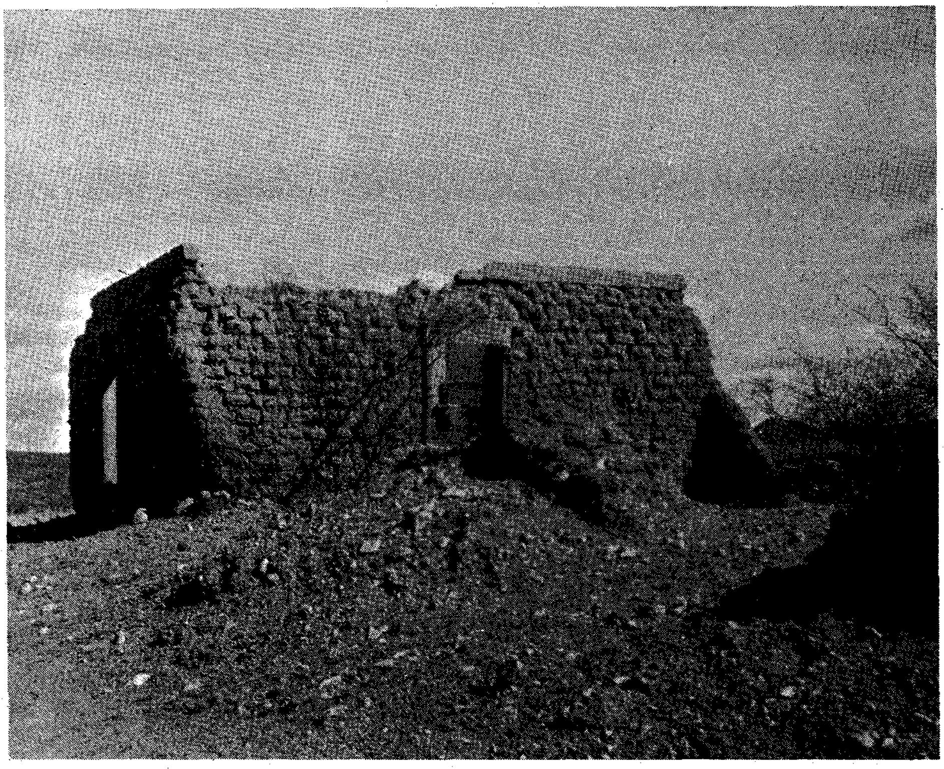


A later occupant lined the adobe walls with cement and re-enforced one wall with rough stones. The improvements have since fallen away and the original Brunckow Cabin adobe walls survived them all.

DURING A TIME when crime ran rampant in early Arizona and shootings were a daily occurrence, the fight at Brunckow's cabin close to the Mexican border attracted special attention because of the large number of victims it claimed.

Built of adobe, the cabin sat on the side of the road seven miles southeast of present-day Tombstone and was not strategically located by any means. The man who built it, the people who lived in it or the many men who died there were not prominent people. Even the nearby Brunckow Mine was not profitable and there should have been no serious question about the true ownership of the meager mineral rights. Just the same, the Brunckow cabin drew blood the way a honey jar draws flies. It quickly earned the reputation for luring unsuspecting men to their deaths until a total of seventeen men died around its adobe walls. Honest men, mining men and plain badmen were shot, stabbed or beaten to death before the site was permanently abandoned and the house allowed to crumble into ruin.

It all began with the brutal attack on Frederick Brunckow and three companions in 1860. Brunckow had arrived in Arizona in 1858. The German ended



The stagecoach road to Charleston and the notorious Brunckow Cabin turns to the southwest on the outskirts of Tombstone, and finally crosses the San Pedro River nine miles away. The ruins of the Brunckow Cabin still stand on the rocky slope above a tangle of mesquite. One room of the cabin remains and the outlines of two other rooms can be traced across the rocky ground. There are no houses for miles in any direction and only the outline of Bronco Hill in the distance.

his journey two years later at the bottom of his own mine shaft, murdered by Mexican employes.

The death of Brunckow is the best documented of the seventeen. The first of a long chain of tragic events, it was at the same time the last expected. If ever a man was well liked, this even-tempered, hardworking mining engineer was that man. Respected by miners and eastern developers of mining properties, Brunckow was already searching for silver reefs, and finding them, twenty years before Tombstone became famous. He built a three-room house, dug a well and sank a mine shaft all within two short years.

FINDING the ruins of the cabin is easy if you take the *old* road to Sierra Vista. Misdirected, I myself spent one whole Sunday clawing my way through the mesquite near the *new* road to Sierra Vista, up near Fairbank, Arizona. A diligent search of every likely hill and a look down each empty pothole claim convinced me that something was wrong. A call to the Cochise County Courthouse put me on the right track. The two locations are twenty miles apart.

Take the back road out of Tombstone as you go east along Allen Street. At the edge of town you will see a black and white metal sign pointing to the southwest. Turning left at that lonely corner is a black-top highway which goes up and down the Tombstone Hills until it drops down into the San Pedro River Valley nine miles away. On your right is the Charleston Lead Mine (off limits) and on the left the road to Lindsey Ranch.

Six miles out of Tombstone at the crest of a rocky hill you will get your first look at the adobe walls of "the bloodiest cabin in Arizona history." They are off to your left about 200 yards downhill from the highway, sitting on their own little mound above a rocky wash. Ten feet short of the first cattle guard east of the San Pedro bridge, pull off and park. Do not drive farther because the area is littered with sharp rocks and pieces of old metal from previous mine workings. In addition there are three shafts, two of which are so deep they seem to be bottomless. Rockhounds will be delighted by the encrusted silver-salts on the rocks at the bottom edge of a yellow slag heap, and unusually colorful rocks of pink, blue-grey, red and green can be picked by the bucketfuls in the wash bottom.

Walk down the steep hill with utmost caution. Only a few feet beyond a rusty barbed wire fence is a undercut prospect temptingly littered with rock samples—and it is fifty feet deep, straight down. After you cross Bull Run Creek the adobe walls will be immediately in front of you. There is no mistaking them.

To the southwest is the conical shape of Bronco Hill and, if the light is right, you will also see a outcropping of red rock under which is still another prospect. The ground is so very rocky and tightly packed that you can readily understand why some of the miners gave up so quickly. Others must have broken their backs digging down to a promising shelf.

Brunckow cabin is in fine shape, considering that it is over 100 years old. The original outer walls surround one room, but later owners have lined them with poured concrete. Wooden door frames stand, bridged by a wooden lintel at the top. There are no sills, but there are pieces of cap-stone on top of the adobe walls. In one room the brick fireplace has been replaced by a poured concrete one with a narrow shelf above. Two metal lantern frames hang on square-cut nails pounded into the door frames, and there are many broken bottles of purple sun-struck glass on the floor.

Tin cans, broken tools, dull drill bits and cartridge cases are scattered everywhere. As you step out the side door you seem to be in a courtyard but it is actually the second room, now roofless. Just beyond that are the low outlines of still another room. Probably the last room was the store which Frederick Brunckow started here.

Standing in the sun outside the isolated cabin you can easily imagine what it must have been like to have lived here all alone in 1860, with only renegade Apaches and claim-jumpers for bad company. To protect himself against his obvious enemies the German mining engineer built his adobe fortress on this barren hill—only to be done in by his trusted workers. But this was the San Pedro Valley of frontier days, where crime was regarded as *the* way of life, and shootings went unnoticed or prudently unmentioned.

FREDERICK BRUNCKOW was born in Berlin about 1829. He went to the University of Westphalia and finally graduated from the School of Mines in Freiburg. Facing exile under suspicion for his possible activities during the German Revolution of 1848 he chose instead to emigrate to the United States. He began by doing common labor for several years, but while employed in New Braunfels, Texas, saw a chance to make use of his mining degree. The Sonora Exploring and Mining Company was investigating the newly acquired lands of the Gadsden Purchase, and Brunckow went with the company's forward party to Tucson in 1856. By late August, their base of operations had been moved south to the old city of Tubac, and mineral explorations were begun in the nearby mountains, long fabled for their lost Spanish silver mines.

No time was lost repairing the few adobe buildings left in Tubac, and prospecting parties fanned out into the Santa Rita and Cerro Colorado Mountains. Old Spanish and Mexican mines to the north were located and the ore assayed. There was indeed some gold and silver but in such low grade that profitable operations were not possible.

Their attention was drawn to the west side of the Santa Cruz River, which flowed right past Tubac. Early in 1857 Frederick Brunckow filed a formal claim on behalf of his employers to land one mile southeast of the summit of the Cerro Colorado, and the new property

(Continued on page 59)

Two women loved him and a loyal son avenged his death. To the rest of the world, however, he was

A Man Who Didn't Smile

Photos Courtesy Author

By WILLIAM S. FURNO

THERE WERE good men, there were badmen, there were frauds, saints and sourdoughs; in any bar, on any diggin's, you could see them, name them, know them. But there were others, too, men you could never quite know, never quite peg. John Marsh—Harvard graduate (but tough frontiersman), doctor and surgeon (who practiced under a phony degree), Indian agent (son of a noted New England family, friend of the Sioux but chased out of Minnesota for illegal gun-running)—was one of these. He may have left a fortune in gold buried near Mt. Diablo, across the Bay from San Francisco, California; he may have been a great man—or an opportunist. Or both. At any rate, he was rugged, hard as nails, and much set in his ways.

John Marsh was seventh in descent from Reverend Skelton, who organized the first church in Salem, Massachusetts, and from John's earliest days he was destined for the pulpit. At the age of fifteen, however, the boy won his battle to study medicine instead. Before entering Harvard, he completed one year at Lancaster Academy and, despite a number of romantic adventures, was an excellent student. In 1819 he entered the University. In order to pay his expenses, John tutored younger students and received his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1823.

Since it was John's desire to become a doctor, he went to Fort St. Anthony, where he paid his way by coaching Colonel Snelling's boys. On this assignment, John studied medicine under Dr. Purcell and later opened a school—the first school in the Minnesota country—near Snelling's Fort.

Through his appointment as a subagent among the Indians, John hoped to earn enough money to return to Harvard and complete his studies but he fell in love with Marguerite de Couteaux, daughter of a Sioux mother and a French-Canadian father. Marguerite could neither read nor write and, while teaching her, John compiled the only Sioux dictionary then in existence.

The couple married and, although John loved his wife and had forsaken his medical career for her, he did not tell his parents about her or about their son, Charles, who was born in 1825. Charles had few Indian characteristics but he did have one distinguishing mark—the toes of his right foot were webbed from the joints to the tips of the nails.

John Marsh served as Indian agent and justice of the peace but certain of his enemies—perhaps annoyed by his refusals to take advantage of the Indians—issued a warrant for his arrest. The charge was selling guns to the Sioux. At this same time, Marguerite died in childbirth and John left Charles with an uncle, James Pantier, and fled westward to Independence, Missouri. There he opened a trading post but soon afterward decided to take the Santa Fe Trail to Mexico and California.

JOHN arrived in Los Angeles, where he began to practice medicine on the strength of his Bachelor of Arts diploma, which no one was ever able to translate correctly (presumably it was in Latin). Reinforced with a quantity of quinine and castor oil, naturally skillful with the scalpel, and confident in his knowledge and ability, John established the first American medical office in the Mexican province of California.

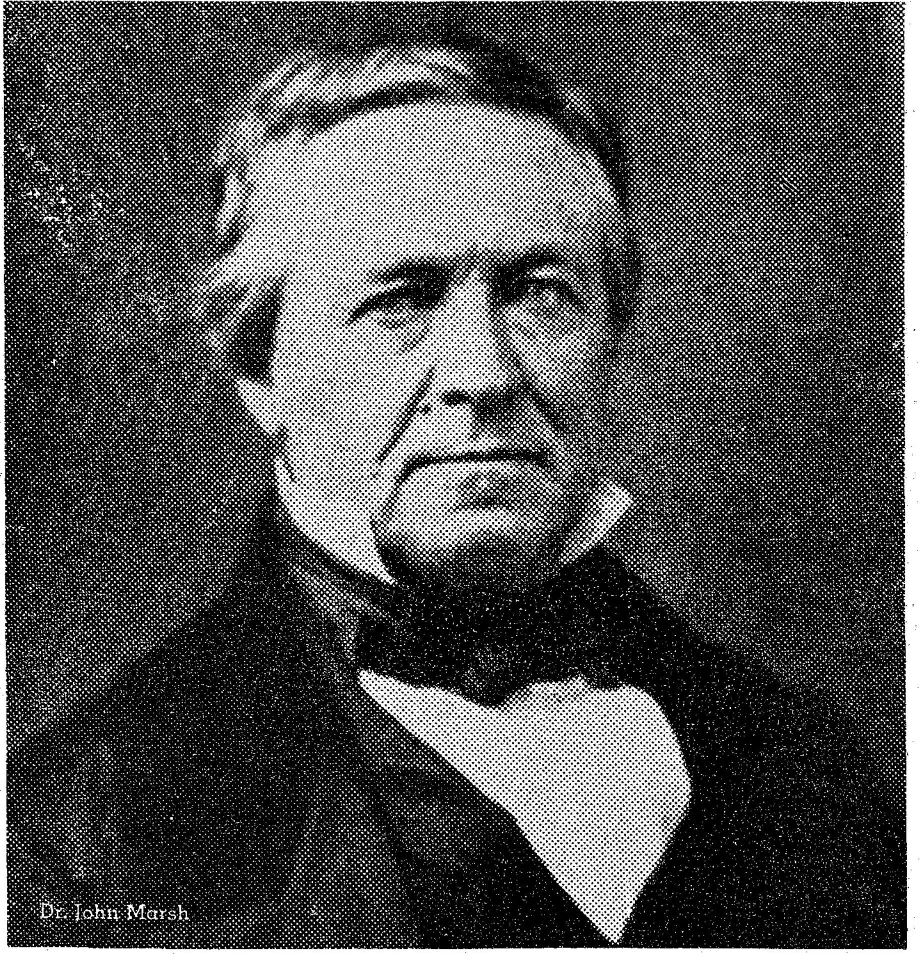
Later after extensive travel, he purchased the Los Meganos Rancho near the foot of Mount Diablo in northern California. His nearest neighbors were John Sutter at Sacramento, General Vallejo at Sonoma, Robert Livermore at Mission San Jose, the Russians at Fort Ross, and the Mexican families on adjoining ranchos. By charging his patients in terms of goods—cattle, furs, and other such items—he became materially very wealthy.

Marsh was a friend of Thomas O. Larkin, the first American consul in California and, like Larkin, he desired to see *California become American soil.* With this in mind, he wrote many glowing letters about the beauties and advantages of the West Coast to friends in Minnesota and Missouri, and to classmates throughout the United States, urging them to join him and the other Americans already in the country.

In a letter to United States Senator Louis Cass, which was a pure gem of eulogy and propaganda, John described the potential wealth and the desirability of annexing California. This letter came to the attention of President Polk and doubtlessly had a bearing on subsequent military actions. Captain Fremont took Sutter's Fort and captured General Vallejo at Sonoma. Soon after, Commodore Sloat raised the American flag at Monterey, and California was occupied officially by the United States.

During the gold rush, John Marsh's boat landing on the San Joaquin River (Marsh's Diggings) did a tremendous business and it was said that he realized a fortune of $40,000 from this enterprise alone. In addition, he shipped beef,

The stone house, built by Dr. Marsh, as it appeared in 1855.


Dr. John Marsh

hams, grain and fruit to the mining camps of the Mother Lode and received dust and nuggets in return.

In 1851 John married Abigail Tuck, a Santa Clara schoolteacher. The following spring a child, Alice, was born, and John and Abby laid out plans for a magnificant stone manor. Their house was nearing completion when Abby died, leaving little four-year-old Alice without a mother.

The home, built mostly of stone quarried on the property, had sixteen rooms. Steel beams placed between the floors braced the upper stories. The lumber was imported from Mexico and freighted to the rancho from the port of Monterey.

A tower forty-five feet high provided dazzling views of the countryside and served as a lookout for hostile Indians and cattle rustlers.

The ground floor contained a wide hall, a large living room, and a dining room with serving section. The second floor included a bedroom and suite, with provisions for a library and a nursery, but neither was used as such by Marsh or his daughter. The third floor consisted entirely of airy bedrooms.

After his wife's death, John Marsh became morose and ill-tempered; he quarreled with his neighbors over trivial matters and had run-ins with the vaqueros who worked for him.

One night a Pulpune Indian who served him as a houseboy rushed in exclaiming that a stranger had collapsed on the doorstep. John went to investigate and found an exhausted young man who claimed to be Charles Marsh, the son John had left in Minnesota years before and whom he had thought dead. At first John refused to believe the story but when he saw the young man's right foot with its webbed toes, he was convinced the young man who had sought him out was his son.

For a while John became "human" again, but this turn for the better did not last long. If anything, the bad blood between him and the vaqueros increased.

ON SEPTEMBER 24, 1856, John received $5,000 in gold for selling a herd of steers. Juan Garcia and Felipe Morena witnessed the transaction. After hiding most of the gold, John put on his Sunday clothing and drove toward Martinez, where he intended to celebrate the successful transaction.

Between Pacheco and Martinez, John met Garcia, Morena, and a third vaquero, José Olivas, and they demanded that he pay them two months' back wages for rounding up and branding his stock. John curtly refused on the grounds that he did not have that much money on his person. One word led to another and tempers flared.

Suddenly Felipe Morena tossed his riata around John's shoulders and jerked him from the buggy. Reportedly John Marsh put up a terrific fight but the odds against him were too great. Morena and Garcia stabbed him with their knives and, overcome by loss of blood, the pioneer doctor and rancher slumped to the ground and died.

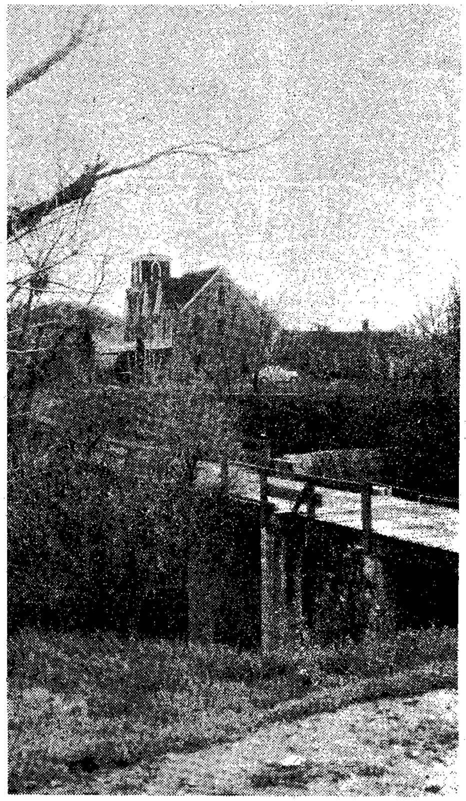
When Charles Marsh returned to the rancho after burying his father, he swore to run down the murderers and bring each of them to justice. He traveled extensively, following slim leads. He found Jose Oliva (or Olivas) in Santa Barbara and returned him to Martinez for trial. After escaping from jail, Oliva was recaptured ten years later and again returned to Martinez but was acquitted on a technicality.

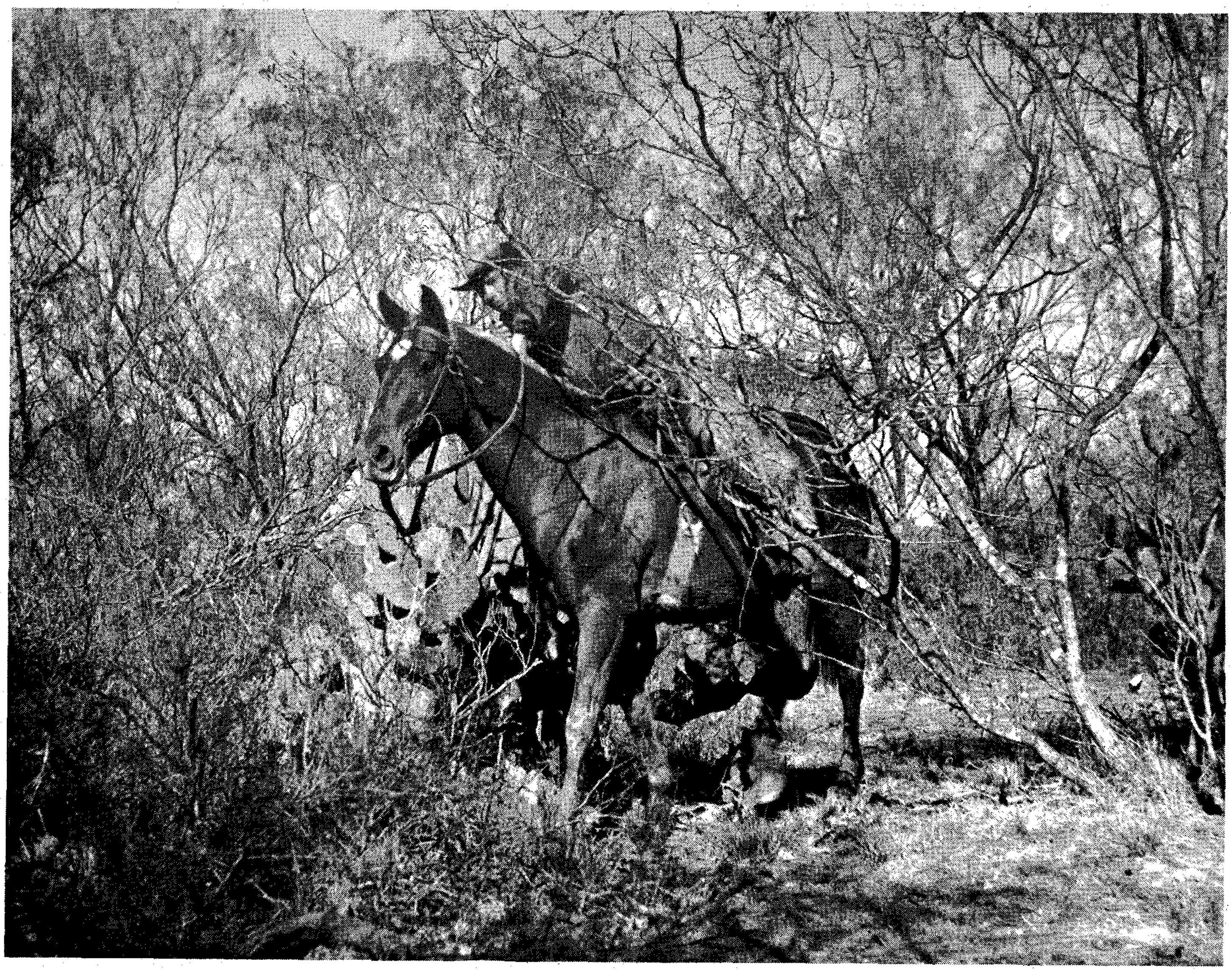
During 1864-65, still on the trail of his father's assassins, Charles served as justice of the peace in Antioch, California. This position undoubtedly gave him important contacts with law enforcement agencies. Finally, in 1867, Charles captured Morena (or Moreno) in Sacramento. The former vaquero was tried and found guilty of murder in the second degree. Juan Garcia, the third conspirator, was never captured.

In 1891, Felipe Morena was pardoned. Soon thereafter, he was living as though he possessed great wealth. An open pit on the rancho gave evidence that the gold John had buried had been found, presumably by Morena, but this was never proved. John had never revealed the hiding place of his gold to anyone, not even to his son; possibly the hoard is still buried in the vicinity of "Stone House," a few miles from Brentwood, awaiting a lucky finder. Many have sought John's buried gold but their efforts have all been in vain.

Today Stone House is the only reminder of the Harvard-educated pioneer whose eloquent and flamboyant writings contributed so much to the spirit of the Forty-niners. A man of great fortitude and changing tempers, John Marsh and his accomplishments have been overlooked and forgotten. The structure which he'd intended to be the pride of Contra Costa might have followed him into oblivion except that luckily it is situated in an area which is part of a projected park.

View of the house from the Marsh Creek bridge.





Courtesy Bertha M. Dobie

Vaquero riding near Jourdanton, Texas.

By DON HEDGPETH

The BRUSH POPPERS

AN OLD-TIME COWBOY bragging about his prize horse told a pardner that the horse "was so smart he could do everything but talk Mescan and he could understand that."

Down to the present, many ranch words are Mexican—not Spanish—with no common English equivalent. This is because a goodly number of the real brush poppers were, and still are, Mexicans themselves. A rancher in South Texas can't get along without some knowledge of that language.

When you talk about brush poppers, you're talking about a cowboy who is unique in many ways. For there are similarities among California, Arizona, West Texas, and Montana cowboys in spite of their differences in dress and gear, but the brush popper is a different breed altogether.

The country in which he sits his saddle and throws his rope—south of San Antonio to the Rio Grande and particularly the country around and south of the Nueces River—is a hostile land. Plant life there is not of the petunia variety. Agarita, chaparral, cenizo, granjeno, cholla, guajillo, mesquite, and a dozen other varieties of shrubs and trees all hold their own in the natural battle for survival and aren't necessarily at a disadvantage when grazing animals are around. Many of the old-time brush hands will say he would rather have a horse fall on him so he could die quick than to be bucked off into prickly pear whose thorns seem to jump at you.

It's a dry land and with one exception there's been little change in the flora for centuries. Mesquite is not an *old* part of the brush country. Only a little over a hundred years ago Captain King could stand on the front porch of his headquarters ranch and see the Gulf without the view being shut out by mesquite. Not so, today.

The brush is mean, but it's pretty too. The blooms of the thorny plants seem to be a show of haughty arrogance to the world, mesquite wood in a campfire provides a good smell and a fine flavor to steaks, and mesquite beans can keep a horse rolling fat.

South of the Nueces you just don't find any rivers with water in them until you get to the Rio Grande, no matter how hard you look. Creeks and puddles appear from time to time, but very few are on a permanent basis. Before the windmill came on the scene, cowmen had to depend primarily on the grace of God and waterholes in caliche rock that held rain water.

THE CATTLE which ranged this country reflected its toughness. They descended from the cattle brought to New Spain by the Conquistadores and Padres. Gold-hungry Spaniards didn't make very good cowboys, and many of the cattle ran off.

When the Padres sought to convert the heathen, they brought cattle with them as part of their provisions. Several tribes, particularly the Comanches and Lipan Apaches, were not overly receptive to the new religion, as they repeatedly pointed out to the Fathers with arrows and lances. Eventually, many of the missions north and west of San Antonio were abandoned by death or by pulling stakes, and their cattle were left to shift for themselves—which they did.

Probably due to the mildness of the winters more than anything else, these Spanish cattle drifted to the area around the Nueces River. Here the northers didn't blow quite so cold; there was water and even a little grass if a critter got out and hunted for it.

And then that strange process of Nature started working, and the old Spanish cows began to take on shapes and traits which fitted the new surroundings. This process wasn't as slow as one might imagine. The cattle's legs began to get longer, as did their horns; the first was a natural adaptation to traveling in the brush; the second a means of defense. They ranged far and wide in South Texas and walked many miles just to get a drink of water or to find something that would make a cud. They lived and died, in their wild state, noble.

The longhorns weren't alone in this thorny wilderness. There was the rattlesnake, deadly but honest; the javalina, an equal match to the country; and the *zopilote* or buzzard who was an ever present symbol of the life and death struggle that went on in the brush. Here was the amazing mockingbird, the wise paisano, the coyote, and the long-earred jackrabbit. Mustangs drank at the same waterholes with the wild cattle, never dreaming of the respective roles they would play with the coming of the cowboy.

PRIOR TO the Civil War, back before Texas gained her independence and after, these cattle remained wild. When you got a craving for some longhorn steaks, you got out your old muzzle loader and went hunting. It was just the same as hunting deer today, except the longhorns, who were as shifty as white tail deer, were a hundred times meaner. I imagine hunting rhino in Africa wouldn't have been a lot different. The wild cows had little respect for man, and treed many a hunter who was afoot.

After the Civil War, when beef was at a premium in the East, attention turned to the natural resource of South Texas cattle. There weren't any professional wild cattle chasers, so at least the quarry started with an even chance, and perhaps the advantage. What evolved from this war between the longhorn and man was the western cattle industry, a way of life, and a colorful, important part of American history.

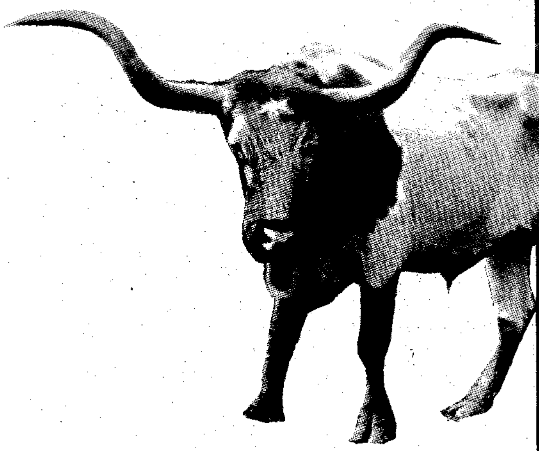
The prime mover in the whole show was the wild cow hunter, the brush popper. He wore bat-wing, bullhide leggings, very heavy and tough. These were improvements on an earlier apron-style bull hide that he had hung over the saddle in front of his legs. The first requisite of his clothing was to help him survive in the brush. He wore leather or tarpaulin jackets buttoned at the collar and at the cuffs. Usually his hat was pulled down close to his ears. His saddle was double or ¾ rigged as opposed to the single cinchs in California. On his stirrups were *tapaderos* or toe fenders, leather coverings over the end of the stirrup to protect the feet. Most commonly his rope was of stout maguey, short, and tied hard and fast to his low horn. He hadn't much need for a long rope.

A cowboy at work in the brush generally had to wait for two clearings before he had a chance to rope: one for himself and his horse and one for the cow. He always wore gloves, and worried some about his eyes. Good cow-horses, *trigueños* or *bayo coyotes*, don't need reining when they're set after a cow, and the man in the saddle has to look after himself. A horse as he runs through the brush only considers his own bulk and, unfortunately, the cowboy sticks out some on the top and sides!

There's many a knee been torn up by horses going between mesquite trees, and many a hat knocked off and head busted open on a limb when a horse failed to allow for his load. One of the worst binds to get in is when your horse is high behind after a cow right through the thick brush, you're trusting him to stay with the cow till he gets you to a place where you can do something, your head is down to protect your eyes, and you look up and, son of a gun, there's a four-inch limb coming up about level with your chest.

(Continued on page 46)

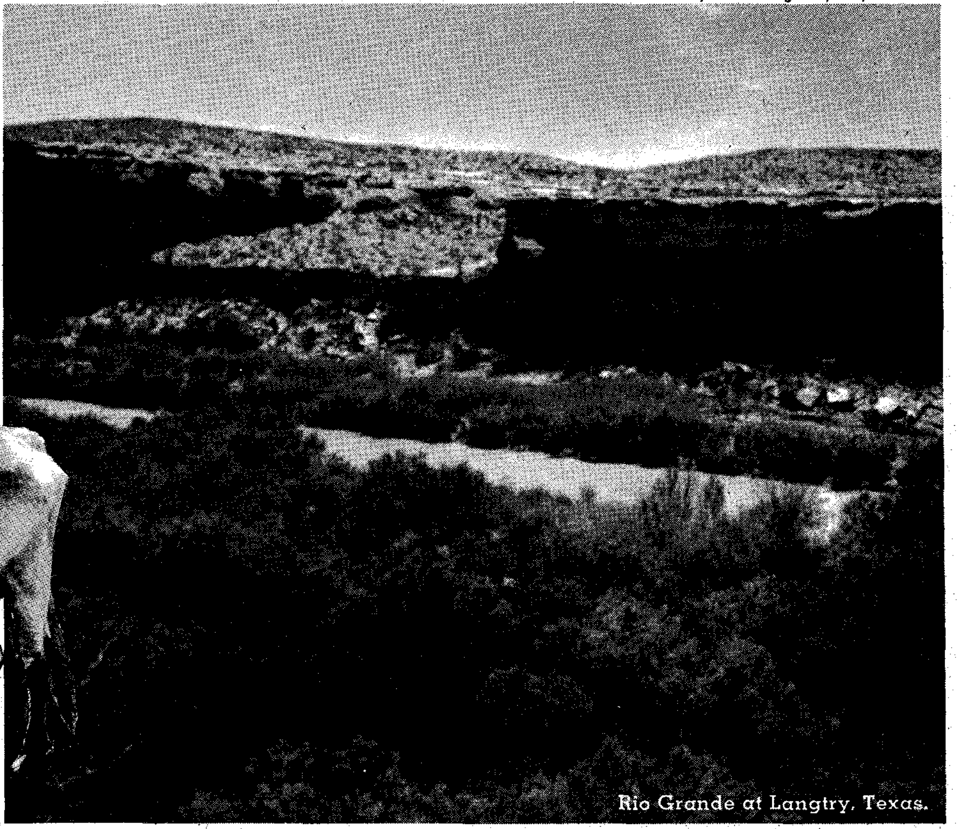
Wild cattle in a wild country called for a special technique and developed a new breed of cowboy



Courtesy Walter Gann

They's a cow in ther' som'eres!

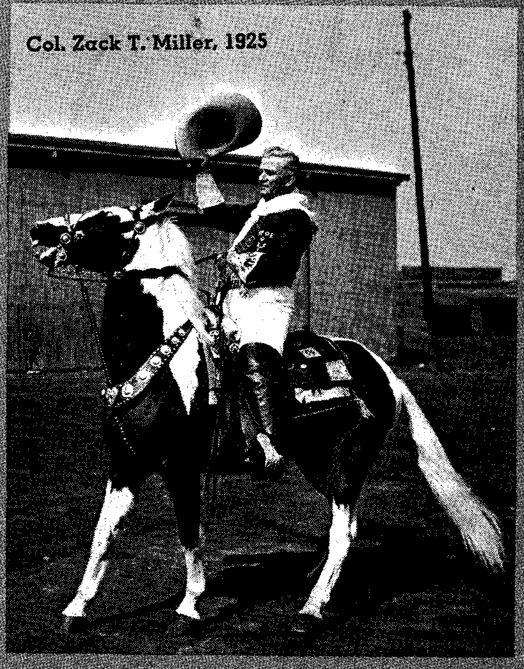
Courtesy Texas Highway Department



Rio Grande at Langtry, Texas.

GREATEST SHOW OF ITS KIND ON EARTH

It was a case of shoot-the-moon with the biggest Wild West Show ever produced. In the heartbreak world of financial fizzles, it could only be compared to the late New York World's Fair, but Milt loved every minute of it!



Col. Zack T. Miller, 1925

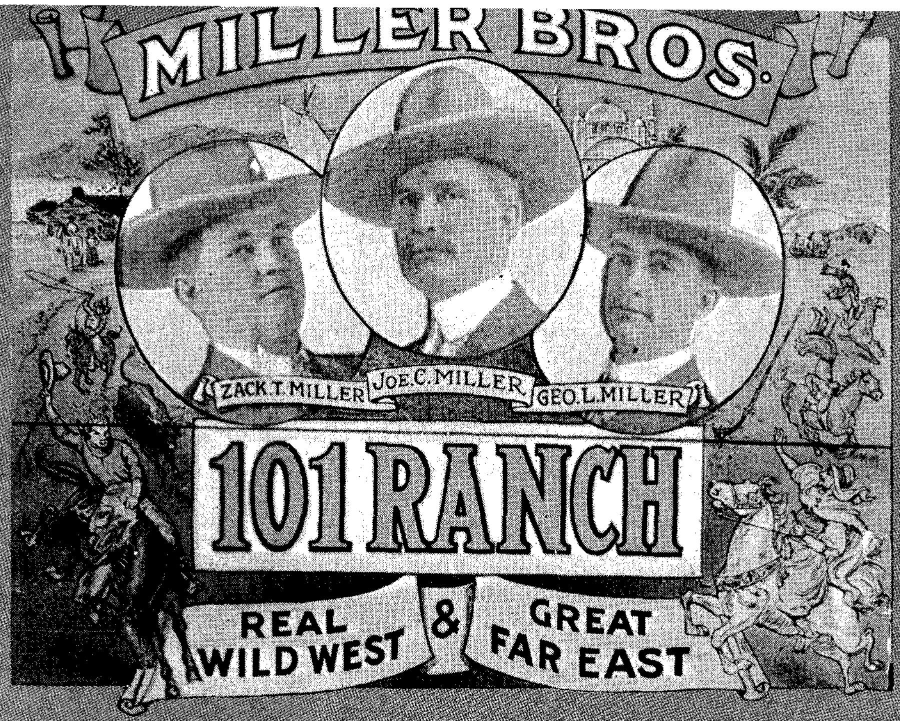
***10RANCH Rodeo and Stampede**

WILDER than a Wild West Show! Greatest show of its kind on earth—1,000 Cowboys, Indians, Cossacks, Frontiersmen, Congress of Rough Riders, Cowgirls, Cowboys, Wild Steers, Buffaloes, Bucking Horses, Wild Horses Never Before Used! See Wild Buffalo Hunt; Indian War Dance! Fights Over The Waterhole! Holdup Of Real Stage Coach! Attack On The Immigrant Train; The Pony Express Reacted! Guaranteed Entertainment!

If after attending this great show, you don't admit you've seen the greatest show of its kind on earth—with more thrills, more sensations and suspense—your money back cheerfully.

A new deal—special reduced prices. Children 5 to 15 years 25c; under 5 free if with adults. Adults—anytime—matinee or night 40c, a few choice seats at 75c; boxes $1.00, tax included. No trick prices, these prices mean exactly what they say. No matter what price seats adults buy, children accompanying them pay only 25c. Pay once, pay no more; never before such a great show at such low prices!

Coliseum 16 days starting May 6 to 21—performances at 2:15 and 8:15 daily. Sponsored by the Chicago *American* daily newspaper, William Randolph Hearst, publisher, the show produced and under the direction of Milt Hinkle, the South American Kid.



Milt Hinkle

THAT was the way the Mystery Show was advertised. And it proved to be the biggest, wildest, fastest wild west show ever produced anyplace. More thrills, more performers, more stock, more people, more buffaloes, more longhorn steers, more real fighting bulls, more wild horses, more real Indians right off the Pine Ridge Reservation, more Russian Cossacks, more musicians (our band leader was none other than James Petrillo, who later became president of the Musician's Union). Yes, more and more of everything was my dream. It was billed big and it was big—85 Indians, 416 cowboys and cowgirls, 688 head of stock. I rented all of the late Colonel Jim Eskew's stock and his performers, all of Joe Greer's stock and performers, George V. Adams' stock and performers, Colonel Cliff Gatewood's stock and performers, Al Jones' stock and performers. I had a real old-time stagecoach, covered wagons, and sixty head of wild buffaloes. The late Tex Cooper and Jack Knight helped me on the Mystery Show's publicity.

I had twenty-five trick riders in the arena at one time. Not even Buffalo Bill produced such a show. The many thousands of patrons almost beat their hands off applauding. The greatest Grand Entry started when the band played. Following the American flag was Colonel Zack T. Miller and me, then the cowboys, oxen and the real stagecoach. I had given orders for all to dress in their best, and for all to open their mouths and yell their best.

There were twenty-seven events. Eighteen of the world's best trick ropers performed at one time, including Chester Byers, the all-time great. Candy Hammer, Frank Biron, Harry Greer, Jim Eskew, Jr. (only fourteen years old then—today he is the champion) and Opal Woods, world's champion cowgirl trick roper, did their stuff. The top hands in bulldogging were there and the steers weighed over 800 pounds, not 400 pounds like those used today.

Mike Hastings, one of the all-time greats; Rube Roberts, Shorty Ricker, George Wallace, Jim Nesbit, Oklahoma Curley Roberts, Dave Campbell, John Crethers, Dallas Conley, Felix Cooper, Harold Cox, Tommy Cooper, Poley Dulcett, Red Hammerschmidt, John Henry, Jack Jackson, Slatts Jacobs, Buck Lucas, Jim Massey, John Jim, Jack Jackson, Slats Jacobs, Jimmy Downs, Peavine Slim, Bill Sawyer, Red Thompson, Hub Whiteman, Lew Wier, Lucky Boy Williams and Bill Wright took part in the bulldogging.

And there were great comedy acts. But at one performance, Swede Johnson, one of the clowns, was playing around and climbed into a barrel. Then the one and only "Poncho" Villa and a little Negro called Tommy Banks got into the bullfighters' poses—we had real Mexican fighting bulls. One of the bulls hit the barrel with Swede in it, knocking it ten feet. Poncho got the bull away from the barrel with his cape and Tommy Banks turned the barrel right side up and looked in it. "Mr. Milt," he called, "the man in the barrel is out."

At this, Poncho Villa went to the barrel and looked in, then reached in and took poor Swede by the hair, pulling him up so the people could see him. When the bull had hit the barrel, the lid had split Swede's head wide open. The blood was flowing so freely you couldn't see Swede's face and some of the women in the audience fainted.

I told Poncho to hold Swede up higher so the people could see him better, then the cowboys carried poor Swede out of the arena and to a hospital. The next day the papers carried pictures of the Swede and Colonel Zack Miller and thereafter we had big crowds at the show. Truly it was colossal!

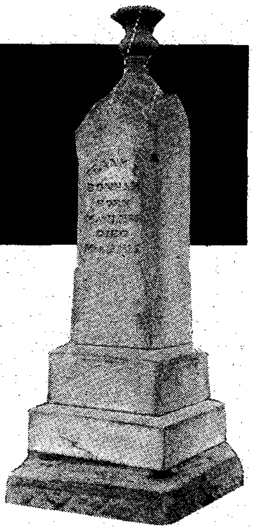
I HAD wanted to outdo all other Wild West showmen, including the great Buffalo Bill. It cost me all I had saved from the year 1932—better than $60,000.00—to carry out my dream. I sort of stole the title of Colonel Zack T. Miller's 101 Ranch when I called my show "The Star Ten Wild West." The way I had arranged the "10" and "Wild" made it read 101. It did make the Colonel a little mad but he rode in my grand entry.

After our first night performance, Colonel Miller invited Jack Knight and myself to his hotel room at the Sherman House. Colonel Miller took his gun from under his arm and threw it on the bed. "I came to kill one of you," he said, "but that damned Milt out-talked me." (Who was he going to kill?)

He asked me to tell him who had thought up the name of "Star Ten Ranch Wild West Show" and who had split the letters to make it look like "101 Ranch." I told him it was my publicity man,

(Continued on page 52)

NOT A CHANCE IN THE WORLD



Maybe Frank Bonham was guilty. A lot of folks thought so, and a few didn't want to wait for a court to decide.

By CHARLOTTE M. OFFEN

Photos Courtesy Author

"I'M INNOCENT!" The scream tore from the throat of twenty-two-year-old Frank Bonham and split the cold winter night air outside the little town of Independence, Kansas.

"That's what they all say!" shouted a black-bearded member of the mob of more than 100 masked men.

"Oh, God," moaned the victim, "please believe me. I'm innocent." Silence ringed the young man. Again came that pleading scream. "I'm innocent!"

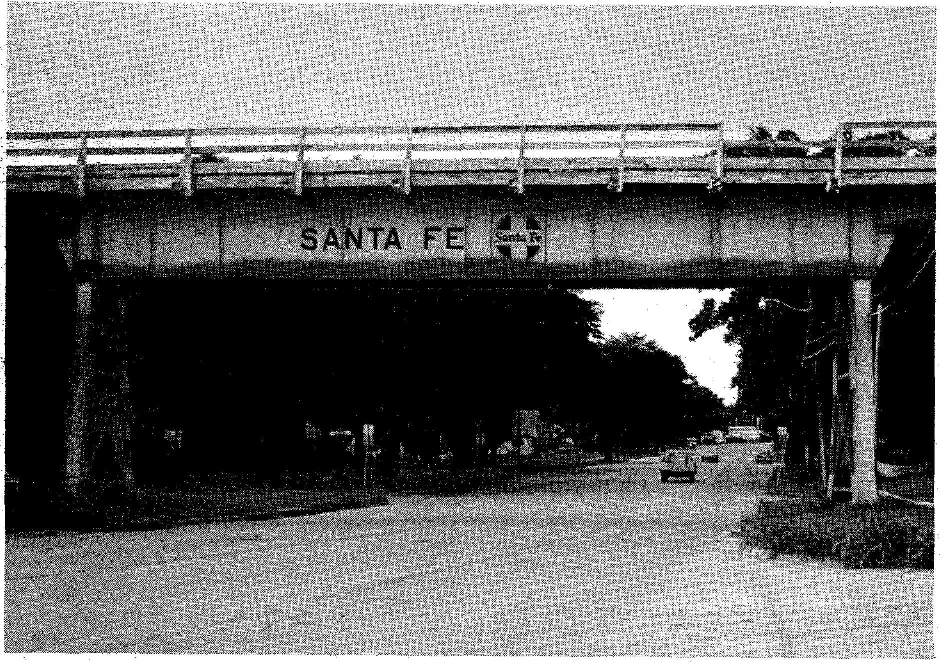
"Go ahead, string 'im up, men!" came a commanding voice.

Up until the moment his feet were dangling in mid-air, his young body swinging from the Santa Fe trestle above him, Frank Bonham had shouted, pleaded and prayed. "I'm innocent!" had been repeated many times in the thirty minutes since he'd been forcibly taken from the little jail at the rear of the Montgomery County courthouse, and from the custody of the under-sheriff left to guard him.

The young man's tragic story goes back to a cold Thursday night, February 5, 1885, when he'd burst into a neighbor's home (a family named Holmes) and told of arriving home from a few days' trip to Winfield to find his mother, Mrs. Sarah Bonham, his sister, twenty-eight-year-old Ellen, and his younger brother, seventeen-year-old Charles, all dead. The Bonham family lived on a farm about ten miles northeast of Independence. The neighbor immediately mounted a horse and rode into town to notify the sheriff, Layfette (Lafe) Shadley.

When the sheriff arrived at the Bonham farm house he found the mother, as Frank had told them, lying in her bedroom on the ground floor, her throat slashed. Her body showed evidence of having been brutally beaten. Frank led them upstairs where they found Ellen, also beaten to death. It was clear that the girl had been aroused from sleep and had attempted to defend herself. She lay near the bedroom door, her feet in the hall. In the room shared by Frank and Charles, they found the latter lying in bed, dead from blows on the head. He appeared to have died almost peacefully, his head turned slightly to one side.

Santa Fe railroad trestle spanning Highway 75, Independence, Kansas, and site of the lynching of young Frank Bonham.



The time of their deaths, while not definitely established, was thought to have been Tuesday night, February 3. Charles had been seen transacting some business in Radical City, a small town to the east of the farm, as late as 2:30 Tuesday afternoon, but that was the last time any of the family could be accounted for prior to the tragedy.

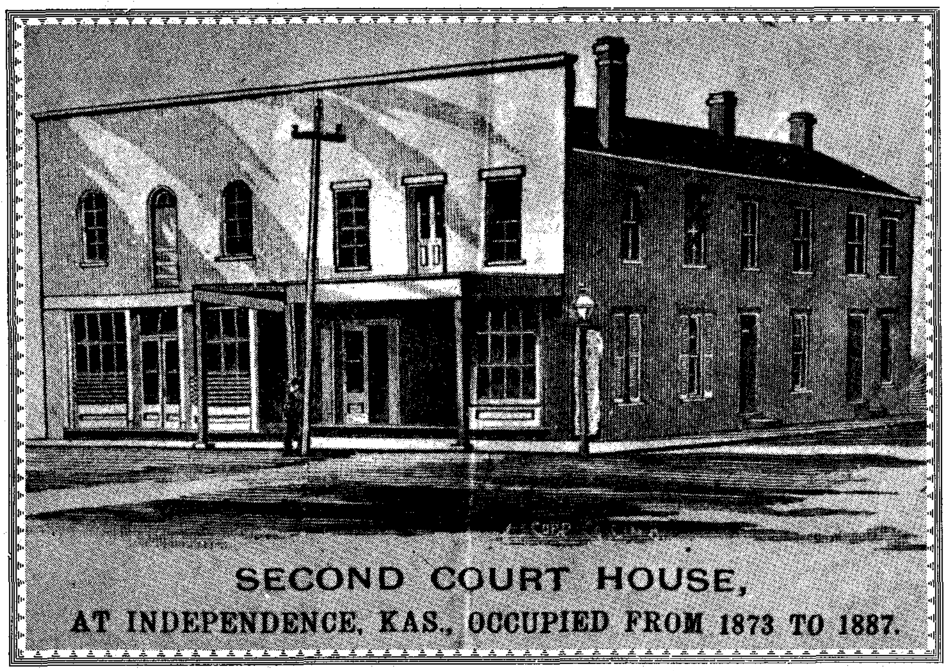
Frank's statement that he had been out of town since Monday morning was borne out by the station agent at Radical City who said he'd sold the young man a ticket to Winfield, approximately sixty miles distant. Frank claimed to have been visiting a girl friend there.

Search revealed a bloody butcher knife and a hatchet, reported to have been the murder weapons, and Frank declared they belonged in the home.

In casting about for a motive for the crime, it was learned that money amounting to between $1,000 and $1,500 was missing. Acquired from the sale of hogs, the money had been kept hidden in the home, Frank told the sheriff.

An elder son, living in Missouri, was notified of his family's fate, and two days later Mrs. Bonham, Ellen and Charles were buried in the Independence Mount Hope cemetery.

SEVERAL DAYS later Frank Bonham was arrested and lodged in the Montgomery County jail. At his preliminary trial, witnesses swore they had seen him on Tuesday evening in and near Radical City. Two boys who had been on their way to a schoolhouse for an arithmetic session, declared that as they were going down the road they saw what appeared to be a man skulking along a hedge row. Thinking they recognized him, they called out a greeting, whereupon he quickly slipped through the hedge and disappeared in a growth of tall weeds. Their testimony does not seem definitely to have established that it was


SECOND COURT HOUSE,
AT INDEPENDENCE, KAS., OCCUPIED FROM 1873 TO 1887.

Courtesy County Clerk's Office, Independence, Kansas

Frank Bonham, or even a man for that matter. After his disappearance they were not quite sure but what it had been some sort of an animal. The evening shadows were heavy at that time of year, and small boys are given to imagining things. The following day to satisfy a boy's curiosity, they returned to look for tracks, but none was found due to the frozen condition of the earth.

Another witness, a man named Emmell of Elk City, claimed he had seen a man, whom he identified as Bonham, get off the westbound evening train at 7:07 Tuesday night, February 3, and board the 9:12 eastbound train. This man, the witness said, entered the train by way of the smoking car steps. If this were true, then the story the boys told could only be vain imagining, for in Kansas in February night would have fallen at 7:00 and since there were no lights along the lonely country road, it would have been impossible for the boys to have seen anyone, or indeed anything at all.

Another witness named Milton testified he saw a man get off the eastbound train at Crane Station, in the vicinity of the farm, on the night of February 3. Milton said he saw only the back of the man's head, but swore he resembled Frank Bonham.

On February 26 the preliminary trial was held. The jury was composed of William Killen, Daniel Ringle, Cyrus Ringle, Ward Weaver, Pierson Dewese and John Miller. Prosecutors were County Attorney Elliott and Hon. William Dunkin, while A. B. Clark and two other lawyers named Hill and Pettibone acted for the defense.

The local newspaper, the Independence *Reporter*, had this to say on February 26, 1885: "The accused was brought in handcuffed, while spectators crowded to catch a glimpse of the prisoner's youthful and innocent appearing countenance. His mein certainly was not that of a criminal. He bore himself modestly and with self-possession and, as far as appearance went, was one of the very last men in that assemblage whom any stranger would have selected as a brutal murderer, that he is accused of being.

"A short growth of dark brown beard now covers his cheeks and hides the rather weak-looking chin displayed in the photographs taken a few weeks ago. All through the day he was the observed of all observers, and men would peer through cracks in doorways and climb over each other's shoulders, and resort to almost anything in an attempt to catch a glimpse of him. Back of the railing the spectators were packed tier on tier, as closely as sardines in a box, while every position from which it was possible to see or hear was occupied all through the long hours of the day."

Following the hearing the accused man was returned to jail where he was held until Wednesday, March 11, when the Independence *Reporter* published this notice:

"In the district court this morning the case of the State vs. Frank Bonham was called. Upon motion of the defendant's counsel the State was requested to elect which one of the three counts in the information which they were given, would be used. The motion was sustained, and the third count was chosen by the State, which is the murder of the young lady. Upon motion, defendant was then given time to take testimony from Wisconsin.

"An application was then made for a change in venue, which has not been disposed of. Defendant was then remanded to the custody of the sheriff. No day has been set for the trial, but it will be disposed of during the present term."

ON FRIDAY NIGHT, March 13, a crowd of about 100 masked men gathered at the Montgomery County jail. Entering, they demanded the keys of the jailer, but he refused to turn them over. Then the under-sheriff, who lived close by, was aroused by his wife. He entered the jail and asked what was taking place.

The masked leader demanded the cell keys but the under-sheriff, too, refused them. The men then produced hammers and chisels and set about breaking open Bonham's door. When they had accomplished this they entered his cell. As they led him out, a rope already had been tied around his neck.

Regarding this group of men, Charles Dwyer, a man of seventy-five years, and son of Malachi Dwyer who had served as bailiff at the Bonham trial, related the following story concerning the lynching of Frank Bonham, which took place when Dwyer was a young boy.

"That afternoon, March 13, I and the other students at our school watched as groups of masked men rode by on their horses. Even while they were masked, we and the others were able to pick out each of them due to the fact that we recognized the horses they rode."

He went on to say: "It was understood later that each of these men had taken an oath never to reveal the names of any of the men in the lynching party. But they didn't need to do that. Every one of us boys at the school knew who they were. But in face of that, nothing ever was done about the terrible crime they committed in hanging young Frank Bonham. My father was with the boy almost daily and he vowed the boy was innocent."

From the jail to the Penn Avenue railroad trestle—or underpass as it now is known—the distance is about nine blocks. The unpaved roads and streets of Independence were quite muddy, but the crowd walked this distance (no doubt having hidden their horses where they were able to slip back and get them). They hurriedly slashed a notch in the center tie, from which they hanged the protesting victim.

Before the mob could disperse,

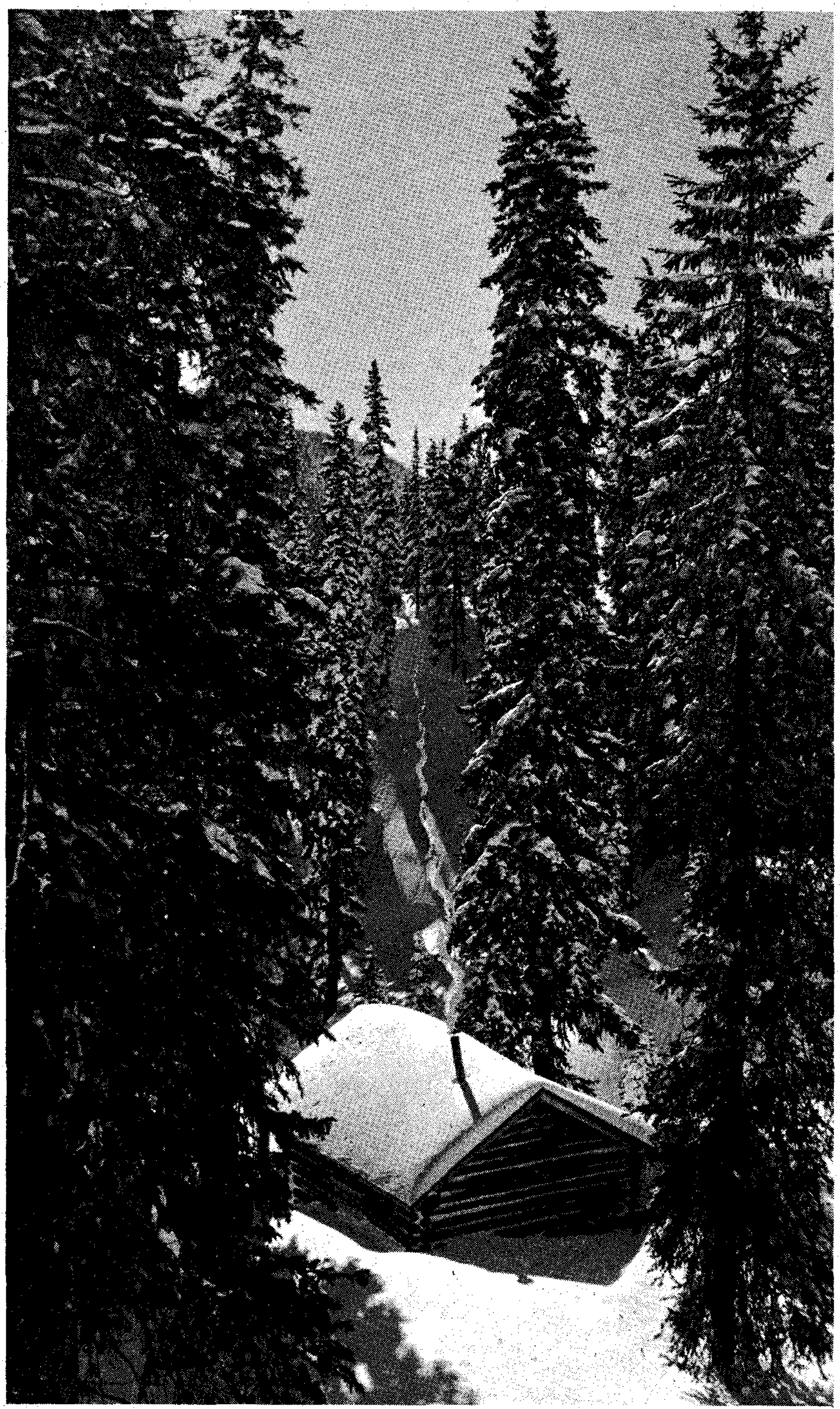
(Continued on page 60)

Judge George Chandler who presided at Bonham's trial in 1885.

The Old Kitchen Stove

"It was so beautiful . . . the wood smoke standing up straight from every house, blue, over the white snow. You could smell it, along with the bacon."

By GLENN NEVILLE



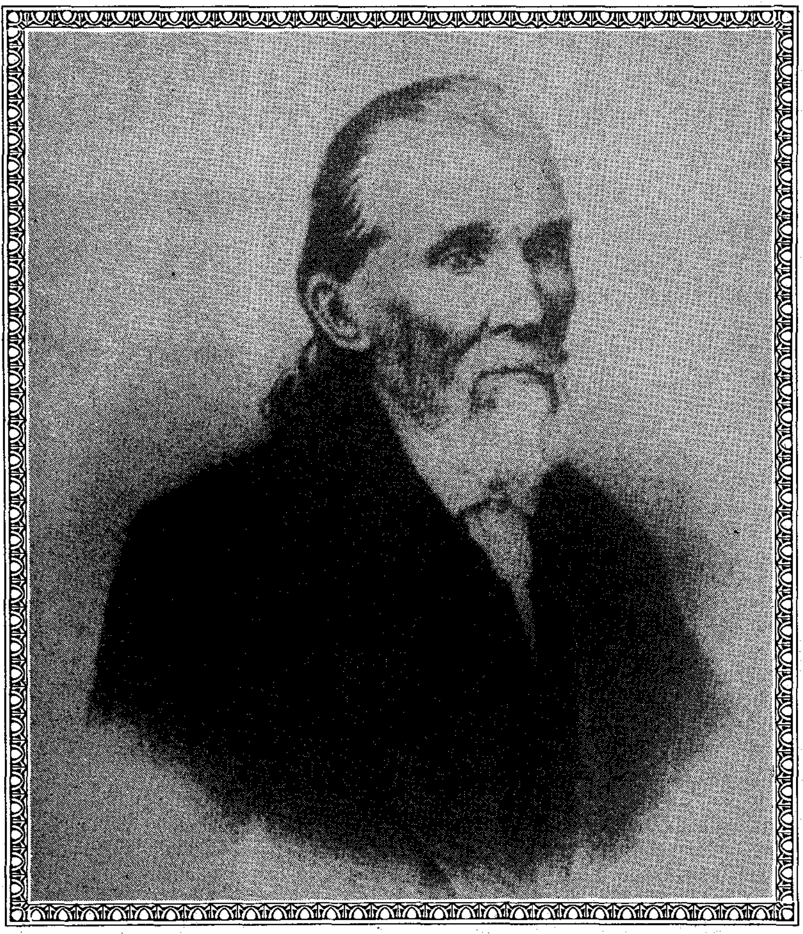
About the author: Glenn Neville was editor of the New York *Mirror* from 1954 to 1963, when that paper ceased publication. At the time of his death in June, 1965, the New York *Times* referred to him as "a shirtsleeve newspaperman who spent more time in the newsroom than in his large office." Though born in the West and educated at the University of Denver, he had "found" the Adirondacks country and died in his Keene Valley (New York) home, where his widow still resides. He wrote the accompanying article only a few weeks before his death.

I HAVE a wood stove in my summer home in Keene Valley. It is old. Its firebox needs repair. The drafts are getting rickety. But polish her up. Heat her up. She is a beauty and a joy. In my language, the cookstove is always feminine.

Here is a notation from my diary of Friday, October 23, 1964. My wife and I had decided to push our "summer" home's capabilities and use it until November 1. Thanks largely to our Stewart cookstove, we succeeded.

It is an adventure to climb out of bed these mornings. Darkness is not all gone even by seven o'clock. I race with the chill to get the fire going. It seems that those reluctant, first-starting flames can never heat all that cold iron. But in a few minutes the pine, birch and oak splitlings perform their miracles. The iron that had seemed so aloof now turns like a newly-won woman and begins to work in your favor. The teakettle simmers over the hole, where you put it in place of the lid; it fits the hole perfectly and the bottom of the kettle is directly above the flames. The children come cringing down from their chill bedrooms. "Free-ee-zing!" They thrust their hands to the stove. They knee the oven door as they struggle into their school clothes. Soon the mounting heat drives them back to the table and their breakfast.

Once I roasted an eighteen-pound turkey in that woodstove. I sat beside it for seven hours, giving the pan a quarter



Left, Philo P. Stewart once estimated that in the thirty years of his stove's life, over 90,000 had been sold.

Courtesy Troy Public Library, New York

turn about every half hour. Wonderful smells of meat and spice stuffing filled the room. It was the best turkey our family ever had.

Finally, I got curious about the origins of my faithful stove. A few words of inquiry in the village revealed that the Stewart stoves had been made by Fuller, Warren & Co. of Troy, New York, and that these superb stoves are still serviced by that company.

But why "Stewart"? Who invented the Stewart, and when, and where? Through the efforts of my local librarian and correspondence with Fuller, Warren & Co., I got from the Troy Public Library a unique little volume: *P. P. Stewart, a Worker and a Worker's Friend; a Life Sketch of the Great Stove Inventor.* It was printed in New York in 1873, five years after Stewart's death, and was evidently assembled by his widow.

I read the words, "Great Stove Inventor," and thought to myself, surely this is a widow's exaggeration—the wood cookstove must have been invented long, long before the mid-nineteenth century.

I was wrong. Until the era of Philo P. Stewart (1798-1868), there wasn't enough work done on the cookstove, as such, to make our foremothers glance up from their occupational crouch at the hearth. Up to and beyond Civil War times, most of America cooked its meals over the open hearth. Women tended their cranes, tripods, spits, grills, Dutch ovens, spiders, and soot-blackened pots and kettles. They baked in crude brick ovens installed adjacent to fireplaces or in the outdoor adobe ovens of the Southwest.

Of course, neither Stewart nor anyone else was the inventor of the cookstove. It took man an incredible number of centuries to come to anything like the familiar "old-fashioned" black kitchen range, which most of us think of as having been a fixture for several hundred years.

PROBABLY the invention of the chimney in the 12th century was considered such a marvelous thing that it stifled further progress. This was the millenium. How could it possibly be improved on? The good wives had a relatively safe fire inside the house, the smoke drawn out through the brick, stone or wattle pipe instead of swirling unreliably out of a hole in the roof or wall.

The parlor stove, strictly for warming rooms, preceded the cookstove and reigned queenlike—or more appropriately, kinglike—for a long time before anyone gave thought to the stooping cook. The first room-warming stove I find record of was in Alsace in 1490. There may have been others earlier, and there certainly were many later. Quite a body of literature describes the elegant parlor stove in use in different parts of Europe. At this point I'm sure some American will exclaim, "Oh, but you are forgetting Benjamin Franklin."

Never! The great doctor invented his Pennsylvania fireplace in 1742 and gave it to the world unpatented. The Pennsylvania fireplace, however, was not a cookstove. Dr. Franklin, noting the sufferings of himself and his friends in draft-plagued rooms, was thinking only of warming human beings. The base-burning principle of his fireplace was incorporated much later in box stoves for cooking. Franklin proved that stoves are far more efficient than fireplaces. They conserve 30 to 70 per cent of the heat value of the fuel, as against 10 to 20 per cent for fireplaces. He designed his stove to sit out in the room, delivering heat from all its surfaces.

He purposely did not give his name to his stove. But to Americans, whose benefactor he was, his "Pennsylvania Fireplace" will always be the "Franklin." It is still in use today and is being manufactured in increasing numbers. There never has been any need to change Franklin's basic design!

How do we get to Philo P. Stewart and his cookstove—my cookstove—warming my back at this moment? Allow me two more brief excursions, and we'll be with him.

Before the Christian calendar, the richer Romans warmed their villas by means of underground furnaces, called hypocausts. Stokeholes sunk at the side of the house held fires. Heat issued under the main floor and went up through wall flues. If the Romans had stuck to it, instead of getting diverted to pastimes that you see in today's movies, they might have made "central heating" and "modern kitchens" household phrases long before our time.

At the other side of the world, in China of the Second Han dynasty, 25 to 220 A. D., one unnamed Chinese manufactured a workable cast-iron cookstove, 28 inches long, 18 inches wide, 13 inches high, and inscribed: "Great felicity! May it be serviceable to the lords."

The stove was found in a tomb. I suspect its maker meant his lords and masters rather than the Lord above. But by one of those coincidences made for authors, when the cookstove emerged in 19th century America, its maker had a religious and benevolent turn of mind very similar to the unknown Han ironmonger.

PHILO P. STEWART asked, "How can I, through these stoves, best serve God and humankind?" Like Franklin, getting a patent and making a fortune was not his ambition.

Stewart noted the disproportionate attention given to warming the human body as compared with feeding it. Said he, "They (the American people) have been liberal to prodigality in procuring embellishments for the parlor, but miserly in the extreme in reference to conveniences for the kitchen." How the ladies of that time must have exclaimed, "Amen!"

Philo P. Stewart was a noted, if eccentric, moralist, a missionary to the Indians, and co-founder of Oberlin College, the first coeducational institution

(Continued on page 65)

NUGGETS

IT SPOKE CHEROKEE!

By Allan Girdler

E. D. HICKS was not a typical pioneer. He was nineteen years old, three-quarters Cherokee, and had attended the University of Arkansas until his father's death ended his education. When he had saved $25.00 from wages earned on an uncle's ranch, he went off to see the world. He got as far as St. Louis and encountered the telephone.

It had been invented only nine years earlier and was a combination scientific marvel and show business attraction. Everybody was amazed that it did what it did but nobody quite knew what to make of it. Hicks was no exception. He looked at the rest of St. Louis' wonders and went back to the ranch. But he kept thinking about the telephone and went to call on a telegrapher in the nearest town to learn all he could about both systems.

The Cherokee Nation needed some sort of modern communication method. Its National Council met in Tahlequah, the tribal capital; the U. S. Indian Agency had its headquarters at Muskogee, thirty-five hilly miles and one wide river away. Governments being the wordy instruments they are, the Council and the Agency found it necessary to keep in touch but they did it awkwardly. There was mail service only three times weekly; the only other way to send a message was by mounted courier. When the council was in session, riders went back and forth twice a day. The trip was slow at the best of times, slower in bad weather, and slowest when the river's only ferry was doing a brisk business and the courier had to wait his turn.

The telegraph was an established system, easily installed and operated, but it had one flaw: it couldn't speak Cherokee. The language could be written, thanks to Sequoyah's invention of a syllabary, but it was heavily dependent on timing and inflection, and couldn't be reduced to a code of dots and dashes.

HICKS decided the telephone was the answer. He persuaded friends and relatives to invest in the idea. With some working capital, he set off for St. Louis to buy two phones for demonstration purposes. As it turned out, the cost of buying two complete units was beyond the new company's means. A helpful electrical supply house solved part of the problem by selling, one piece at a time, the parts for two phones. Hicks then found an electrician to assemble the parts. Hicks later described the finished products as "fearfully and wonderfully made"—but they worked!

The demonstration was a forerunner of grade "B" western movies. Hicks set the telephones up in Tahlequah and persuaded two oldsters to talk through them. Surprise and success—the telephone spoke Cherokee!

The next obstacle was the Council, which would have flunked Hollywood casting. For several generations the Cherokees had been the most advanced of the Five Civilized Tribes and by 1889 the entire tribe was literate in Cherokee (their literacy rate in English was higher than that of the whites in neighboring Arkansas). Tribal legislators came to work in frock coats and saved their brightly-colored blankets for the backs of racehorses. They were the equivalent, in education and intelligence, of the state legislators of other states, but while the other states and territories were working to attract more businesses and more people, the Council was working just as hard to keep things in the Indian Territory as they were. The Council especially feared railroads, which they thought would open the country to settlement by outsiders.

Since the telephone system would have been entirely within The Nation's boundaries, Hicks had to have a business permit from the Council before he could begin work. The Council wasn't opposed to the telephone, but they had noticed that railroads and utility lines usually ran side-by-side. Mistaking effect for cause, they feared the telephone lines would bring in the dreaded railroads.

Hicks lobbied and persuaded and was finally given a permit, but two restrictions were put on it: the lines had to be strung over the roughest, least accessible land between Muskogee and Tahlequah, and no surveying instruments could be used. They trusted Hicks but they didn't want any knowledge of the nation's topography falling into the wrong hands!

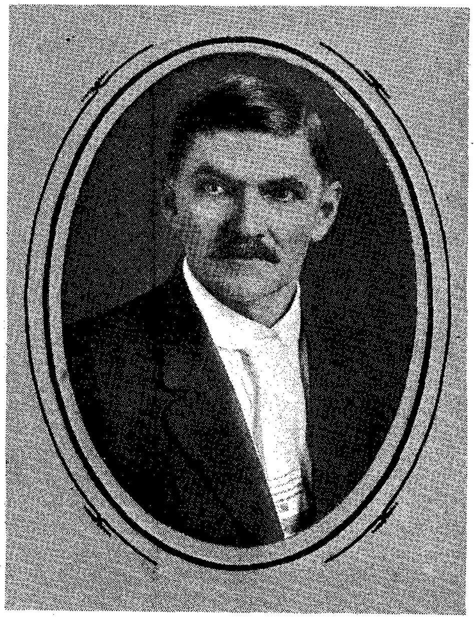
As president and founder of the firm, Hicks was also resident engineer, construction superintendent and foreman. He hired two day laborers and a teamster as the company's first employes. One of the investors owned a hardware store in Tahlequah, and another owned a hardware store in Muskogee. As part of the deal, each agreed to have one telephone in his store. Hicks installed the Tahlequah end of the network and took careful aim in the direction of Muskogee.

The line was strung from tree to tree, the branches trimmed off to form homegrown utility poles. The crew worked from hilltop to hilltop. At the top of one, they would look back and see what direction they had traveled, then Hicks would calculate how far they had come and take aim at the next hill.

AFTER three weeks of work, they arrived at the river and Fort Gibson. To celebrate, Hicks placed a call to the home office. No answer; the infernal gadget wouldn't work! Hicks was puzzling over the problem when a soldier from the garrison wandered up. Like Hicks, the soldier was interested in the invention, but he had done more

E. D. Hicks, Cherokee in the telephone business.

Courtesy Allan Girdler



practical research and was able to spot some wires which Hicks had connected in the wrong way. Hicks made the change at his end and dispatched a bystander to the hardware store at Tahlequah with a sketch showing what changes to make there. Several hours later he tried to call again. This time the storekeeper answered.

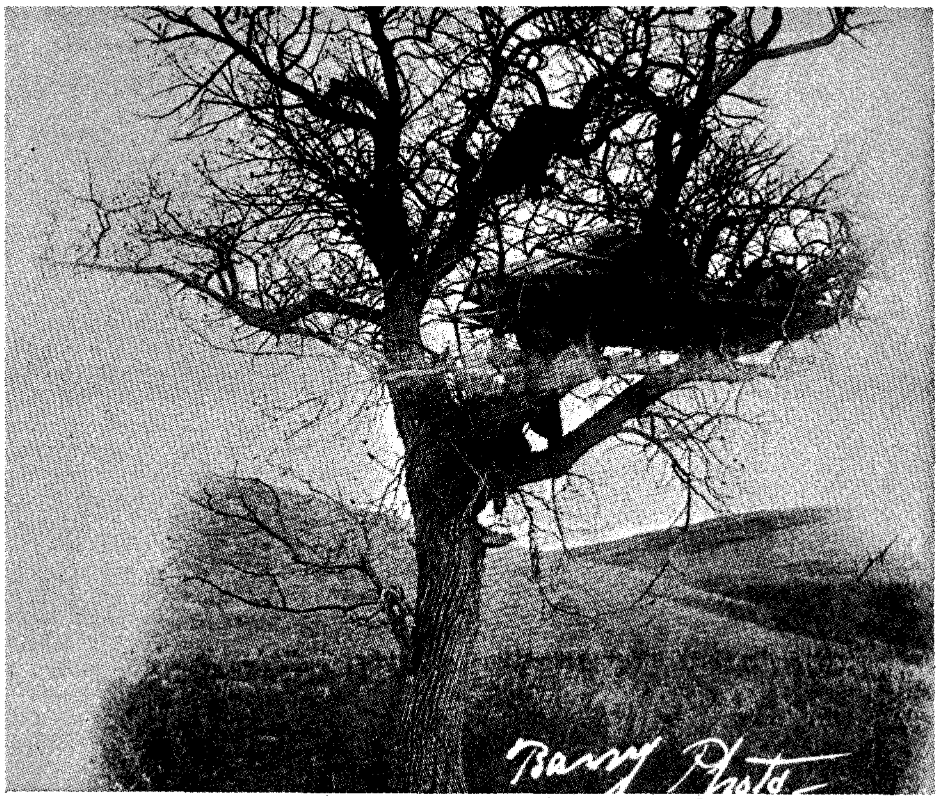
The merchant apparently had no sense of drama. His first words, Hicks recalled later, were, "Hello, who is this?"

The call was the first long-distance call made west of the Mississippi, historic in itself, but Hicks couldn't resist a slight exaggeration of the distance involved. "This is the Devil," he said. "I'm coming to get you!"

Entertainment concluded, Hicks set about crossing the river. Perhaps because he saw the telephone as a threat to the lucrative courier business, the ferry operator refused to help. Hicks built his own flat-bottomed boat, tied the wire to a rope, and towed the rig across. Hicks then learned that 800 yards of untreated copper wire won't support its own weight. The wire promptly broke and fell into the river, all $105 worth, and there it remained. Hicks ordered some more wire, reinforced with steel, and did the job again.

After that, construction was routine. The line was installed to the Muskogee store, the Council was in constant communication with the Agency, and Hicks was in the telephone business. There wasn't much demand at first and Hicks worked for the Tahlequah store owner while the system acquired customers. But after ten years there were enough telephones in The Nation to justify a switchboard and an operator and Hicks installed both. He merged with other telephone companies and after Southwestern Bell arrived in 1916, Hicks became its manager for eastern Oklahoma.

When Hicks retired in 1934, he had been in the telephone business for forty-eight years. It must have been a satisfying career, with getting started more than half the fun.



Courtesy Smithsonian Institute

Indian tree burial photographed by "Little Shadow Catcher of the Prairie" Dave Barry.

"LITTLE SHADOW CATCHER"

By E. T. Hane

MORE THAN half a century ago, Dave Barry ("Little Shadow Catcher of the Prairie") took the crude implements of his trade to the sweeping prairies and with his camera recorded the struggle of the white man and Indian for country to which both laid claim.

In his quest for pictures, he followed trails across the plains and through the wilderness. By mingling with Indians, he learned their language, and was adopted as a blood-brother by the Sioux. Today the faces of those Indians and those of the soldiers who fought them stare from the pages of history books in public schools and peer down from the walls of museums in all parts of the world.

Barry was born March 6, 1854, at Honey Falls, Monroe County, New York. His boyhood was spent in Oswego and Columbus, Wisconsin. In Columbus he learned the profession of photography and just had mastered the trade when the struggles of the military against the Indians became a major national concern.

Newspapers were offering big premiums for photos to illustrate the stories sent back by reporters so Barry headed for money and adventure. While the soldiers shot their rifles and the Indians their bows and arrows, Barry shot with his camera.

He returned to Wisconsin and for many years remained in semi-seclusion in Superior. Barry didn't like encroachment on his private sanctum, except by his friends. Luckily I was one of them.

His eyes grown dim with age, the photographer talked about the people from yesterday whose portraits hung on the walls of his studio. Gall, Sitting Bull (who was a great medicine man, not a chief, Dave said), Rain in the Face, Crow King, Chief Joseph, Two Moons, John Grass, Spotted Eagle, Circling Bear and others are among the famous leaders Barry has photographed.

And, from the other side, General Miles, Custer, Sam Sturgis, F. S. Benteen, Captain Keogh, Alfred Terry, and Charley Reynolds, all famous Indians fighters and scouts, appeared before his lens.

The portrait of Gall was his biggest pride. He took Gall's picture and before it was developed Gall asked to see it. Dave showed him the negative. Gall said, "No good!" As Barry snatched the negative away from him, Gall pulled his knife, but Garry grabbed his revolver and looked Gall down.

Gall went to Major McLaughlin, who told Barry he would have to leave the reservation if any trouble developed. Barry had paid Gall $21.00 for the sitting but the scout whom Barry had hired to contact the chiefs wanted more money and had told the Indians they should get more, thereby increasing his cut.

When he got Rain-in-the-Face to send his daughter to Indian school, Rain asked if Barry were going to leave the Reservation. Barry said yes. Rain took off his moccasins, gave them to Dave and said, "My heart is in the ground. When you look at them think of me." I've handled those moccasins.

Barry had, I believe, the most wonderful collection of Indian relics, including Sitting Bull's shirt. The Douglas County Historical Museum at Superior has a lot of items from Barry's collection.

Dave has gone and I hope he is among his cherished friends. He died in 1934 at Superior, Wisconsin, when he was eighty years old. He was a nice friend to know.

Barry told me that had he been able or willing to speak freely, he could have changed history. I believe it to be true, for important confidences had been entrusted to him by the Indians.

COLEMAN'S FIRST PEEPING TOM

By Walter Gann

COLEMAN, TEXAS, was a quiet, peaceful county seat with less than 2,000 population in 1893. There were some town toughs but most of the rowdyism was confined to the two saloons and their environs. In the residential district, an air of serenity prevailed. Most houses were set on large lots far enough apart to insure privacy and doors were seldom locked—there was no need for it. There were no burglaries or other intrusions.

Like all good things, however, this sense of security came to a startling end when a housewife discovered a man staring at her from outside a window.

(Continued on page 40)

The officers lost the trail for six months—and that's all the time I had with Joe Katey

My First FRIEND was an

IF YOU have ever been in the desert in the western part of central Utah, which stretches out over the border well into Nevada, you know what a desolation of sand and lava craters it is even today. In 1900 it was worse. You could go miles and miles without sighting man or beast.

The only inhabited place at that time consisted of a few scattered ranches close to the shore of a small clear-water lake and a little railroad town of the same name. Clearlake consisted of a hotel, a small store and the houses of section hands who worked on the steel rails which seemed to come from nowhere and leave for nowhere toward the west. Lots of wild horses (mustangs) were in the desert then, and these ranches were not cattle ranches but places where wild horses were brought and broke to ride and then sold. They were shipped out of Clearlake by the carload.

The water of the lake was drinkable, although it tasted so strong of alkali it gave Father and the horse wranglers an excuse to drink beer instead. Father's mother, Margret Dorrity, ran the hotel and it was there that John Hanson, the United States Marshal, and his deputies came to stay when they were looking for Joe Katey.

Our ranch was six miles southwest of Clearlake. The men worked hard on weekdays but on Saturday they rode into town to make "whoopie," as they called it. Whiskey was sold at the store and there were other amusements at the shacks down the tracks about three miles from town. So Sundays always found us alone, and Father either put Mother and us four kids into the spring wagon and drove into town to Grandmother's hotel, or we would go out to the lake and take a picnic lunch and eat in the shade of the scrubby willows while Father fished. There we kids played in the sand and watched an old woman who came to fish every Sunday. She was Ute and a perfect whiz at catching fish, which she cleaned by tearing the skins off with her teeth.

IT WAS early in April I made my first "friend." Most of the wranglers had drifted away during the long winter and there were only the two steady men left. It had been weeks since the weather had permitted any horse roundups, so they went to town. On Sunday the sun came out bright and warm so Father got the team and wagon ready and Mother fixed a lunch and we went to the lake. I remember we always sang on those trips. Father had a fine soprano voice and Mother sang alto. Hazel, ten, and Arnold, seven, could accompany them in a way, but Billy and I made "sounds" more than tunes. We were the youngest.

When we arrived at the lake that day the old woman was just pulling in with a canoe-load of bass. They looked like monsters to me as she tossed them on shore where we stood watching her. One flopped against my bare legs. When I began to scream the others laughed and then from behind me someone said, "I can't see that that was funny."

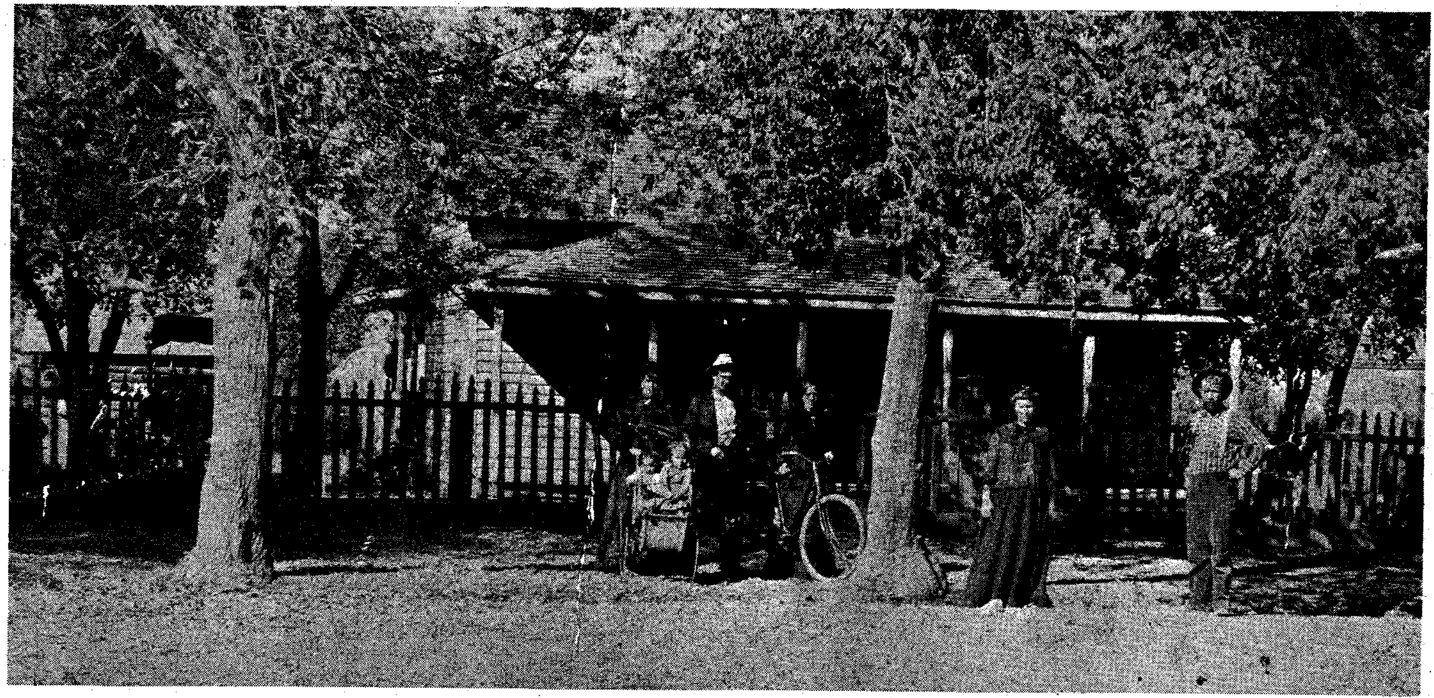
We all turned at once. It was like a voice from nowhere out there in the vast silence. Stretched out beneath a willow tree on the sandy beach about a hundred feet away was a man. He was dirt crusted and his hair was long and black. He had kicked his boots off and holes could be seen in the feet of his socks.

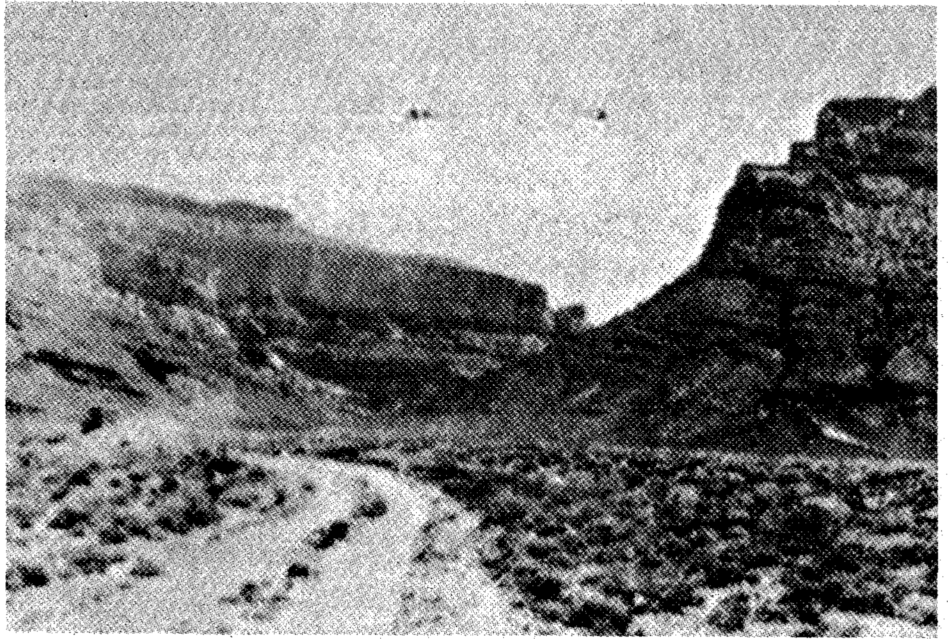
Father picked me up and put me on his shoulder and walked over to the man. He stood looking at him for a long minute.

Then, in keeping with the times, he did not ask his name or what he was doing but said, "I think you have something there, stranger."

Father turned and went back where Mother was and got the food and a quilt out of the wagon. Spreading the quilt under a willow bush beside the water, he left Mother to set out the picnic

Grandfather Dorrity built this house, and four generations called it home.



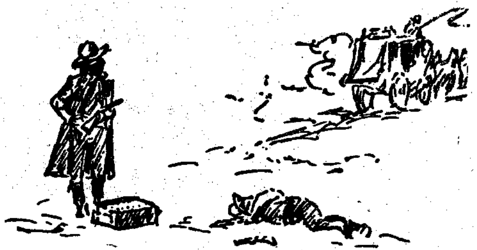


Joe Katey traveled through the Marjum Pass from the Dorrity Ranch to Ely, Nevada. The rock cliffs offered many good hiding places.

OUTLAW

By VELMA DORRITY CLOWARD

Photos Courtesy Author



lunch while he unhitched the horses and fed them.

I wanted to go over and talk to the stranger but when I started to, Mother shook her head at me. The man had turned his back to us and pretended he was asleep.

When we had sat on the ground around the quilt, Father called to him, "Chow's ready, stranger. How about joining us?"

The man turned over and looked first at Father then at Mother. She smiled and pointed to an extra plate she had set out. He walked to the edge of the lake and, scooping the water in his hands, washed his face.Then he rubbed it dry with the tail of his shirt and joined us.

The man ate like he was starved, which he was, and Mother beamed as she always did at anyone who enjoyed her food. He and Father did a lot of talking that day, mostly about horses. He said his name was Joe. Nothing more and no one asked. He asked Father if the ranch could use another hand. Father said most of the wranglers were old at the job but he could use a roustabout while the roundups were on.

So Joe came to live with us. He did the chores and helped Mother about the house. He bandaged cut feet and washed dirty faces and he became a sort of hero to me. All summer, after the work was done at night, and the men were on the roundups which often took weeks at a time, Joe sat in the kitchen and told ghost stories while Mother worked at ironing or mending. He claimed to be a spiritualist.

I will never forget how exciting and thrilling and downright scary at times those stories were to a child my age. Mother usually had to carry me to bed and leave the light burning after a session of ghost stories.

Though the others, when they were in from the range, always went to town for a spree on Saturday night and often asked Joe to go with them he always gave some excuse. Father often went and I guess Mother was glad to have someone around to talk to besides us kids. Joe had shaved his whiskers off and looked more like a teenager than a twenty-two-year-old man. He was like a kid in so many ways—the way he joined Hazel and Arnold in racing their horses and the way he laughed at little things. He seemed to enjoy life thoroughly, and he was good to all of us.

SO THE SUMMER passed and in late September, Father and the wranglers all went to town. They had had the last roundup, and were shipping the horses at the railroad stop. Father did not get home that night and before it was light Joe was up and doing the chores. It being Sunday, that was unusual. When Mother asked him what the hurry was he just smiled and went to his room and started shaving.

The sun was just rising, like a big ball over the distant hills, when Father came riding in fast. He went right to Joe's room.

"Joe," he said, "let me see your right arm."

Joe pushed up his left sleeve.

"I said the right arm," Father told him.

Joe smiled a bitter smile and shoved up his sleeve to disclose an anchor tattooed above his wrist.

"You don't need to tell me," Joe said. "Last night the spirits warned me that the law had found where I was. I was leaving this morning."

Father did not ask him why, and anyhow the poster at the hotel had said he was being hunted all over the West for bank robbery and the killing of a sheriff. Father just handed him a handful of gold pieces, and said, "Here is your summer wages, and you can take the roan to ride and a pack animal. We'll fix you some bedding and grub."

Joe clasped Father's hand and looked like a kid ready to cry.

"Dorrity," he said, "this is the only home and family I have ever known. I wish it had been my home when I was a kid."

Father released his hand and slapped him on the back. "Best hurry, boy, this is Sunday and they may wait until tomorrow to pick you up or they may be close behind me."

We all stood watching Joe when he started to ride away. Mother and we kids were crying. He stopped for just a minute and said, "As God is my witness, I never shot that sheriff." Then he added, "Someday, Dorrity, when all this is over and I can prove myself innocent, I will throw a brick house in your way."

And we believed him. Our friend was no killer. He was too kind and gentle. We watched him until he was just a speck that disappeared in the swirling dust-devils out there in the desert.

The sheriff rode in within an hour after he left. A man who had worked for Father and who had recognized Joe's picture on the reward poster was with him. But Joe was gone. The desert had swallowed him up.

Winter passed, and then spring, and then years rolled by. We wondered what had happened to Joe Katey. About twenty years ago I learned the end of his story.

They tried tracking him but shifting sand makes tracking almost impossible. They knew that in time Joe would have to have food and would come out to get it.

(Continued on page 60)

George Oyler's son and grandson, Robert Oyler and Harold Lemons, stand beside the stump of the hanging tree.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 37)

As it turned out, she wasn't the first to see the peeping Tom. More than one woman was horrified by the thought that staring eyes had looked into their own bedrooms.

Indignant men who staked themselves throughout the neighborhood, waiting for the prowler, met with no success. He was never seen at a house when there was a man inside or nearby. Apparently he thought women wouldn't or couldn't resort to the use of firearms. To his surprise, he found one who could.

BEFORE my sixth birthday that fall, Father took me along when he moved a herd of cattle to winter pasture in Nolan County. After making a hard day's drive on our return, we stopped at Pecan Springs, about twenty miles from Coleman. There I lay down and slept for more than an hour. When I awoke I was greatly refreshed. After I'd had my supper, Papa asked me if I felt like riding on home that night. I felt rested and said I did.

We arrived about eleven o'clock and found everything in a turmoil. My three sisters and our stepmother and the two youngest children were huddled in the dining room. A part of the window facing was shattered, there was a jagged hole in the lower windowpane, and the outside screen was torn loose. The girls were badly frightened and my stepmother was stammering that she had killed a man.

Shortly before bedtime, they told us, one of my sisters had seen a man at the dining room window. She had walked into another part of the house and told my stepmother. When my stepmother had entered the dining room, she had seen that the man had torn the screen and was trying to raise the window. Apparently he had been so preoccupied with the window that he hadn't noticed her. She simply picked up Papa's shotgun and pulled the trigger. They said they had heard someone running, then had heard him fall; that is why they thought my stepmother had killed him. The girls were afraid his body, dead and bloody, was lying there in the yard.

"You needn't worry about having killed anybody, Alice," Papa assured her. "That gun was loaded with birdshot and most of it went into the window facing." Then he went outside and made a search of the premises, but found no clues.

A distant relative of a respected couple (I will call them Simpson, although that was not their name) had been living with them for a few months. He had a job as a sort of a roustabout at a lumber yard. Because of the standing of the couple with whom he lived, he had not come under suspicion.

This family lived across town from us —almost a mile away. About an hour after the shooting, Mr. Simpson and his neighbor were startled by the sounds of gunshots in the Simpson backyard. Rushing out, they found the young roustabout —undressed except for shoes and underwear—holding a pistol. There were lacerations on his face and he had a fishy story to tell.

He said he had been awakened by a noise outside. He had slipped on his shoes, taken his pistol and gone out. He had surprised a man pulling at the window screen. As the intruder fled, he had taken three shots at him. Then, while he had been pursuing the man, he had run into a mesquite tree. Its thorns had cut and scratched his face. He seemed to take his injuries lightly.

The next morning the young man sought a doctor. Besides treating his injuries, the doctor gave him some good advice—all of which was not entirely professional. That night the patient packed up and took the train out of town. A few days later, the doctor remarked dryly, "That's a funny tree down there in Simpson's yard. Besides thorns, it has got birdshot and glass splinters growing on it!"

All's well that ends well. Few things ever happen without something good coming as a result. In this case, the women of Coleman learned that windowshades were made to be pulled down at night.

THE LAST OF THE MONTANA ROAD AGENTS

By Jesse R. Green and Virginia S. Burlingame

BILL HUNTER knew he had to take a desperate chance. The Vigilantes surrounded Virginia City, Montana Territory. They wanted six road agents and Bill was one of them. He would be hanged if caught.

It was mid-January, 1864. Haze Lyons, "Clubfoot" George Lane, Jack Gallagher, Boone Helm and Frank Perish were said to be in the custody of the Vigilantes. (They were and brought to trial and hanged. Their graves on "Boot Hill" are one of the chief attractions to tourists visiting the historic town). Bill Hunter was as guilty as they.

An army overcoat was his chief protection against the night cold as he crawled down a drainage ditch and through the guard. Whether the overcoat was blue or grey is not recorded.

Bill Hunter came to Montana as a gold miner and did work some diggings in Spring Gulch, which leads into Alder Gulch, but placer mining is hard work and Bill wanted something easier.

In his early twenties, good looking and popular, Bill found employment in the secret service of the road agents, a gang of robbers and murderers who preyed upon the honest miners. It was Bill's job to mingle with the crowd and learn who had gold and when it was to be taken out of camp. This information was passed on to his superiors, who held up the stagecoaches and pack trains. Bill received a cut of the loot, and it sure beat mining.

He probably had a hand in some of the robberies for when "Red" Yaeger had been caught a few days before Bill's flight from Virginia City, he had given the Vigilantes a rundown on the gang and listed Bill as "a telegrapher and road man." "Telegrapher" meant messenger.

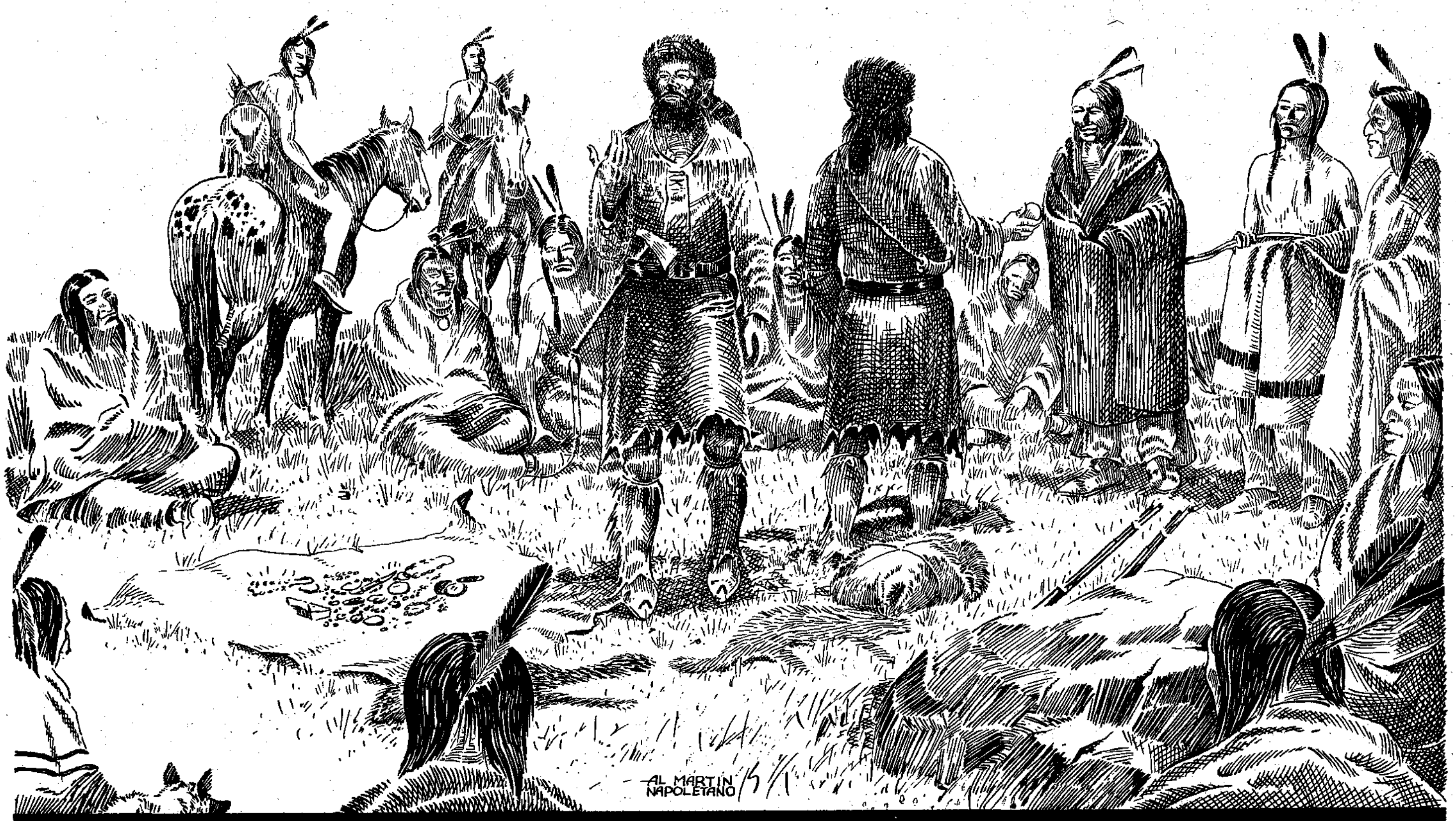
The Vigilantes hanged Henry Plummer, the dapper sheriff who was leader of the gang, and three companions in Bannack, January 10, 1864. Three days later they had crossed two mountain ranges to round up the five men in Virginia City.

WHEN Bill escaped, he had to travel light. With his army overcoat, but no blankets or snowshoes, he floundered through deep snow over the high pass between Virginia City and the Madison Valley, where he dared not ask for food from settlers.

Bill had frosted his feet and walked painfully, but still he hurried for he knew the Vigilantes were probably on his trail. In the Gallatin Valley he hid out for some days, sheltered only by rocks.

(Continued on page 42)

Abel Lorimer's account of his short and frightful career as an Injun trader!



By JIM FLANARY

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

A RIDE FOR LIFE

FORMAL EDUCATION was a rarity among the colorful figures on the frontier, but frequently one came along who had the knack of keeping his audience spellbound with endless yarns of his experiences.

Such a man was Abel Lorimer, who spent his younger years as a trapper and hunter in the West, then chose to live out his years in Cairo, Illinois, working as liveryman. Cairo, located at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, was a growing town but the weekly paper was printed with a cozy familiarity, the editor many times using only the first or last name of a local citizen in his news stories.

Abel Lorimer was a man everyone in Cairo knew by his first name, and on July 12, 1869, the weekly *Bulletin* printed the following story just as Abel recounted it.

"I and Seth Heard were hunting upon the south branch of the Yellowstone; away up where the prairies are so broad and long that they seem to be without end. 'Twas up there, boys, that I came the nearest of losing my scalp that I ever did in my life.

"You see I and Seth did a little bit of business besides trapping up in them parts that time. Before we started out, Seth, says he: 'Abel, we can get skins better than we can catch 'em, and a tarnal sight easier, by buying them off the redskins. So let us buy a lot of notions and go out on the prairie and set up shop."

"'Agreed,' says I. 'Only let us go beyond most people that trade with the varmints.'

"WELL, we bought a little of everything to tickle the Injuns with, and off we started and set up shop on the prairie. This was 'long in November, and for a time we did a smashing business among the heathens. We could buy a skin worth five dollars for a string of beads and jack knife, and other things in proportion.

"By and by, the redskins began to get ugly. We could see it in their sullen looks and though they traded nearly as much as ever, we begun to think they meant mischief. So I and Seth talked the matter over and concluded that unless we wanted to lose our furs and horses, to say nothing of our scalps, we had better leave sometime between two days. I always thought a lot of my scalp and had great affection for it and never could think of letting a red heathen have my hair to hang in his belt. Seth, he also kinder thought that way.

"We packed up our duds and prepared to be off just as soon as we were sure that all the prowling redskins were abed, for we wan't more than half a mile from one of their towns and didn't care about their knowing just when we went.

"We wanted to start as soon as we could, for the moon rose about midnight and then all would be as light as day for there wan't a cloud to be seen anywheres between prairie and prairie, and the stars were like so many deers' eyes in the forest.

"I guess it must have been about 'leven when we mounted our horses and moved

(Continued on page 54)

Nuggets

(Continued from page 40)

Finally he found an empty cabin. The owners were off on a fake gold rush. The cabin was well stocked with both blankets and food so Bill made himself at home, which was within the frontier code. He planned to nurse his feet, get a horse and go on to Fort Benton, where he hoped the Vigilantes would not follow.

The owners of the cabin came home to find Bill, and one of the men, Dennis Riordan, had mined an adjoining claim with Bill in Spring Gulch and made him welcome. The other man was Wesley Emery, who later wrote an account of the incident.

A severe blizzard came up during the night and drove cold and snow through every tiny crack in the log cabin. Each man had a bunk and rolled himself in every available blanket. Bill also used his army overcoat as covering.

About midnight Emery heard horses in the yard, followed by a knock on the cabin door. When he opened up, the wind blew a drift of snow in to swirl around his bare legs. One man in the group asked for shelter and Wes invited them in. He supposed them to be fellow gold seekers. Six men came into the 10 x 12 cabin and warmed themselves at the fire, which Emery built up with fresh wood. They talked of mining until they were warm and then five of them wrapped up in their blankets and lay on the dirt floor. The sixth sat up guarding the door.

Riordan had roused up and greeted the strangers. Hunter apparently slept with a blanket over his head. Emery noticed the army overcoat had disappeared, probably under Bill's blanket. Emery slept lightly the rest of the night, wondering about this strange influx of guests.

THE NEXT morning one of the men, who seemed to be the leader, took Emery aside and asked about the man under the blankets. "Does he wear 'foxed' pants, an army overcoat and a mustache?"

Emery explained he had clipped the mustache and warned that Bill always carried a pistol in his pants waistband.

The leader then walked to the bunk and laid his arm heavily upon the sleeping man, pulled back the covers and said, "Wake up, Bill. I want to talk to you."

"If you will take me to Virginia City for a fair trial, I'll go." Bill made no effort to hide his identity now.

"You'll have a trial. Give me your gun and prepare for the road," said the leader. "We have a horse for you to ride."

Outside Bill noticed one man walking and doubted if he would ever make Virginia City—some sixty miles. He was right. In about one-half mile they stopped under a big cottonwood tree. One man kicked the snow away and started a fire. Another brought out a frying pan and a coffee pot and prepared breakfast. This site is on property now owned by Dell Lambert.

Bill ate with the rest until he noticed a horizontal limb stretching out over Camp Creek. Then he lost his appetite, turned pale and asked for water.

The man who promised to take him to Virginia City tried to keep his word but was overruled. The trial was held there under the big tree. Bill's crimes were related and he admitted his guilt, requested that his friends—probably "back East"—not know the manner of his death, stated he had no property and requested a decent burial. The verdict was "death by hanging."

The hangman came prepared and flung a rope over the convenient limb. Bill shook hands all around and then he swung from the limb.

The ground was deeply frozen, and the Vigilantes left him hanging. Later, George Oyler, who lived nearby, and a party came upon the grisly scene. They had tools and buried Bill in the bluff above the Gallatin River, erecting a small wooden marker.

But Bill did not rest in peace. First an animal dug into the grave. Then canal builders came upon the body and moved it about fifty yards. Much later a construction crew building Highway # 10 dozed out the bones, which were identified by local residents as those of Bill Hunter. One historical-minded citizen gathered them up and placed them in the museum in the courthouse in Bozeman.

On July 4, 1966, three Bozeman men rescued the stump of the hanging tree and placed it in the McGill Museum. This stump was identified beyond a doubt by the son and grandson of George Oyler, who had cut Bill down.

Thus the last road agent and the tree he unintentionally made famous are preserved for posterity.

PRAIRIE HOLOCAUST

By Martha E. Lambert

TWO YEARS OF DROUTH had parched Hitchcock County, Nebraska. By fall of 1891, even the grass had dried up and blown away. Carcasses of starved cattle dotted the countryside. Horses were too poor to pull a wagon. Chickens were killed and made into soup because there was nothing to feed them.

Then in March came a wonderful snow. For three days and nights it fell, its great, feathery flakes covering the ground two feet deep. As the snow disappeared, a green carpet of grass covered the prairie. The wallows were full of water, and nights became noisy with the croaking of myriads of frogs.

There was a bumper crop that year. Cornstalks grew as high as a man's head and yielded two ears to the stalk. The blue stem which had reached to Father's armpits was now standing in huge, golden ricks in the barnyard. No man had cribs enough to hold his corn and hundreds of bushels lay piled on the ground. Many people burned it for fuel —at ten cents a bushel it was cheaper than coal! Sorghum, another staple crop, had yielded bountifully and every farmer had a rick waiting for the sorghum mill to come and grind it into molasses.

That Sunday morning in late November nearly the entire neighborhood was attending church, in thanks to God for our bountiful harvest. The farmers had joined forces and built a sod church. A visiting pastor from McCook had come to preach the dedication sermon.

Mother was sick in bed with grippe (flu) so she and I had not accompanied Father, Bobby and Bea to the service. While Mother dozed in her blankets, I played with marbles on the floor. Suddenly I heard a great clatter of hoofs and wheels, and ran to the window just as the folks turned into the yard. Before the wagon came to a stop Bea had jumped out and run in the house shouting:

"Haven't you seen the awful prairie fire? It is already on the prairie-dog town across the creek!"

Without waiting to change his Sunday clothes. Father hitched to the plow and, with Bobby lashing the horses to a trot, began plowing fireguards. A strong north wind was carrying the flames directly toward our house. All our buildings were made of logs; if the fire crossed Driftwood Creek, we would be entirely wiped out. Black smoke darkening the sky had turned sunshine into dusk and sent chickens scurrying to their roosts.

Neighbors were rushing in from all directions, some on horseback, others in wagons laden with plows, water barrels and other fire-fighting equipment.

APPARENTLY the fire had started in the abandoned ashes of a sorghum mill. The crew had finished late Saturday night and left without taking proper precautions. A sudden breeze had sprung up, fanning the live coals into a flame.

In the midst of the service, Bobby had smelled smoke and shouted, "Prairie Fire!" The congregation had rushed out without waiting for the benediction to see a great cloud of smoke rolling in from the north. Red tongues of flame were reaching above the tall dry grass and burning tumbleweeds rolled and leaped ahead of the flame like fiery cartwheels. People ran for their wagons and lashed their horses in a mad run for home.

When Bea dashed in shouting, "Prairie fire!", Mother jumped from her sick bed and sprang into action. Many of the firefighters had come directly from church; none had eaten dinner. Mother filled the wash boiler with water and made gallons of coffee. A big roast was in the oven and there was plenty of fresh bread. All during that afternoon, firefighters stopped for snacks as they passed the house. Bobby mounted a horse and drove the cattle to the safety.

The hot, glittering flames extended from horizon to horizon. Men wrapped their heads in wet towels to keep their hair from singeing as they whipped the flames with wet gunny sacks. One man collapsed in the woods and had to be carried to the house.

When it seemed certain that the fire would jump the creek, Father rushed

(Continued on page 68)

TRAILS
GROWN
DIM

If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Leslie

I am seeking information regarding children of Andrew Jackson Leslie, who lived in or near Fossil, Oregon, around 1890. I know the children of his first marriage. My mother is the youngest daughter of his first marriage. Her name was Dora Ellen Leslie; she was around five years old when her parents separated. She loved her daddy very much. I am her oldest daughter and my middle name is Leslie. She wants information regarding any of the children of his second marriage.

His first wife was Mary Caroline Fredenberg. I don't know the date of his second marriage. Dora Ellen was five when her parents separated, about 1891 or '92. What information we have is that he remarried and raised a second family. Mom got a letter from a daughter of the second marriage, whose name was also a form of Dora, Doretta or Dorletta. She wanted to answer but couldn't find words, so the letter didn't get answered. She is active, eighty this year, but would still like to know about those half-sisters and brothers. She worries about the letter she didn't answer. Will this sister or other relatives please write to—Mrs. Dora Ellen Leslie Barclay, 2525 Myrtle Avenue, N. E., Salem, Oregon 97303.

Moore

I would like to hear from anyone who may have known my great-grandfather, E. T. or Elias Thomas Moore. He is said to have homesteaded in or around Perry, Noble County, Oklahoma in early 1900s. I believe he moved back to Missouri and lived in and around Sedalia. He is supposed to have died in early 1920s. I am trying to find someone who can verify this. Any information, no matter how small, will be appreciated.—Ted Stickel, 131 Mulvihill, Redlands, California 92373.

Allen

My mother, Frances Maude Allen, was born in Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, February 15, 1890. Before the turn of the century her family moved to Hutchinson, Kansas. When she was a child she sang at weddings and funerals. She sang "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" at a little girl's funeral in Hutchinson. The girl was killed by a train. My mother sang at the Hadley Methodist Church.

My mother said we were descendants of Gov. Thomas Chittenden, first governor of Vermont. Also she said we could be descendants of Ethan Allen of Vermont; this is what I would like to prove.

My grandfather, Martin Allen, had eight brothers killed in the Civil War. The eight Allen boys were, I believe, from Vermont. My great-grandfather James Allen was well thought of and his home was spared by the North and the South. My grandfather and one more brother Henry were too young to go to war. There also was one sister. The Allen boys were mentioned in the movie "Copperhead" with John Ireland.

My grandmother I believe was born in Cook County, Illinois. They moved to Hutchinson, Kansas. Her maiden name was Charlotte Belle Chittenden.

My father was Jacob W. Shenefield. His father was a foreman at the salt factory (Morton I think) in Hutchinson. While at work he was shot and killed. I do not know too much about his family. There were ten children and my father was nine or ten when his father was killed. My grandmother remarried. My grandmother's mother went to the river to wash one day and never returned. She either was drowned or was taken by Indians. Does anyone remember any of these people?—Mrs. Dolly Charlene Smith, 2037 Dickens Drive, Modesto, California 95350.

Rose Forward

I would like to find out the whereabouts of my mother. All I know is her name is Rose. Her last name was either Tomas or a name on that order. She married my father, Carrel Forward, in Grand Rapids, Michigan, around 1930 or '31. My parents separated when I was about ten months old, and by mutual agreement gave me to my grandparents, Charles and Jenny Forward, of Grand Rapids. They were very good to me but are gone now. I would like very much to find my real mother. She would be around fifty-one years old now, as I understand she was about fifteen when she married. She was blonde with blue eyes. If anyone has any information please contact me at this address.—Elizabeth Carrel (Forward) Northrup, 168 Oak Street, Cedar Springs, Michigan 49319.

McCoy

I am interested in some information on my grandfather. He died when my dad was ten years old and that would put it around 1917. I am almost in total darkness about any names or town names. I don't even remember his first name but I think his was John. His last name was McCoy. My dad's name is George Henry McCoy. He was supposed to have had a farm near a little town north of Fort Worth, Texas. The town was about eleven miles from Fort Worth. My dad said my grandfather was in the Oklahoma Land Rush, and he got some property and lost it to some lawyers. My grandmother was born in Oklahoma. My grandfather was a trail boss for a big cattleman named Blocker, at least I think that was the name. My dad had eight brothers and sisters. My dad never tells me much about his Texas life; mainly, I guess, because he can't remember it, as he left when he was ten years old. But if anyone has ever heard of my grandfather I would very much appreciate them contacting me. I have never written a letter of this sort so I don't know the outcome but I hope I can get some information anyway.—Ray McCoy, Keating, Oregon 97847.

Sublette

I am trying to locate the famous cowboy clown, Red Sublette, or any of his relatives, or anyone in the rodeo world of his era, which was in the 1920s, who would know about his life. He was one of America's top rodeo clowns. I understand he passed away several years ago in the vicinity of Fort Worth, Texas. I would like to know how his death came about, where he is buried, etc. Also if anyone knows the whereabouts of his sister, Alice Sublette, whose married name I do not know, but they both were born at Arlington, Texas. Red lived at Tishomingo, Oklahoma, when small, where his father was United States Marshal at one time I have been informed. His scrapbooks (rodeo) were stolen in Amarillo, Texas, about 1933. Could anyone shed any light on these scrapbooks? His entire rodeo life from beginning to end was in these books, including his European tours with the late Tex Austin. I would greatly appreciate any and all information, soon.—Anna Hamilton Rhinehart, P. O. Box 546, Echo, Oregon 97826.

Walters

I am wondering if some of your readers might give me a line on my grandfather, Bill (William) Walters who grew up around central Texas, lived to be ninety-seven, and died in 1944. He went up the trail to Kansas twice and lived an adventuresome life. A family tale has it that he killed a doctor in Florence, Texas, in the nineties, picking up a bullet in the process. He carried the bullet in his hip to his grave, never trusting doctors again. I know the bullet in his hip was a fact because I saw it. Believe it or not, it finally developed gangrene after all those years and was the primary cause of his death.

His father (my great-grandfather Walters) operated a horse ranch in central Texas probably in the forties, and was raided during my grandfather's boyhood twice within his young memory.

He also said he ran into who turned out to be Sam Bass outside Round Rock, Texas and Sam tried to trade or buy the horse he was riding, but my grandfather refused. He said that when he found out later it was Bass, he felt lucky he wasn't robbed of the horse.

Grandfather slept with a gun under his pillow until he died, and since he never was a lawman (two of his brothers, Ike and Pat, were Texas Rangers, so the family story goes) he may have been quite aways outside the law in his young days. Does this ring anyone's bell, especially around Florence? That shooting took place in a saloon, a white stucco which may still be standing.—MSG Merkel L. Walters, 8007 Garland Avenue, Takoma Park, Maryland.

(Continued on page 69)

INJUN
BEN'S
BEEF JERKY

A TASTE TREAT
OUT OF THE WEST!

Strips of pure lean beef, smoked and dried. Keeps almost indefinitely—needs no refrigeration.

Perfect for:
- PARTY SNACKS
- FISHING TRIPS
- HUNTING
- SKIING
- CAMPING

10 oz. package .... $3.49 ppd.
Each pkg. contains approx. (50) 5 to 6 inch sticks of tasty jerky.

BEN'S PACKING AND PROVISIONS
DEPT. W, 1600 BENT AVENUE,
CHEYENNE, WYOMING 82001

Just Published

How 88,648 Heavy Smokers Stopped Smoking

NEW YORK — The Anti-Tobacco Center of America has just published a booklet which explains how 88,648 heavy smokers (of whom many are physicians) have stopped smoking without straining their will power. This booklet is available free of charge to smokers. All you need to do, to obtain it, is to send your name and address to The Anti-Tobacco Center of America, Dept. A35S, 276 Park Avenue South, New York City, 10010. This offer is open while the supply of these booklets lasts.

"COIN-FINDER" LOCATORS!
FIND COINS, GOLD, SILVER AND TREASURE. Lowest prices. Write for FREE literature.
ART HOWE & COMPANY
811-T Kansas Avenue
Atchison, Kansas

MAPS TO GHOST TOWNS
New Book Titled "California Ghost Town Trails" has 36 maps showing the way to 90 California ghost towns with mileage to the tenth of a mile. 36 photographs show the old towns as they appear today. Find old bottles, western relics, antiques, buried treasure. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Order now! Only $2.95. A. L. Abbott, Dept. 73, P.O. Box 4262, Anaheim, California 92803.

Squawman Maurice Leduc

(Continued from page 16)

inhabitants—with the exception of Maurice—going to other mountain localities.

A short distance from the old settlement was the Matthew Kincaid ranch. Kincaid was a very close friend of Kit Carson and is mentioned prominently in the famous scout's journal. (Carson, however, spelled the name Kin Cade.) The Mexicans called Kincaid "Señor Matias."

The Kincaid Ranch had domestic cattle as early as 1842. Carson visited the Kincaids often. Indications are that the restless Kit enjoyed his stay on the ranch. He hunted in the Wet Mountain Valley, along the Hardscrabble Trail, and in the nearby Sangre de Cristo Mountains where he stopped to carve his name and the initials of his wife on a rock. The cool, green and refreshing countryside was a sharp contrast with his own headquarters eastward on the prairie.

Maurice Leduc sometimes worked for Kincaid. Perhaps in this association there is some hint to Old Maurice's earlier dealings. At one time he was fairly wealthy, owning his stockade store, his trade goods and ponies. Had they all come from the Bents' abandoned stockade? It is more likely that the Kincaids had come up from Taos earlier than is usually assumed and operated in the stockade or helped Leduc establish himself there.

When John C. Fremont passed Old Maurice's encampment on the Fontaine qui Bouille River, he described him as an "old hunter out on the plains just east of the river in pursuit of buffalo calves." Fremont said he saw a number of these calves later with some domestic cattle near Maurice's lodge. (The buffalo calves were undoubtedly in with domestic cattle on the Kincaid ranch; early settlers reported the trader often fattened young buffaloes to augment his meat supplies.

Almost nine years after this Fremont expedition—and fourteen years after the rout Leduc had witnessed in 1838—the Plains Indians again appeared in force on Hardscrabble Creek. Some Mexican farmers had returned to the area and had crops in. At first they determined to go out and fight but the Indians, seeing their movements and not desiring a square conflict, withdrew beyond the cornfields. The Indians let their ponies in to feed and the Mexicans did not attempt to drive them out. That night the farmers evacuated their homes and headed for Mexico by way of San Carlos and Cucharas, leaving Old Maurice with his family of Indian wives sole occupants of the country once again. The Kincaids already had left their ranch and gone to California to seek their fortunes in the gold rush.

MAURICE LEDUC seemed to be the only French trader who remained for any length of time in this part of the country. He spoke Mexican and Spanish and was fluent in nearly all of the Indian dialects. Strangely, with this mastery of languages, he spoke very little English.

Early records show that he had, at different times, many Indian wives. By a Blackfoot squaw he raised a son who, at the time of Al Toof's arrival, was nine years old. He also had a son by a Mexican wife. He later took a Sioux wife, whom he called Marguerita. She bore him two sons.

Marguerita tagged after Maurice when he went into New Mexico but she returned to his Adobe Creek cabin alone. Old Maurice was having an *affaire d'amour* with a flashing-eyed señorita, Elena Mendoza. His Sioux wife and children conveniently forgotten, Maurice married the enchanting Elena in a Taos church.

Somehow, by the efficient grapevine of the mountain country, word of the affair came to Marguerita's ears. Instantly all of the fury for which the Sioux are famous exploded. She collected every pelt, every knife, trap, blanket and possession Maurice owned, took his children, horses, ponies and burros and marched northeastward to return to her own people.

Elena bore Maurice two sons and the family moved to a dilapidated place near old Fort Pueblo in the fall of 1853. By the next fall they again were in motion, journeying to a new settlement near the mouth of Huerfano Creek. Before the end of 1856, Maurice returned to New Mexico and for several years lived at Mora.

Then, in 1858, Elena suddenly died—a loss that was a severe blow to Maurice Leduc. Weary and despairing he trudged northward to his old haunts on Adobe Creek in Colorado. Near the place his big stockade had once stood, he built himself a small *jacal,* and with the help of a young Mexican girl named Rafaela cultivated a garden and a small patch of corn. Now and then he would wander along the creeks and catch a few beaver.

Old Maurice was typical of that breed of New World French who played such an important role in the West. They were a different lot—merry, pliable as cats, quick-witted, and as patient as oxen. They swarmed up the rivers and over the mountains in ever increasing flotillas and came to civilization with valuable cargoes of furs and valuable information on the country.

They did not always know where they were going. Many French traders thought the Arkansas River drained into the Great Lakes, while others tried to reach Santa Fe by way of the Yellowstone River. However, distance lends enchantment and these happy-go-lucky *voyageurs* plunged into the mapless country until the Indians put them straight.

TRAVELERS to La Placita failed to find it very prepossessing. The pioneers, unfamiliar with the ways of those first frontiersmen, complained of the wickedness of the people. ". . . The women talked relentlessly . . . loud and coarse, told jokes that would blister an oak"; there was drunkenness, swearing, horse racing, dancing, and they were "astounded at the liberties the men took with women of various races and backgrounds." Friction was no doubt heightened by the importation of "Taos Lightning," a fiery liquor which was making its way across the territory. Taos liquor turned up in the Hardscrabble settlement in quantity, and continued to be noticeable until the Mexican War erupted and the spigot went dry.

For a time the United States Government had Leduc's pioneer settlement and outpost under close surveillance. It was strongly suspected that someone there was smuggling liquor across the Arkansas, which at that time was an international boundary.

In 1847, Major Thomas Fitzpatrick described the post and its suspicious activities to his government:

"About seventy miles above Fort Bent and almost on the Arkansas River, there is a small settlement, the principal part of which is composed of trappers and hunters; the male part of it are mostly Americans, French, Canadians, and Mexicans. They have a tolerable supply of cattle, horses, mules, etc., and I am informed that this year they have raised a good crop of wheat, corn, beans, pumpkins and other vegetables. They number about 150 souls, and of this number there are about 60 men nearly all having wives and some two. . . . These people are now living in two separate establishments near each other; one is called Pueblo, and the other 'Hardscrabble'; both villages are fortified by a wall twelve feet high, composed of adobe. They are also becoming depots for the smuggling of liquors from New Mexico into this country; therefore, they must be watched."

There is no evidence that Old Maurice was at any time involved in this smuggling. Local inhabitants report that he was not exactly a home-loving man—prior to his marriage to Elena, at least. He was happiest when out in the open and was very fond of wildflowers and the dark, still woods. A fine hunter, trapper and fisherman, he knew all the old trappers' tricks, such as increasing the weight of a beaver pelt. This was accomplished by tying a dead beaver in water so its head pointed downstream. The fine sandy sediment floating near the bottom would catch in the fur and the weight of the pelt would be nearly doubled.

Leduc was a slender, broad-shouldered man, about five-feet eight-inches in height. He had no beard and some say he had only one eye—how and when he lost the other is unknown. Around his waist he wore a leather belt to which he attached his skinning knife and sometimes a hatchet. Over one shoulder he usually slung his bullet pouch and over the other his powderhorn. To this he added a rifle with a thirty-six inch barrel and, if on trap lines, his traps.

Maurice stayed around his Adobe Creek cabin until 1863, watching new settlers move in along Hardscrabble. Captain William H. Green, an early Fremont Area settler, asked the old Frenchman in 1859, "How long have you been in this country, Maurice?"

"Forty years since I left La Crosse," replied Old Maurice. Al Toof reported that he asked him this question in 1860 and he replied, "Now forty-one yar since I came across," which would substantiate that date.

In the fall of 1863, Old Maurice rode away from Hardscrabble. All his earthly possessions had wasted away except one faithful pony. By all rights, this would have made a grand exit for the staunch old frontiersman; however, Maurice Leduc lived many years longer. He showed up at the Lucien B. Maxwell ranch on the Cimarron in New Mexico and remained there until his death in 1880.

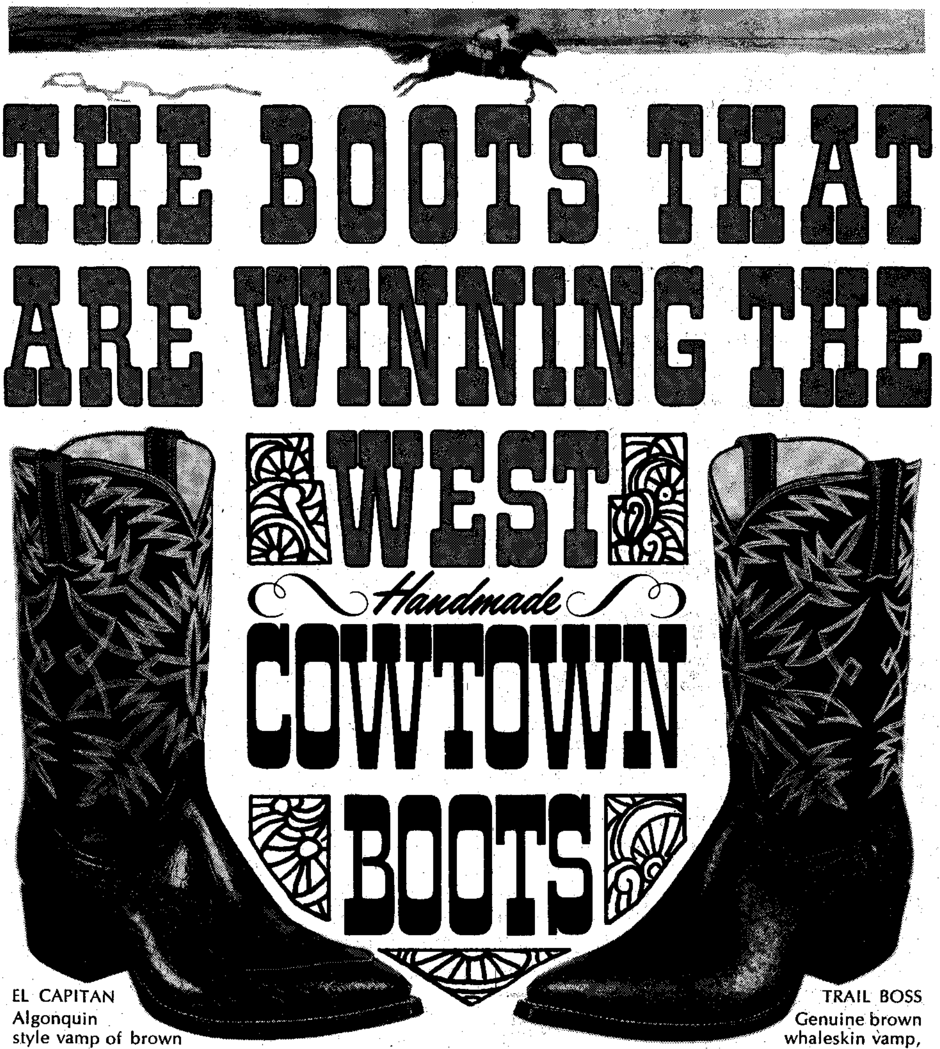
The author's book, *Maurice Leduc and the Hardscrabble Trail*, is to be released early in 1968. Golden Bell Press, Denver.

Bill Wilson's Getaway

(Continued from page 21)

The white men's first thought was to kill the snake but, knowing the least movement would be heard, they decided to take a chance on the rattler. It came closer and closer and crawled onto Wilson's folded legs and coiled up. The Indians approached, and the snake rattled. Hearing the ominous warning, the Indians were heard to say there was no use looking at that spot because of the presence of snakes, and they went on and left Loving and Wilson in safety for a while. Eventually the snake slid out of Bill's Wilson's lap and crawled away.

LOVING'S wounds caused him much suffering during the night and he decided he was going to die. Toward dawn he begged Wilson to leave him and return to Goodnight so that his (Loving's) family would know what had become of him. He wished his family to know that he would kill himself rather


THE BOOTS THAT ARE WINNING THE WEST
Handmade
COWTOWN
BOOTS

EL CAPITAN
Algonquin style vamp of brown turtlegrain calfskin, chocolate brown 12" cowhide top, handsome five-row stitch pattern.

TRAIL BOSS
Genuine brown whaleskin vamp, matching 12" cowhide top, contrasting five-row stitch pattern.

In the West, where men recognize and appreciate authentic boot styling and fine quality, Cowtown boots have become a legend in their own time. Cowtowns are handmade of leathers selected for flawless quality. The Cowtown styling is designed in the rugged cowboy boot tradition, while displaying eye-catching handsomeness you must see to appreciate.

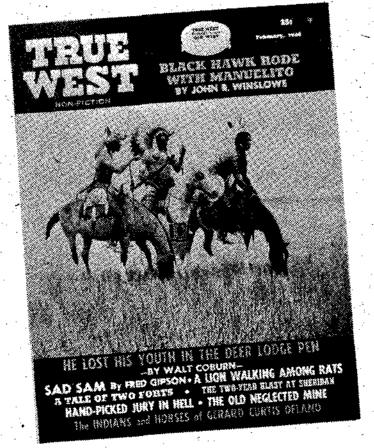
Cowtown boots have the custom-made look at a price far less than you'd expect. Before you next step into the stirrups, step into a pair of Cowtown boots. You can't buy a better boot at any price. See them at your dealer's or write for name of nearest dealer.

COWTOWN BOOT COMPANY
1405 EAST LANCASTER • FORT WORTH, TEXAS
World's Largest Manufacturers of Handmade Boots Exclusively

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

TRUE WEST
OR
BUST!

Companion on the trail
of good reading.


TRUE WEST
35¢
February, 1968
NON-FICTION
BLACK HAWK RODE WITH MANUELITO BY JOHN R. WINSLOWE
HE LOST HIS YOUTH IN THE DEER LODGE PEN —BY WALT COBURN—
SAD SAM By FRED GIPSON • A LION WALKING AMONG RATS
A TALE OF TWO FORTS • THE TWO-YEAR BLAST AT SHERIDAN
HAND-PICKED JURY IN HELL • THE OLD NEGLECTED MINE
The INDIANS and HORSES of GERARD CURTIS DELANO

February, 1968 issue.

Great stories . . .

- *BLACK HAWK RODE WITH MANUELITO*
- *HE LOST HIS YOUTH IN THE DEER LODGE PEN*
- *A LION WALKING AMONG RATS*
- *SAD SAM*
- *GERARD CURTIS DELANO*
- *ANGELA GONZALES' CHANGE OF HEART*
- *HAND-PICKED JURY IN HELL*

Written by . . .

- *JOHN R. WINSLOWE*
- *WALT COBURN*
- *WILLIAM B. SECREST*
- *FRED GIPSON*
- *LES BEITZ*
- *EVE BALL*
- *ALMA MARGARET BROWN*

AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS . . .
OR BETTER YET, SUBSCRIBE NOW!

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS
Box 3668 Austin, Texas 78704
TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES
I enclose:
☐ $4.00 for 6 issues of each magazine
☐ $7.00 for 12 issues of each magazine
Name__________
Address__________
City______ State______ Zip______

(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)

than be captured and tortured by the Indians, but in case he survived and was able to stand them off, he would be two miles down the river. He gave Wilson his Henry rifle which had waterproof cartridges, since in swimming the river any other kind would be made useless. Wilson turned over to Loving all of the pistols, which numbered five, and his six-shooting rifle.

Hurrying to be gone before daylight, Wilson removed all of his clothing except his long underwear and his hat, and hid his trousers in one place, his boots in another, and his knife in another, all under water, about four feet deep. These markers would have to guide the rescuers.

Approximately 100 feet downriver from their place of concealment, there was a shoal, the only one within a hundred miles. On this shoal an Indian sentinel on horseback was on guard, and Wilson knew this but, taking his gun in his only hand, he attempted to cross the river. He learned that it was impossible for a one-armed man to swim with a gun in his hand, so he floated downstream about seventy-five feet where he struck bottom. There, Wilson stuck the muzzle of the gun into the sand until the breech came under the water, and then floated noiselessly down the river. Though Indians were all around him, he began his getaway.

When Wilson knew he was out of hearing, he climbed up the bank and crawled through a canebrake which fringed the river. Barefooted and over ground which was covered in prickly pear, mesquite and other thorny plants, the young man started back to Goodnight and the herd. He was obliged to travel by night at first, but to stave off starvation used the daylight hours at every opportunity.

Loving and Wilson had ridden ahead of the herd for two nights and the greater part of one day, and since the herd had laid over one day, the gap between them must have been something like 100 miles.

THE PECOS RIVER passes down a country which might be termed a plain, and for 100 to 200 miles there is not a tributary or break of any kind to mark its course until it reaches the Concho River in Texas which comes up from the west where the foothills begin to jut in toward the river. The trail of the herd passed just around one of these hills, in the first of which was a cave which Wilson had located on an earlier trip. It extended back into the hill fifteen or twenty feet, and in this cave Wilson took refuge to rest and to escape the scorching sun. From its mouth he could watch for the herd, and at last saw it coming up the valley.

Mr. Goodnight and Wilson's brother, who was "pointing" the herd, saw him at the same time, and each thought he was an Indian, as neither could imagine that any white man would be in that part of the country. Mr. Goodnight ordered his men to shape the herd for a fight while he rode to reconnoiter, expecting Indians to be hidden behind the hills and planning a surprise for the cowboys. He left the trail and jogged toward the hills as though he suspected nothing, figuring that he could look things over before the Indians would have time to cut him off from the herd.

When Mr. Goodnight came within a quarter of a mile of the cave, Bill Wilson gave the frontier sign to come to him. He was between Goodnight and the setting sun, and since his underwear was saturated with red sediment from the river, he made a queer looking object, but even at some distance away, Goodnight recognized him.

When his employer reached him, he was asked many questions—too many, in fact, for he was broken and starved and shocked by knowing he was saved. Nothing could be gotten from him except that Comanches had attacked them and that Loving had been wounded.

Mr. Goodnight put him on the horse and took him to the herd at once, and immediately wrapped his feet in a wet blanket for they were swollen to several times their normal size. The men could not understand how he walked on them. Since he had starved for three days and nights, he could have no solid food.

After he had rested and gotten himself together, Mr. Goodnight said, "Now tell me all about this matter."

Wilson replied, "I think Mr. Loving has died from his wounds. He sent me to deliver a message to you. It was to the effect that he had received a mortal wound, but before he would allow the Indians to take him and torture him, he would kill himself, but in case he lived he would go two miles down the river from where we were and there we would find him."

"Now tell me where I find this place," said Mr. Goodnight.

Wilson proceeded to relate the story and told Goodnight how to find his things. He told him to go down where the bank was perpendicular and the water appeared to be swirling but was not. "Your legs will strike the rifle," he said.

Goodnight made a search as directed and found every item, even to the pocket knife. He later said, "His remarkable coolness in deliberately hiding these things when the loss of a moment might mean his life, is to me the most wonderful occurrence I have ever known and I have experienced many unusual phases of frontier life."

Mr. Goodnight did not find Mr. Loving at the designated place because some Mexican traders had come along and picked him up and taken him to a town. His injured arm had to be amputated, but that failed to save him. He died about a month later.

The Brush Poppers

(Continued from page 29)

You just hope your horse won't run off and leave you while you get your breath back and take stock of your bones.

Working brush cattle calls for a different approach than working them on the prairie. There are places where the brush is so thick that the sun never shines on the ground inside. And it's in such spots that the wildest cattle bed down. Cattle have to be worked once a year in the brush country or they go back to nature and improve upon their innate meanness. A cowboy who tracked a wild cow from her watering place to her secret bedground often found there was no way, either standing up or sideways, to fit his horse into the thicket. He was often reduced to hobbling his horse, crawling into the dense growth and trying to chase the cow out by throwing rocks.

When a brush popper finally got a cow in the open where he could rope her, he busted her hard and with his horse still dragging the cow, jumped off and tied her back legs together. Then he tied her up securely and left her for maybe three days. With the critter weak from having no water or food, and stiff from being tied, the cowboy could haze her back to the ranch.

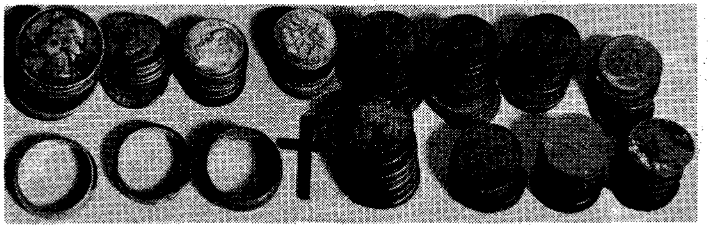
For the real fighters there was the tame ranch ox and a yoke. The big slow-moving ox generally won out and got the longhorn moving toward the pens. The extremely wild ones which couldn't be caught were sometimes shot so they couldn't lead off the tame cattle. A later addition to facilitate flushing out the cattle was cow dogs. Good cow dogs are still very valuable in the *brasada.* A cowboy has to be quick when he's using dogs. Two dogs working together will flush a cow out of the thicket and get her to running. One dog will be at the cow's head, the other at her heels. They bark and bite, and the cow can't think clearly about her defense. As the cow turns to hook the one at her heels, the head dog jumps, latches onto the cow's nose with good stout teeth and brings her down. That is the crucial moment and if the cowboy wants a live animal, he'd better get himself there, now. You can generally tell a cow that has been worked by dogs. Their ears will be torn up, their noses may have a couple of extra breathing holes, and they're mighty shy around small critters.

THE BRUSH POPPER was a lot closer to nature than his counterparts on the western range—not necessarily from desire, but from necessity. To find and catch the wild ones required a large measure of observation. Tracks, droppings, bed spots, and other signs in the brush were keys to finding the cattle. And by his watching he came to know and understand the ways of the brush.

He saw huge rattlesnakes swallowing cottontail rabbits whole. He watched the quiet, fast paisano stacking up cholla pieces to form a pen around a sleeping rattlesnake, who would, when he awoke, strike and impale himself on the treacherous thorns; and maybe he saw the rattlesnake with its head up, weaving in front of a roosting turkey until the bird became hypnotized and fell from its perch. He could bring an armadillo right up to him by pitching stones which the nearly-blind critter would come to investigate, thinking them insects. He saw the buzzards, "the pallbearers in the sky", in their effortless circling, and he watched the coyote slink off into the deep brush or heard his wail at night.

That was the life of the brush popper. He wouldn't begin to measure up to the

(Continued on page 52)



BURIED TREASURE FOUND BY TRANSISTORIZED DETECTOR

Actual find from a few hours of random searching with a Gardiner metal detector.

Find a fortune in your spare time: Millions in old coins, jewelry, artifacts, pirate treasure, robbery loot, etc. Can be found at beaches, parks, public gathering places, old buildings, battlefields, etc. Success depends on your metal detector. Gardiner metal detectors have a revolutionary **metal analyzer.** Meter needle instantly identifies treasure like gold and silver. Meter needle goes to the right. But for metallic iron like tin cans, bottle caps and nails meter needle goes to the left. Saves hours of unrewarded digging for duds. With our simplified exclusive **pushbutton tuning** and **automatic tuning** even a novice becomes an expert. Our metal detectors feature **negligible ground pickup, freedom from false detection,** built-in loudspeaker and battery tester. They are powered by flashlight batteries and have a long battery life. Their long handle permits faster searching with less fatigue. (Patents pending) 7 different models priced from $115 to $785.

Write for free illustrated catalog.

GARDINER ELECTRONICS CO.
Dept. 34
4729 N. 7th Avenue
Phoenix, Arizona 85013

GOOD TROUT FISHING!

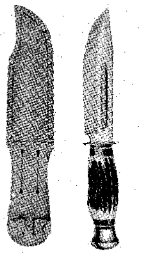
Vacation and rest in the cool Rocky Mountains of New Mexico. Beautiful, clean, modern log houses —*completely equipped* for cooking—linens furnished.

Rainbows 'n' Browns
On the Chama River below El Vado Dam

Make reservations early to insure accommodations. Groceries, tackle, licenses, bait, liquors and beer.

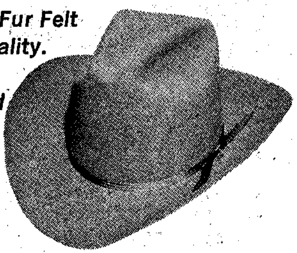
Carl R. and Gladys Cooper, Mgrs.

EL VADO RANCH
Box 500 (Ph. JU 8-2496) Tierra Amarilla, New Mexico


$9.95

Husky Remington model knife, broad blood groove. Thick 7 inch blade. Extra heavy. Sturdy leather sheath. Guaranteed.

COMPTON'S
"The Working Man's Friend"
P. O. Box 147 New Iberia, La. 70560



GENUINE JOE HALL HATS BOOTS

Wood Pegged
Brass Nailed
Steel Shanked
Hand Made
Hand Lasted
Leather Lined
Imported

Heavy Genuine Fur Felt Hats of Fine Quality. Satin Lined. Pre-Creased and Ready To Wear. Most Popular Styles And Sizes. Free Catalog.

PRICED FROM
$14.95 TO $16.95

"THE WESTERN POLO"

MANY OTHER STYLES

Made To Order Only

This tall, handsome boot offers the maximum in leg protection. Available in a wide variety of imported *French and U.S.* leathers. Your choice of top, heel and toe styles. Prices depend on leathers you choose. Made to order only. Write for FREE CATALOG and ordering instructions.

WESTERN HATS, PANTS, SHIRTS, ETC.

JOE HALL, Box 17971T, El Paso, Texas 79917

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

SOUTHWESTERN WRITERS

A new publishing venture, Southwest Writers Series, under general editor James W. Lee, North Texas State University, with each pamphlet selling at $1.00, has just been launched by the Steck-Vaughn Co., Box 2028, Austin, Texas 78767. This reviewer has just received Nos. 1-11 and No. 13 and has read No. 1, *J. Frank Dobie* by Francis Edward Abernethy and scanned No. 2, *John C. Duval* by John Q. Anderson; No. 5, *Tom Lea* by John O. West and No. 11, *Eugene Manlove Rhodes* by Edwin N. Gaston, Jr. If the others in this series of brief studies (pp. 43 to 52) are comparable with these four this will be a worthwhile contribution to our knowledge of the writers who have served so well in making Southwest history, legends and lore available to all Americans. In fact, Dr. Abernethy in *J. Frank Dobie* did a great job—while his heart was in it, the head kept the writing objective and it may be the best on Pancho to date. Perhaps Anderson's, West's and Gaston's narratives fall a mite short of the quality of Abernethy's—the casual look seems to indicate that this is the case but that doesn't condemn them—all three are good. In addition to the four mentioned above the following are now ready; No. 3, *Charles A. Siringo* by Charles D. Peavy; No. 4, *Andy Adams* by Wilson M. Hudson; No. 6, *Katherine Anne Porter* by Winfred S. Emmons; No. 7, *William Humphrey* by James W. Lee; No. 8, *Paul Horgan* by James M. Day; No. 9, *Oliver La Farge* by Everett A. Giles; No. 10, *Fred Gipson* by Sam H. Henderson and No. 13, *George Sessions Perry* by Stanley G. Alexander. Scheduled later are pamphlets on many more Southwest writers including Mary Austin, Ross Santee, Roy Bedichek and Walter Prescott Webb. Recommended and a bargain!

GOLD!

James W. Marshall, the Discoverer of California Gold (The Talisman Press, $10.00) is by Theressa Gay who gathered her material for this first real biography of Marshall over a thirty-year period. Her research took her across the continent and she made eighteen stops en route. It is seldom wise to use the term "definitive" in describing a biography but just about all the facts that will be known about Marshall seem to have been uncovered by the author and the result is an interesting, entertaining and informative narrative set in a proper historical background. The discovery of gold by Marshall in January 1848 is, naturally, the high point in this biography but there is much on his life in later years. The illustrations are good and include two in color, the notes are numerous and there is an index. A limited signed edition of 250 copies in leather and marbled boards, boxed, with five special inserts also was issued at $20.00. It was over-subscribed and OP on the day the book was published.

Black Sand and Gold (Metropolitan Press, $5.00) by Ella Lung Martinsen is a true story of the Alaska-Klondike gold rush as told to the author by her father, Edward B. Lung. Mrs. Martinsen was the first child born to white parents at Dominion Creek, near Dawson, in Yukon Territory. She used her father's diaries of 1897-98 as source materials and supplemented them with stories told to her by her father. In addition, she added many of her own recollections of life in the gold fields. In addition to the highly personalized and interesting narrative, numerous photos make the book especially appealing.

TRAIL BLAZER

Pedro Vial and the Roads to Santa Fe (University of Oklahoma Press, $8.95) is a detailed study of a little known frontiersman by two members of the faculty of San Diego State College, Noel M. Loomis, western novelist and historian, and Abraham D. Nasatir, Spanish exploration specialist. Vial was a Frenchman in the employ of Spain who spent twenty-six years in the Southwest. He kept a journal in French and it was translated into Spanish for the benefit of the Spanish officials who did not read French. Vial's accounts of his exploration were buried in the archives in Mexico City, Seville, Madrid, Havana and Santa Fe for 140 years before they were found and translated by Prof. Nasatir. Vial died in Santa Fe in 1814. Loomis examines the precarious position of the Spanish in the Southwest in setting the stage, and explaining the reason for Vial's trail blazing journeys. In separate chapters he discusses the British, French and Anglo-American threats to Spain's leadership. This big book (nearly 600 pages) is enhanced with a bibliography, an index, maps and illustrations. It is a most distinctive contribution to early Southwestern history.

MIDST THE MANDANS

George Catlin's *O-Kee-Pa, A Religious Ceremony and Other Customs of the Mandans* (Yale University Press, $12.50) is the Centennial Edition—the rare first was published concurrently in London and Philadelphia in 1867. A comparison of this reprint with the copy of the first in this reviewer's collection indicates an expert job by the Press. However, there are several worthwhile additions—first an introduction by our Number I Indian art scholar, John C. (Jack) Ewers of the Smithsonian. Second, the detached page, *Folium Reservatum* is included—it was issued only to a few scholars with copies of the first. Then there is a reprint of Kipp's *On the Accuracy of Catlin's Account of the Mandan Ceremonies* from the annual report of the Smithsonian for 1872. Kipp was Agent of the American Fur Company and witnessed (along with Catlin, et al) the Mandan ceremonies in 1832. Jack Ewers finishes off his editing job with notes, a bibliography and an index. The thirteen color plates are present in the reprint and with minor corrections in spelling and punctuation so is the text. A fine reprint —recommended.

NOBLE EXPERIMENT

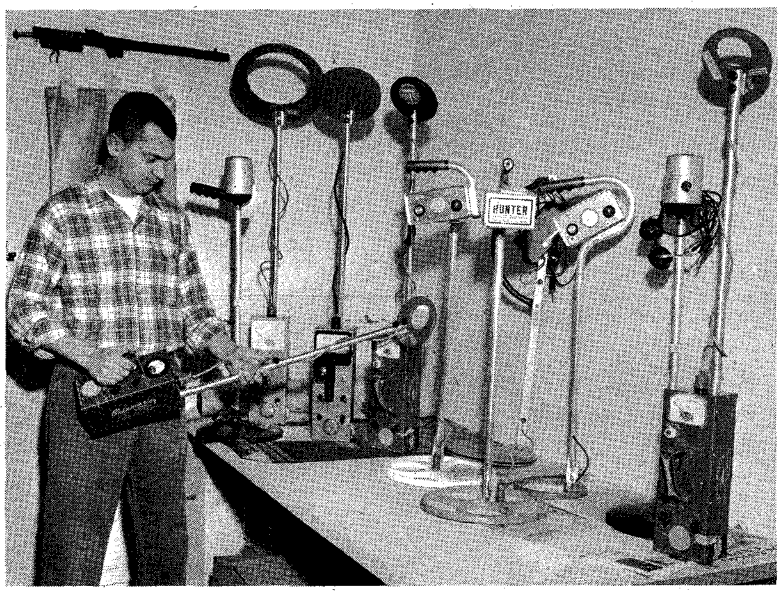
Fort Sumner and the Bosque Redondo Indian Reservation (Privately printed by the author, 1100 North Penn Ave., Roswell, New Mexico 88201, $2.50) is by James D. Shinkle, well known educator and local historian. It is an attractive cloth bound volume, illustrated with old-time photos. There is much on General J. H. Carleton and his Indian policy that led to establishing Fort Sumner and the reservation in 1862 on the Pecos about seven miles south of the present town of Fort Sumner (the railroad missed the town so the people moved to the present site in 1905). The reservation, the first west of Indian Territory, was a noble experiment—an attempt was made to teach the war-loving Mescalero Apaches and the Navajos to farm but the scarcity of firewood and particularly of food doomed it to failure. The Apaches and Navajos did not get along and the Apaches left in a body in 1865—the Navajos were held until they signed a treaty in 1868 that permitted them to go home. The purchase of the Fort by Lucien Maxwell and its use as a center for ranching operations rounds out the narrative. Good local history.

RANCH LIFE

On Santa Cruz Island (Dawson's Book Shop for the Santa Barbara Historical Society, $8.50) is the ranching recollections of Clifford McElrath. Santa Cruz is about twenty miles south of Santa Barbara in the channel and has an area of some 64,000 acres. When McElrath went to the island in 1919 it was all one ranch—he was assistant superintendent for a few months then became superintendent for the rest of his stay—two years. Ranching on Santa Cruz was different to say the least and the author shares his new experiences with his readers. Certainly the roundup (Corrida) of the semi-wild sheep on the ranch was new to this reviewer. Despite the location there was trouble with rustlers and the ranch vaqueros were an interesting lot. In fact, in a year when a number of good cowboy and cattle books have appeared this may well be the best of the

(Continued on page 50)

ARE YOU A TREASURE HUNTER?



RELIC HUNTING BUFF OR COLLECTOR? COIN COLLECTOR OR COIN HUNTER?

DO YOU OWN A METAL DETECTOR OR THINKING ABOUT GETTING ONE?

Are you confused, frustrated and maybe downright mad about the mass of confusing manufacturers' claims on the various instruments? Where can you get the answers? Where can you get honest unbiased facts on metal detectors, prompt service and reply on your inquiries, immediate delivery of new instrument sales and professional assistance in all phases of the field? No malarky, no red tape, no big deals, just plain honest business and fair, firm operation.

The Answer: "THE ASSOCIATION"

An organization dedicated to the future of treasure hunting and all its related fields. An organization which gives prompt delivery by insured parcel post on all instrument sales and assured prompt reply to all inquiries and letters. "THE ASSOCIATION" stocks all instruments it sells and carries the complete line of WHITE, GARRETT, METROTECH, and FISHER metal/mineral detectors.

"THE ASSOCIATION" prides itself in giving immediate attention to all instrument and book orders. Over 65 percent of ASSOCIATION sales are by telephone, with same day shipment. Regardless if it be by telephone, C.O.D., or in-mail orders, instruments and prompt shipment come first with "THE ASSOCIATION."

When you contact "THE ASSOCIATION" you get straight answers to all your questions regarding detectors, books, maps, problems, and lead research materials associated with treasure hunting, relic hunting and coin hunting.

PS . . . If you don't have a copy of the No. 1 free newsletter printed strictly for treasure hunters, drop us a card. It's free and sent the same day requested. Enclose 5¢ for return mail. And by the way, just in case you are interested in firm discounts on new instruments, lead research books and coin sales, you better drop us a line.

BEFORE YOU PURCHASE THAT DETECTOR, OR IF YOU HAVE A PROBLEM ASSOCIATED WITH THE FIELD, CONTACT "THE ASSOCIATION" FIRST. YOU WON'T BE SORRY YOU DID.

"THE ASSOCIATION"

TREASURE BANK BUILDING
P.O. BOX 412, OSCODA, MICHIGAN 48750
Telephone—Days: 517 739-8101 (8-5)
Nites: 517 362-2454 (6-10)

lot. The edition consists of 1,000 copies expertly printed by Grant Dahlstrom at The Castle Press and illustrated with drawings by John Gorham. Recommended.

A RANGER RECOLLECTS

Twelve Years in the Saddle for Law and Order on the Frontier of Texas (Buffalo-Head Press, $12.50) is a facsimile reprint of the very scarce reminiscences of a Texas Ranger, Sergeant W. J. L. (John L.) Sullivan. John L. privately printed his book in 1909 and for a time sold it door to door and on the street. Sullivan set down events as he recollected them and this system does not make for easy reading or enable the reader to get a very clear picture of his career. He made at least one trail drive to Kansas (probably before he joined the Rangers); was a rancher in Moore County, Texas; a deputy sheriff in Williamson County and door keeper of the Texas House. His recollections of his Ranger service are mixed with those of these other periods. However, John L. had a lot to remember and he set it down without literary pretense—it is good source material and entertaining.

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

The role of the newspaperman and printer during the early decades of Western Americana was colorful, hectic, and often dangerous. *Print in A Wild Land* (Doubleday, $5.95) by John Myers Myers is the unique story of frontier journalism during the opening of the West. Choice selections from known and unknown newspapermen are used to highlight the various aspects and powers of the press. Myers' book reaffirms the reputation of the Western journalist as a hoaxer, fulminator, and hell-raiser who "held up a mirror to his times, a vanished era that seems to have died laughing." Included in the early Western literary notables are Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Ambrose Bierce, Eugene Field and others. The author presents his version and analysis of all of them and includes many selections from their writings together with his own salty commentary. John Myers Myers is known to many Western enthusiasts for his *The Harp and the Blade, The Alamo, Doc Holliday,* and *San Francisco's Reign of Terror.*

HIGH ADVENTURE

The Adventures of My Grandfather (Argonaut Press for University Microfilms, $12.50) is a facsimile reprint of the quite scarce 1867 edition by John Lewis Peyton. The Peytons were an old Virginia family and Grandfather Peyton (John Rowzee) went a lot of places and he wrote home about the happenings. He has much to tell about Jamaica and in 1773 he writes from New Orleans, then a city of 12,000. His letters were carefully preserved and three from St. Louis dated May 10, 12 and 13, 1774 tell a remarkable story of Western adventure. En route from New Orleans to Florida his ship is disabled in a storm and captured by the Spaniards. The captives are taken to the mouth of the Rio Grande and then marched overland to Santa Fe—the trip took 89 days. John Rowzee and his half-breed servant spend many days in prison but finally escape with the help of the jailor's daughter, a Catholic priest and a Jew merchant. The jailor's daughter fled with them and they finally reached St. Louis. The book also contains a biographical sketch of the author-compiler's father, John Howe Peyton, lawyer, orator and legislator and eldest son of John Rowzee. The first (1867) edition was published in London and is not well known among Southwestern collectors. This is an attractive reprint, bound in two-tone cloth.

ALL UNHAPPY!

Odie B. Faulk's *Too Far North—Too Far South* (Westernlore Press, $7.50) is the story of the controversial Mexico-U. S. boundary survey and of the Gadsden Purchase. The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo that ended the Mexican War provided for a joint commission of officials of the two nations to run and mark the international boundary. But it took seven years and a new treaty to complete the job. This book is the story of those seven years—many things slowed up the work. The Gadsden Purchase finally settled the Mesilla Valley dispute and the boundary was fixed. In this book you will read much on Emory, Gray, Whipple, Weller, Bartlett, and the old pathfinder Fremont, is in briefly. It is well written—Faulk gathered his material over a period of years and the organization is admirable. The illustrations are from old prints, there is a bibliography plus an index. This is volume XXXV in Westernlore's Great West and Indian Series. Recommended.

SIX FOOT SIX

Sam Houston (Naylor, $2.95) is an enlarged and revised edition of the late Walter F. McCaleb's book for the younger readers. Dr. McCaleb's first edition was issued in 1958—his death in 1967 ends a long career as a historical writer of some thirty-five books. This is a good, if brief, account of the career of the Hero of San Jacinto and it should hold the interest of the small fry. There are a number of spirited drawings by Tom Jones.

Twilight of the Gray Wolf

(Continued from page 17)

to fifty dead wolves a day in this manner before the area was considered "killed out."

Wolf pelts rose in value to about $2.50 apiece as the supply of buffalo hides dwindled. The great herds of bison were all but exterminated by 1880. The destruction of the buffaloes meant the final and utter subjugation of the Indians and the opening of their lands to cattlemen and sheepmen.

Wolves, deprived of their natural prey, began to strike heavily at livestock. County authorities and stockmen offered bounty money for each wolf killed, yet the destruction of cattle continued for many years. Theodore Roosevelt recalled, "In the early Nineties the ravages of the wolves along the Little Missouri became so serious as thoroughly to arouse the stockmen. Not only colts and calves, and young stock, but full-grown horses and steers were continually slain. The county authorities put a bounty of three dollars each on wolf scalps, to which the ranchmen of the neighborhood added a further bounty of five dollars. This made eight dollars for every wolf, and as the skin was also worth something, the business of killing wolves became profitable."

Eventually, in some ranch country, bounties were raised to $100 per wolf. Almost immediately the professional hunters moved back into action, utilizing trained dogs, modern traps, lures, poisons and telescope-sighted rifles. It seems incredible that against such odds wolf depredations continued into the mid-1920s in some Western states. Crafty outlaw wolves were the last to go; these wily veterans could outwit the Government and private hunters.

Outstanding among these now legendary marauders was the famed "Custer Wolf" of the Black Hills. Five hundred dollars was offered for his scalp but he defied all efforts of civilian hunters to collect the reward. A Government hunter finally killed him after working constantly on the job from March to October, 1920.

Old Three Toes of Harding County, South Dakota, lasted the longest of the outlaw wolves. For thirteen years he eluded the best hunters in the business. Finally a Government hunter turned the trick, catching the mighty stock killer in one of fourteen trap settings placed across its runway. The relieved ranchmen of Harding County presented the successful hunter with an engraved gold watch as a token of their appreciation. Old Three Toes, captured in the summer of 1925, was the greatest and last of the outlaw wolves.

Veteran ranchers of South Dakota still talk respectfully and almost affectionately of Old Three Toes. Jim Moran, who was seventeen years old at the time of the outlaw wolf's death, rode thirty miles on horseback to see the body, just as his father had ridden miles in *his* boyhood to view the remains of a noted human outlaw gunned down in an attempted holdup.

"I figured Old Three Toes would look big as a lion, after all the yarns I'd heard about him," related Jim in a letter to the writer in 1959. "Looking at him, dead, it was hard to believe that this raggedy old wolf had made plumb fools out of a hundred and fifty men and destroyed more livestock than some ranchers get to own in a lifetime of hard work. Old Three Toes was the champion of all the stock killers, and so he had to go. But something priceless died with him—something part and parcel of the Old West of the mountain man, the buffalo and the Indian.

"Hell, all of us young old-timers miss the old devil and all his breed! I'll never forget the thrill I got as a boy, lying awake in my bed at night and listening to the mournful howling of wolves in the wooded hills above our ranch-house. That's a sound my son will never hear, and I'm sure sorry for *that.*"

But Jim Moran, like all practical ranchers, remained inflexible in his insistence that the wolf remain eliminated

FORESTER
GAME WARDEN
you?
FISH HATCHERYMAN
SOIL CONSERVATION OFFICER
GAME CLUB MANAGER
APPROVED for VETERANS
"Jobs for SPORTSMEN" How & Where To Get Them
Conservation Career Quiz
Conservation Topics
Conservation Career FACT BOOK
ALL 4 FREE • Rush Coupon

Picture Yourself In One Of These EXCITING OUTDOOR CAREERS

...in Federal, State or Private CONSERVATION!

Help Fill Increasing Demand For Qualified Men In America's Park, Forest & Wildlife Areas!

THRILLS & ADVENTURE

Every day is a new adventure for men in Forestry, Fish and Wildlife Conservation. You may hunt mountain lions, coyotes, wildcats—enforce Conservation Laws and arrest violators—inoculate wild game—plant trout streams—parachute from a plane or land in a helicopter—aid animals marooned by fire or flood—or save the life of an injured hunter. Adventure, public service, prestige—almost like a perpetual vacation with pay!

There's nothing *wrong* with working in an office, store or factory. There's nothing *wrong* with living in a crowded, smoggy city—if you *like* it. And many people do. But if *you* like to hunt and fish—if *you* like to sleep under pines, catch breakfast from icy streams, feel like a million and look like it too, then you owe it to yourself to investigate an exciting Outdoor Career of Adventure with *extra* rewards of hard muscles, bronzed skin and vibrant good health. Rush coupon for FREE "CONSERVATION CAREER KIT"—jam-packed with exciting facts about your future in Conservation.

VACATION JOBS— *a wonderful way to get started!* Make valuable contacts and "learn the ropes." No special training or experience needed. Students can prepare now for next vacation period.

500,000 NEW JOBS! A national magazine reports U. S. Gov't predicts job opportunities in outdoor field due for rapid increases in years just ahead. Estimates high as 500,000 new jobs by 1980 in public and private recreation. Special skills & training will be needed to fill sub-professional jobs. Our graduates are working right now in outdoor positions of responsibility in almost every State and Canada. You, too, may already have basic talents for exciting outdoor positions. Investigate, rush coupon today!

GOOD PAY! SECURITY! NO LAYOFFS!

Although not connected with Government, we show you how to seek out exciting job openings in your state & other areas. Age 17 to 45, sometimes older on luxurious private Game Farms & Hunt Clubs. Many accepting applications now! Most Conservation Careers combine permanence with fine starting pay & regular advances. No layoffs due to slow business. No pay-check worries. A pension may assure you a good income for life. Living costs are low, too!

Rush Coupon for FREE "CONSERVATION CAREER KIT" If you're an outdoor man at heart, get the facts on exciting career opportunities in Conservation for you. Send for FREE "CONSERVATION CAREER KIT," including 20-page Conservation Career Fact Book, self-scoring Aptitude Quiz, 3-month subscription to "Conservation Topics," plus exciting report "JOBS FOR SPORTSMEN—How & Where to Get Them." No cost, no obligation, now or ever. No salesman will call. Rush coupon today.

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CONSERVATION, Dept. 1033
4500 Campus Dr., University Plaza, Newport, Calif. 92660

Rush "CONSERVATION CAREER KIT," including Book, Aptitude Quiz, 3-mo. Subscription & Job Report — ALL FREE!

NAME________________ AGE______
ADDRESS________________
CITY________ STATE________ ZIP______
(Approved for Veterans under new G. I. Bill)

Accredited Member, National Home Study Council. Authorized to issue diplomas by Calif. State Superintendent of Instruction.

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CONSERVATION
4500 Campus Dr., Dept. 1033, Newport, Calif. 92660

from all livestock areas. "Wolves have no place near civilization," says Jim flatly. "With the help of the Government hunters, we've finally got 'em killed off in ranch country. Wolves belong in *wilderness* country."

BIOLOGISTS and naturalists agree with the stockmen that wolves cannot be permitted to range near ranch country, and heartily concur in the logical belief that wolves belong only in wilderness areas. Yet their suggestion that wolves be granted permanent sanctuary in such remote refuges has met with adamant resistence from grievously misinformed persons, among their number many big game hunters.

One of the specious arguments advanced is that wolves go berserk upon occasion, killing many more game animals than are required to satisfy their hunger. This seemingly wanton slaughter occurs most frequently when wolves come upon a number of deer, "yarded up" in deep snow. Biologists vainly point out that such multiple killings form a mere fraction of the wolves' annual toll of deer. Instead of "going mad with blood-lust," as some over-sensitive observers have written, the wolves are simply taking advantage of favorable circumstances to stock enough food to last for a time.

Certainly the wolf, like all carnivores, has an enormous appetite. (By actual test, an adult wolf has been known to eat almost one-fifth of his own weight at a single meal.) It is also true that the adult male wolf has to hunt around the clock to provide food for his mate and her pups from the time the youngsters stop nursing at about three weeks until they can be trained to hunt for themselves at eight or nine weeks. If the night hunt produces no more than a rabbit, part of the meat is brought back to the home den before pop starts out again on his endless rounds.

As a wolf's hunting range may extend over ten or twelve miles and often as much as twenty miles, this entails not only sacrifice but considerable exertion. When a good kill is made at a long distance from the den, the male wolf will eat heavily of the fresh meat, return to his family, and regurgitate it for the pups to feed upon. Litters of from seven to fourteen pups are not uncommon, so all the adult wolves of the clan have their work cut out for them to support the voracious newcomers. No wonder mom and pop kick them out on their own at two months!

Most pups are whelped in April or May; fuzzy little fellows, gray, grayish brown or blackish in color. Their growth is rapid; in less than a year they are practically as large as their parents, ranging up to 24 inches high at the shoulder and weighing up to 100 pounds. The Arctic wolf may reach a weight of 175 pounds. In all cases, the female is about 20 per cent smaller than the male. In color, the gray wolf ranges from dark gray to silver gray, grayish brown, reddish brown, grayish white or even black. White wolves are fairly common in the Arctic, and startlingly beautiful, silky-furred, cream-colored pelts have been taken in Alaska and in the Canadian Northwest Territories.

Refuting the oft-recurring charge that the wolf is a man-killer, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service scientists state that a half-century of painstaking investigation has not disclosed a single verified instance of a wolf attacking a man. Yearly vital statistics, both in the United States and Canada, reveal that humans are killed by bulls, wild dogs—often erroneously called wolves—snakes, spiders, wasps and bees. No death has ever been listed as due to a wolf or so-called "wolf pack." (Wolves often travel together in family groups of from four to five to a dozen, hence the lurid tales of "ravening wolf packs" that crop up periodically in the press.)

Most of our remaining gray wolves—*canis lupus*—are in Alaska; the next largest group ranges in the North Woods of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. It is not coincidental that this beautiful, still unspoiled wilderness area also contains the largest deer herd in America, as it is one of the few regions where the wolf is permitted to continue his immemorial role in Nature's plan to preserve only the fittest of a specie. The old, the sick, and the weak animals fall prey to the wolf; only the healthy and strong individuals survive to procreate their kind.

Amazingly, many experienced hunters are seemingly ignorant of the wolf's primary function in fauna preservation. Others, better informed but still prejudiced, scoff at the scientific findings of qualified observers they are pleased to call "nature nuts."

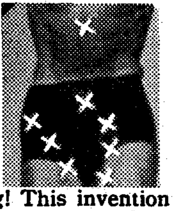
40 TIMBERED ACRES
$1650 TOTAL PRICE
WASH.-IDAHO-MONT.

$50 Down—$25 month, in Northern Idaho, Northeastern Washington, and Western Montana. In the heart of lakes and big game country. All covered with growing timber. Access, Title insurance with each tract. This is select land with natural beauty, recreational and investment values. Your inspection welcomed. Write us for free list, maps and complete information. We have tracts of many types and sizes from which to choose, including Waterfront property on Pend O'reille, Priest and Kettle Rivers and on Hidden Harbor Bay of Pend O'reille Lake.

Write to: Dept. FT

REFORESTATION inc.

P.O. Box 8146, Spokane, Wash. 99203



REDUCIBLE RUPTURE AGONY Removed (or trial COSTS YOU NOTHING)

WHEN you slip into a low-cost, contour-designed Brooks Patented Air Cushion Appliance! Your reducible rupture will be held in securely yet gently—or the trial costs you nothing! This invention has made millions of sufferers happy. You can enjoy heavenly comfort night and day at work and play—or the Appliance costs you NOTHING. Isn't this worth a no-risk trial by you? If interested, write for free facts now.

BROOKS CO., 364-D State St., Marshall, Mich. 49068

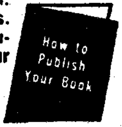
FREE 104 PAGE FULL COLOR CATALOG!

BIG VALUES!

New fall and winter catalog of authentic western wear and square dancing apparel. Write Dept. FT

Western Ranchman Outfitters

210 WEST 16th ST. CHEYENNE, WYOMING 82001
THE NATION'S FINEST WESTERN STORE



Book Authors!

Join our successful authors in a complete and reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books. Send for FREE report on your manuscript & copy of How To Publish Your Book.

FREE

CARLTON PRESS Dept. TWC
84 Fifth Ave., New York, 10011

FREE Western Wear CATALOGUE

"Western Hat Center of the World"
Boots—Coats—Riding Accessories

LUSKEY'S WESTERN STORE
DEPT. T 101 NORTH HOUSTON ST.
FORT WORTH, TEXAS 76102

Hunted almost everywhere, the wolf seems doomed to extinction; only the fast-disappearing grizzly bear seems likely to precede him into oblivion. When that happens, Man, the Great Destroyer, will have scored another dubious victory in his ceaseless campaign to improve upon Nature.

The Brush Poppers

(Continued from page 47)

movie buckaroos. He had little chance to shoot up towns, or be chivalrous. He just tried to hold his own in a fight against wild country and wild cattle. His lot was to eat *frijoles*, throw the *pial*, drink out of cow tracks, and pull thorns out of his hide.

A lot of these men are around today. In spite of root plowing and irrigation and brush control, some of that wild brush country is the same. There are still a lot of places where you can't work cattle from a pick-up truck, where you still need a tracking horse and a low opinion of the worth of your skin for you're liable to lose some of it. The cowboys who are best remembered are those who made the trail drives north, and rode the big ranges from the Llano Estacado to the Judith Basin. But it's sad that the brush popper goes for the most part unnoticed, for he and the longhorn are the pioneers of the whole business.

Milt Blew His Show in Chicago

(Continued from page 31)

Jack Knight. At this Colonel Miller said, "Now that's a damned lie, and you know it! No newspaper publicity man could think of anything like that."

Looking right at me, he continued, "Now, Milt, you are one of the boys from the old school and you know damned well you have used the running iron on cattle—not only on the 101 Ranch but other places—and you know we have worked together. Well, it was a good stunt, so let's forget it!"

WHEN the Pullman car with the eighty-five Indians from the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation arrived in Chicago, Mr. Hall from the Coliseum called me at the hotel. He asked if he should call a truck company to haul the equipment and a bus company to get the Indians. Mr. Hall did not know that Jack Knight and I had plans for this event. I did call a taxi but to take me to the Dearborn Railroad Station. There I told Frank Groin, the chief of police from the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota to get all the Indians dressed in their best costumes with plenty of paint on their faces.

He got them all lined up—some squaws with papooses on their backs, the bucks helping other squaws dragging the teepee poles and teepees. I walked in the lead with my big hat and boots, a gun on my hip, and down the middle of the street we went, ten long blocks to the Coliseum on Halstead Street. As I had intended, we blocked traffic in order to get pictures and publicity. This was not a street parade; we were only moving to the Coliseum, so nothing could be done to stop us. Publicity I wanted and publicity I got!

Mr. Hall welcomed us and the large crowd that had followed us to the Coliseum. I asked him where we could put the Indians. He located them in a large hall about 100 feet wide and 150 feet long. Here they set up camp just like they did on the reservation. But I did not tell them to steal all those brass fixtures they used to brighten up their costumes!

I drove my wife's new convertible painted a bright red—you could see it for blocks. I paid cash for it at Indianapolis and gave it to her for her to use to ride her jumping horses over the top while standing Roman Style. She was a real performer. As I was told it would help me to go first class, I parked it in the doorway of the building, walked into Mr. Hall's office, told him my mission there, that I was booked for an open date for the Coliseum or some other place, that I preferred an indoor building, but would go outside in the ball park or the big Soldier's Field. Of course, this was said just to lead him on. He said he would look up the open dates he had and tell me his terms and rules, etc.

While he was going over his date books I spied a very large safe, and I knew it was where they kept the night's receipts. Before I would let him say one word, I said, "Mr. Hall, I will be here in town until I get a place to show. Would you please let me put a few dollars in the safe?" He said he would be glad to.

At this I opened my shirt, took off my money belt and counted out forty $1,000 bills. He counted them, put them in a large yellow envelope, then gave me a receipt. I said, "I will need about half to get things rolling, and will call for the money in a few days, that is, Mr. Hall, if I don't deal with you. If I do deal with you I will call for it when I run out of what I have on me."

But we came to terms, and then I got me a good sponsor. I phoned Jack Knight at Indianapolis to come on. We got things to rolling in a big way. Knight and I thought the best way to get the champions there was to put up a good purse, and we did: $200.00 per day in each of the events, and the grand finals $1,000.00, first money; $600.00 second; $400.00 third; $300.00 fourth, $200.00 fifth; and $100.00 sixth. We knew this would draw the champions and it sure did. Every act we produced had action and was typical of the West.

I SPENT thousands of dollars for feed for the stock and for the cookhouse to feed the Indians, cowboys, and cowgirls and help of all kinds. I served the best of meals with all the trimmings. I always ran a good cookhouse—it was the backbone of my shows. That was the reason I always had good people.

Then trouble really started. The Ushers' Union wanted ushers to be guaranteed their wages and the local Union of Musicians wanted the same guarantee.

I talked with Mr. Hall and he got it fixed for me. We were only charging 25c for children and 40c for adults and that turned out not to be be enough. The house was full for each performance and still there was not enough money to pay everyone with. I had overdone my dream!

On the eighth or ninth night we sponsored a contest for old-timers in the bucking horse ride. Shorty Ricker was about forty years old, Rube Roberts about thirty-three, Oklahoma Curley Roberts about forty-two and I was fifty-two. All bucked off except me. I rode a horse known as "Tennessee Shawabble," one of Candy Hammer's best buckers. Then to top it off, the judge had me ride Bald Hornet, a great bucking horse. I made the remark, "Well, I won that last go-round, so I will stop while I am the winner!" I didn't do much contesting after that, except to bulldog at each of the performances at the Chicago show.

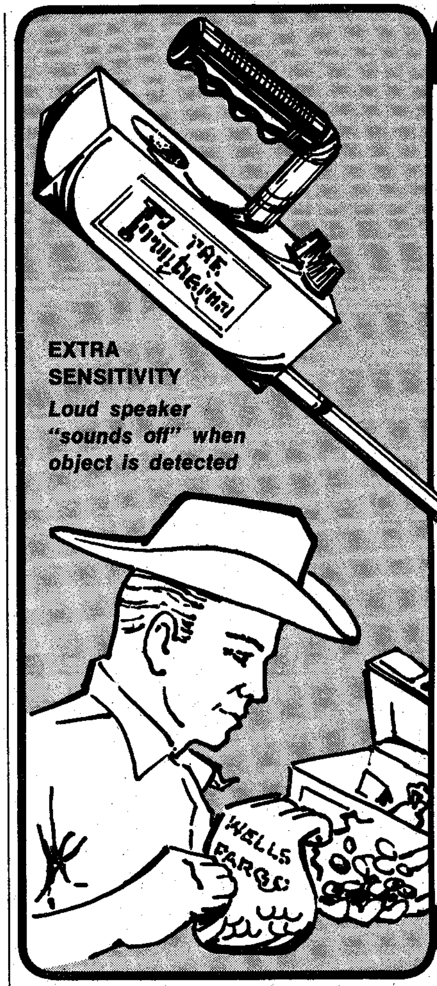
When the tenth day came, I knew I could never pay off 100 percent. So I divided most of my stock between the stock contractors for their pay. Ed Davis, Junior Caldwell, and I trucked two loads of my best stock to La Crosse, Wisconsin, first. When they were over the state line, I told my people I was turning the show over to them and that they each could have what they made.

Well, the big scramble was on! Jim Eskew got the stagecoach, Cliff Gatewood got some of the steers. Joe Greer picked some of the horses. Jack Knight and Alice Sisty left in her truck with her trick riding horses, Chapo, and her other horses. At La Crosse, I had another gent who wanted to put up money for a rodeo at the fairgrounds. His name was Joe Earging. All of my performers came up with us and Colonel Zack Miller hired most of the others for his 101 Ranch Show, which was going to appear at the Chicago World's Fair.

I TOLD my publicity man, Jack Knight, that my most precious possession was my courage, for no matter how dark things seemed, with courage the darkness could be overcome. It proved true—the show at La Crosse was a big success and made money for Joe Earging, one of the best men I ever met. All of my performers received extra bonuses and I was once more on my feet. Nothing much happened at La Crosse, only that Ed Davis and Junior Caldwell tried to whip me, but they didn't succeed. At La Crosse I paid Jack Knight in full and he left for Cleveland.

It was in 1933 at the Coliseum in Chicago that word came that the great "Blue Yodeler," Jimmy Rodgers, was a very sick man and was not expected to live long. A young fellow who had been working in a Chicago radio station walked into the Coliseum with a guitar over his shoulder. He came up to me and said, "Howdy, Milt, I wish you would take time to listen to a tune or so that I sing and see if I sound anything like Jimmy Rodgers. Someone will have to take his place."

I replied that there was only one Jimmy Rodgers and I reckoned no one would take his place. But I agreed to hear the young gent sing, and told him I thought I knew a man who could help him. Colonel W. T. Johnson wanted a singer for his chuckwagon act in Madison Square


EXTRA
SENSITIVITY
Loud speaker "sounds off" when object is detected
WELLS FARGO

TREASURES
FROM THE PAST
Can Be Yours With a New
RELCO DETECTOR!

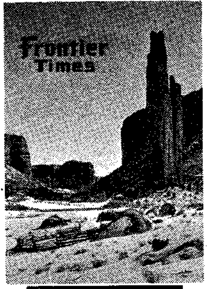
★ Detect buried, gold, silver, coins, treasures.
★ Find placer deposits, veins, nuggets, mineral deposits.
★ All-transistor circuit for extra sensitivity, low operating costs.
★ Distinguishes between gold bearing magnetite and certain minerals and metals, such as silver, iron, copper, etc.
★ Excellent for use along beaches, searching ghost towns or old ruins, etc. Underwater adapter available.
★ Broad detection field. Finds treasures other detectors miss.
★ Determine approximate size and depth of object without complicated switches or dials.
★ Guaranteed two full years.

Relco detectors are favorites with professional treasure hunters, prospectors and collectors everywhere. Order directly from our factory and save.

Amazingly LOW PRICED Just $19^95 to $129^50

FREE!
Write for free catalog and treasure hunting tips.

RELCO DEPT. N-91 BOX 10563
HOUSTON, TEXAS 77018



THE ISSUES OF TODAY ARE THE RARITIES OF TOMORROW!

Hardly a mail goes by but that we get letters saying "I missed this or that issue of TRUE WEST or FRONTIER TIMES." . . . By golly, many of 'em are now unavailable. So-o-o-o-o . . . bend your good ear forward and . . .

DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE!

HERE'S HOW TO SUBSCRIBE!

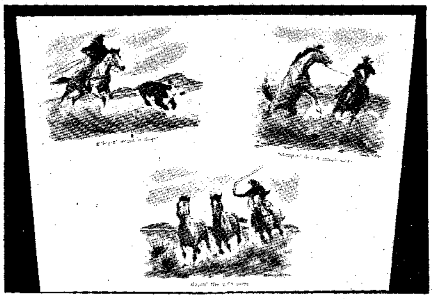
WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3668, Austin, Texas 78704
Publishers of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES

I enclose: $4.00 for 6 issues of each magazine________
$7.00 for 12 issues of each magazine________

Name________
Address________
City________State________Zip________
New________ Renewal________
________This is a Gift Subscription. Please send one of your special gift announcement cards with my compliments.
Sent by________
(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)

BILL PROBLEMS?
WE CAN HELP YOU—TODAY
NOBODY REFUSED UP TO $18,000.00
Bad Credit No Problem ■ Not a Loan Co.
Send Your Name and Address For FREE Application To Nearest Office
INTERNATIONAL ACCEPTANCE, dept. M-76
★ 5133 N. Central Ave., Phoenix, Ariz. 85012, ★
119 Ann St., Hartford, Conn. 06103,
★ 507 Carondelet St., New Orleans, La. 70130 ★
or 504 Victoria Ave., Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Books Found . . .
Out-of-print books at lowest prices!
You name it—we find it!
Western Americana and Indian Books a specialty. Fast service. Send us your wants—no obligation.
International Bookfinders
Box 3003-TW Beverly Hills, Calif.

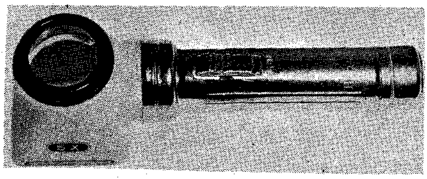


ROPIN' STATIONERY

FULL COLOR, exciting action scenes of "Ropin' the Wild Ones" by Stanley Long. 50 sheets of white linen paper, popular size—10½x7¼—in a handsome gift box. Gift card enclosed if requested. 14 blank and 36 illustrated sheets with matching envelopes. Order "Ropin' the Wild Ones" today! Only $2.50 per box. Money-back guarantee. Or send 10c for brochure showing Christmas cards, notes, prints, etc. Our 18th year! Thank you kindly, and don't forget, the postage is free from the Leanin' Tree.

THE LEANIN' TREE RANCH

Box 1500 Boulder, Colo. 80302



See What Natural Gold Really Looks Like with this new beautiful 5 power pocket battery powered flashlight magnifying glass. A host of uses. Comes with small natural gold nugget, ready to operate. Weight 4½ oz. Price only $3.95, prepaid and insured to you. May be shipped C.O.D.

WHITE'S ELECTRONICS

1218 Main St. Dept. FT Sweet Home, Oregon

Send for FREE WESTERN CATALOG!

- 96-page fully illustrated catalog with many styles in full natural color!
- Widest selection of all types of Western clothing and saddlery. Lowest prices.
- Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back!

JACKE WOLFE Ranchwear

Dept. T 62 East Second South

Salt Lake City, Utah 84111

Find HIDDEN TREASURES

Find TREASURE and RELICS with new 1968 models. Used by professionals and amateurs the world over. Guaranteed to detect Gold, Silver Coins, battlefield relics. FREE INFORMATION.

RAYSCOPE DEPT. J-3

Box 715 No. Hollywood, Calif. 91603

STOP TOBACCO

Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have with Tobacco Redeemer. Write Today for free booklet telling of injurious effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved over 300,000 people.

In Business Since 1909

FREE BOOK

THE NEWELL COMPANY

Dept. K582 Chesterfield, Mo. 63017

AGAIN AVAILABLE!

"Some Western Treasure Trails," by Rascoe; from Texas to Pacific including Colorado, Nevada; 80 pgs., six maps, $2.50 postpaid.

FRONTIER BOOKS

Ft. Davis, Texas 79734

Garden. Jimmy Rodgers did pass on and was taken to his last resting place in Mississippi. So this young fellow, who had sung for us, got the job from Colonel Johnson and made good and went on from there to fame and fortune. He was none other than the popular Gene Autry.

From La Crosse, Wisconsin, we played up in the Dakotas, Iowa, and Nebraska. In 1934 I produced a real big rodeo at the Michigan State Fair. In April, 1935, I was in the Duquesne Garden, where I produced a big rodeo for John Harris. It was called the "Milt Hinkle World Champion Texas Rangers Rodeo." In 1937 I produced a big rodeo at Suffolk Downs, Boston, Massachusetts, for George Hamid. The next year I put on a big rodeo show for the Knights of Columbus at the Loyola Stadium at New Orleans, Louisiana. Roy Matthews, a 1937 calf-roping champion, broke his ankle there. I also produced a rodeo at the Mid-South Fair in Memphis, Tennessee. It was my fourth time in Memphis.

In 1939 I was the Arena Director of the Wild West and Rodeo under the direction of John Krimsky at the New York World's Fair. I put the Wild West Show together in the fall and took charge and ran the sideshow of the Russell Brothers Circus.

I loved every minute of rodeo life. I could look any man in the face and tell him just what I thought of him and could back it up, too. And I can't get away from it. I am still helping to promote shows anytime, anywhere. The price is not twenty-five and forty cents now, but two dollars to six dollars and the shows are not as big or as thrilling.

A Ride For Life

(Continued from page 41)

slowly away from our camping ground. Our furs were packed in a huge bundle and fastened on behind us, and Seth, as he moved away, looked like a picture I seen once of an Arab on a camel crossing a desert.

"I don't think we had gone a mile when we heard the awfullest yell behind us that ever fell on mortal ears. It seemed like it was loud enough to take the sky right up from the ground where it seemed to be settin' like a great bowl.

"We knew right off what the yell meant. It told us we were not a moment too soon in our departure, for the redskins had determined upon having our furs, our traps and our hair and had pitched upon tonight for the deed.

"Giving our horses a smart blow with our sticks, we bounded off over the prairie as fast as they could carry us.

"WE KNEW that every foot we gained now in our flight we should need, for the Injuns would soon be upon our trail with fleet horses, and they would have no difficulty in pursuing us as soon as the moon came up; and even now the sky was growing brighter toward the eastward.

"Thinks I, 'What would I give if I had the power of old Father Joshua, so that I could make the moon stand still for an hour or two!' But I hadn't, and afore long it was lighting up everything as bright as day.

"Another yell, this one further off, but full as the first. We stopped our horses, and dismounting, threw ourselves flat on our faces and placed our ears to the ground. A moment and we were satisfied that the pursuit had begun. We could plainly hear their horses' hoofs striking the ground at a quick rate. Hastily springing to the back of our horses, we bounded away.

"All that night the chase was kept up and when morning came and the sun had risen, we could see our pursuers not above a mile away—about two score of them, we reckoned.

"'Would they never turn back?' was the question I asked Seth, but he shook his head and urged on his tired beast.

"On we went, the dry grass crackling beneath the feet of our horses, whose strength was gone. Gobs of foam-like sweat rolled off them and they were breathing hard.

"'They are gaining on us,' I exclaimed, looking back at the Injuns around an hour later.

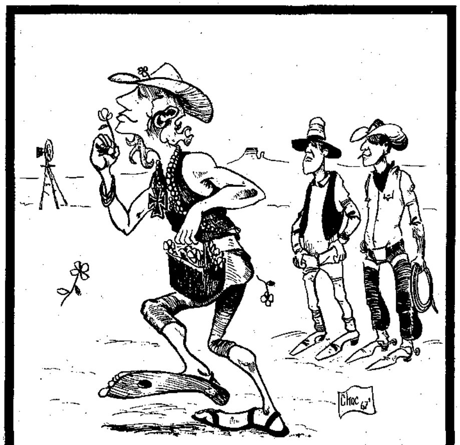
"'Yes,' said Seth, 'We must throw away our furs; there is no help for it, and maybe it will satisfy them.'

"It was a hard case, but the straps were cut, and away rolled the reward of all our time and toil upon the prairie. A little later, we looked back again. The pursuing Injuns came up to the packs, but hardly paused in their chase. Two of them remained behind to secure the plunder, but the others came on, thirsting for our blood. On, on and on—ours was now a race for life.

"Our horses were brave steeds and proud, but how much longer they could hold out we knew not. If those on which the Injuns were mounted prove the strongest, our fate was decided.

"SUDDENLY, as we came up out of a small hollow, the sun grew dark and the smell of fire filled the air. Ahead was a forest that lined the horizon, and it was on fire! We paused in terror, unmindful of the oncoming savages.

"Before us a line of fire extended as far as the eye could reach and it was advancing towards us at a considerable



What else did your son learn in college, Jake?

speed for the wind was in our faces. If we turned back, death would be sure at the hands of the redskins; if we kept on, we must perish in the flames. All hope of escape seemed gone.

"A shout of triumph came from the redskins. They thought our capture was certain.

" 'The fire is more merciful than the red devils,' Seth said as he dismounted. I did the same. With a strip torn from our blankets, we blindfolded the horses, then remounted and wrapped the remainder of the blankets closely around us. Our horses were urged toward the crackling flames.

"The poor critters snorted with fear, but obeyed the reins and voices. For a minute the heat was terrible, and the smoke suffocating; the next, I could breathe again.

"Inside the line of fire, we tumbled to the ground and tore the bandages from the eyes of our poor steeds. Theirs had been the worst portion; you couldn't touch them without their flesh clinging to your fingers.

"Above the roaring and snapping of the flames we could hear the triumphant shouts of the heathens. They imagined that we had perished. Soon they retreated from the advancing fire and we heard no more of them.

"The remainder of our journey back here was made on foot. Our horses we put out of their misery on the spot. To this day I and Seth have never been back to Injun country, nor do we have any hankering for such a trip."

Gold in Iron Boxes!

(Continued from page 9)

his camp for pilfering and found none—not even tracks. The Indians' trail was followed two miles to where they mounted ponies and departed toward the distant valley. Backtracking, Henry reached an old fallen log from behind which they had watched him at work over a period of many days. The fact that he had failed to discover them before irked him. He decided to do something about them.

BEFORE the next dawn he lay hidden on their incoming course. When the two Indians came past his concealment as soundlessly as winging birds he recognized them as Middle Verde Apaches.

Henry allowed them to settle down to spy from behind the big log before breaking the bark between them with a bullet. The startled pair leaped to their feet, and the wham of another shot sent them speeding off in opposite directions.

The Indians did not reappear for the next few days as Henry returned to hunting the lost gold. This time he concentrated on the short space of ground between the station and the barn and corral. Henry was running very short of powder.

When the Indian spies returned to Pine Springs, and snow lay deep on the mountain, Henry moved back to Camp Verde.

In the little village which had sprung up below the fort he found a long-time friend. In confidence he revealed details of his search, and told about the Indian skulkers. Henry did not believe they had a personal interest in the gold, so why did they watch him?

The friend shook his head glumly and stated that a local businessman had long considered the vanished iron boxes of gold his exclusive property. He declared no one else would be allowed to bring them out if and when found. He bragged to intimates that he knew where the gold was cached. Some day he would go get it. If so, he never got around to it, for he died owning no more than his haphazard business.

"He has many friends among the Apaches along the river," the friend informed Henry. "Without a doubt he hired them to watch you at Pine Springs."

The story must have been true, for although Henry hunted for the iron boxes several times more in succeeding years, he was never spied on again or molested.

Five years after the robbery very few remained around who knew about it. Pioneers who came after them were concerned only with making a living. Today not half a dozen old-timers living at Flagstaff, Camp Verde, or close to Mahan Mountain even know that a stage station once existed at Pine Springs and that there was also an officially established post office.

A man from Prescott spent two months around Mahan Mountain. On returning to town he threw gold double eagles around freely, buying drinks in the famed Palace Bar. Asked how he got so well-heeled he announced that he had found the stage robbery loot at Pine Springs. His story created considerable stir until it came out that he had won a small sum of money in a Camp Verde poker game. The man had heard only vague rumors concerning the loot.

A COWBOY on the Mogollon Rim for a lifetime, Frank Ferrill, after retiring to Camp Verde became deeply interested in the missing gold. Unable to find Mrs. Henderson, he did manage to contact Stacey in Escondido, California. He next located two former members of the posse and three ex-employes of the stage company. These men had been on the scene at the time of, or soon after, the robbery.

All of them described what they saw at Pine Springs and revealed what few facts they knew. Yet from them came not one clue enabling Ferrill to find the cache. Going to Mahan Mountain he searched desultorily and soon quit.

One man who never went to Pine Springs decided to first find out if the gold could still be on or around the site. In his estimation either stage company employes or the posse had found the three iron boxes quickly, then entered into a conspiracy of silence and divided the gold. From the Prescott weekly newspapers published at that time and from records of the long defunct stage company, he compiled a comprehensive list of men concerned. The next several years were spent investigating each one. Most were then dead. But dead or alive, not one had suddenly become prosperous by some unexplained means.

D. O. Saunders, who later became Arizona State Bank Examiner, managed

(Continued on page 58)

MEDICINE MAN, YOU HAVEUM BAD BREATH!

There were probably quite a few red men and white men too, with bad breath; for that matter, bad teeth, bad appendix and all sorts of medical ailments. Frontier sickness and disease killed more mortals than all the massacres combined.

Just as sure as root juice cured the belly ache, many of the valuables lost, hidden and buried by the pioneer population still remain the secrets of their impromptu demise. However, with a **GARRETT** metal detector this secret heritage is yours to find. And exclusive features like dual-coil depth penetration, weak battery warning signal, fail-safe meter circuit and side mounted controls are strong medicine that make treasure hunting with a **GARRETT** detector easier and more effective than even units costing more wampum.

There are many lost treasures rewarding in both historical interest and financial gain. Even the old iron kettle has an antique value worthy of your effort. So before you take your squaw and little braves to the happy hunting ground, send for our booklet on **TREASURE HUNTING TIPS.** It could make the difference of coming back to your teepee with a pot of gold or a long pale face.

GARRETT ELECTRONICS

P.O. Box 28434
Room 206
Dallas, Texas 75228

SPECIAL GIFT OFFER!

No. 50TW No. 51TW No. 54TW No. 60TW

No. 37FT No. 38FT No. 39FT No. 40FT

Here's an easy, inexpensive Gift Package for you. It's a present that is appreciated far beyond its actual dollars-and-cents value. A bundle of magazines with hours and hours of fascinating reading with the timelessness of the Old West for ANYONE WHO LIKES THE WEST—your dad, brother, grandpa, old friend, that guide who was so helpful—by gosh, durned nigh anybody! And you can do it all for a measly buck—or two bucks if you want both magazines sent.

Shown here are our most plentiful issues. We'll send a package of 4 to any address for $1.00! Or, we'll send all 8 for $2.00! Name yer pizen!

This gift offer supersedes all previous offers.

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC. P.O. Box 3668, Austin, Texas 78704

GET 'EM NOW! BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE . . .

If you secured the first twelve issues of OLD WEST as they hit the newsstands, you now have a set of COMPLETE rare book reprints worth $697.50 (book dealer value of the original editions). If you did not, then latch on to these collector issues while our limited stock is still available at the original newsstand price! These books, in addition to the bonanza of stories, articles and features by America's top western authors, go to make up a stockpile of great western reading that will be as interesting ten years from now as it is today.

OW1—50c OW2—50c OW3—50c OW4—50c OW5—50c OW6—50c

OW7—50c OW8—50c OW9—50c OW10—50c OW11—50c OW12—50c

THEY SIMPLY WON'T LAST LONG . . . SO ORDER NOW!

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, P. O. Box 3668, Austin, Texas 78704

THE WAY

TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES never get out of date. Filled with the timeless sagas of the Old West, the back issues are fascinating to read, and to keep. Begin the interesting hobby of collecting them, and watch their value grow as they become more and more scarce. As soon as we sell out of a back issue, collectors immediately begin asking $1, $5 or more for a copy—and getting it!

Issues on this page are available now, but won't be for long. Why don't you take advantage of this offer—pick a few back issues to try. Each issue has the same high quality, factual Old West material you expect and get from current issues.

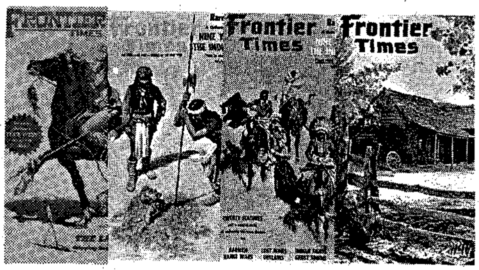
And don't forget that TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are really the same type magazine—we are just sneaky enough to issue them under different titles so they will stay on the newsstands longer. Order now, before it's too late!

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS

Box 3668-BI Austin, Texas 78704

NOTICE: Western Publications will give a 10% discount on all back issue orders totaling $30.00 or more.

71TW—35c 72TW—35c 73TW—35c 74TW—35c

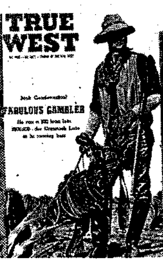

3FT—$1.00 22FT—35c 23FT—$1.00 24FT—$1.00

36FT—35c 37FT—35c 38FT—35c 39FT—35c

THE WEST REALLY WAS!

31TW—$1.00

33TW—$1.00


39TW—$1.00

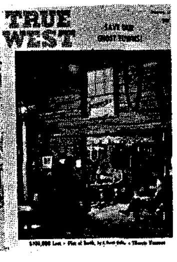
47TW—35c

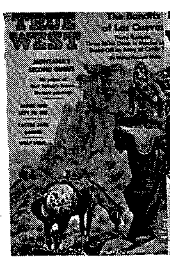
48TW—35c

49TW—35c

50TW—35c

51TW—35c


52TW—$1.00


53TW—35c

54TW—35c

55TW—35c

56TW—35c

57TW—35c

58TW—35c

59TW—35c

60TW—35c

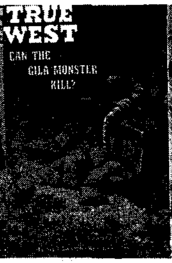
61TW—35c

62TW—35c

63TW—35c

64TW—35c

65TW—35c


66TW—35c

67TW—35c

68TW—35c

69TW—35c

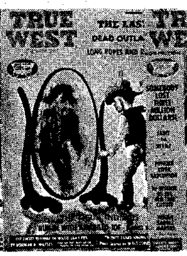
70TW—35c

75TW—35c

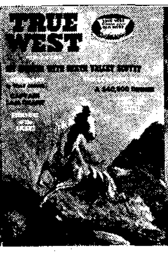
76TW—35c

77TW—35c

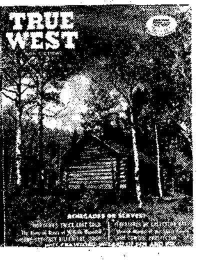
78TW—35c


79TW—35c

80TW—35c


81TW—35c

82TW—35c


83TW—35c

25FT—35c

26FT—35c

27FT—35c

29FT—35c

30FT—35c

31FT—35c

32FT—35c

33FT—35c

34FT—35c

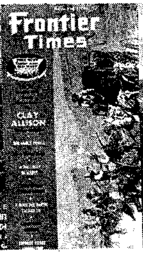
35FT—35c

40FT—35c

41FT—35c

42FT—35c

43FT—35c

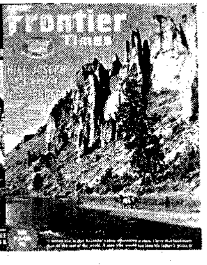

44FT—35c

45FT—35c

46FT—35c

47FT—35c

48FT—35c


49FT—35c

Genuine Handlasted Benchmade "Joe Hall" Imported Boots Handmade Leather Lined Hand Finished

Satisfaction Guaranteed—Free Catalog

The vamps and 16-inch tops with 6-inch Zipper in back are of beautiful soft glove leather. Nylon stitched, steel shanks, leather lined walking heel, narrow toe.

No. 2100, Sun Tan
No. 2101, Black
No. 2102, Brown
No. 2103, Red
No. 2104, Royal Blue
No. 2105, White

SAME BOOT IN ROUGH-OUT

No. 2000, Sun Tan
No. 2001, Brown
No. 2002, Royal Blue
No. 2006, Black
No. 2007, Red

$29.45

Give measurements in inches of calf of your leg. $5.00 deposit on C.O.D. orders—You pay postal charges. We pay postage on prepaid order.

Our guarantee—for exchange or refund return boots undamaged and unworn within 10 days.

FREE CATALOG—Adults' and Children's Boots, Western Shirts, Pants, Hats

HALL-YSLETA BOOT CO.

BOX 17971-T, EL PASO, TEXAS 79917

STUBBORN SKIN TROUBLES?

Rough, scaly spots that itch and itch? Cracked fingers or hands? Ringworm, Eczema or itchy scalp? If you've tried everything else and the trouble still persists, it's time you tried HOOPER'S TETTREMIDY—the original "Don't Scratch" lotion. Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back. If your druggist cannot supply—8-ounce bottle sent postpaid for $2.00, check or money order. ETMA SALES COMPANY, 9220 Plano Road, Dallas, Texas 75238.

LIFE INSURANCE

ISSUED BY MAIL • KEEP IT FOR LIFE

MAIL THIS AD NO OBLIGATION

APPLICATION MAILED TO YOU

$5000 ENTRY AGES 21 to 70 • $2000 ENTRY AGES 21 to 80

Whole Life Policy pays world-wide for death from any cause, any time, except during first policy year for either suicide or death from undisclosed pre-existing health conditions. Mail your name, address, zip code; year of birth and ad to Great Lakes Insurance Co., Elgin, Ill. 60120. Dept CE51J6

EXPERT DICE

CARDS, INKS, etc.

STRONG! RELIABLE!
CATALOG $1.00
O. C. NOVELTY CO., Dept. WP-3
1311 W. MAIN, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA. 73104

BLUE STAR OINTMENT STOPS ITCHING IN FIVE MINUTES OR MONEY BACK!

Stop athletes foot, ringworm, tetter, other itches. Get fast relief. A household standby since 1913. At better drug counters or send $1.00 to:

BLUE STAR OINTMENT
P.O.BOX 21088 W HOUSTON, TEXAS 77026

Send for your free copy of

"Western Americana"

Latest catalog of much-wanted out-of-print books at reasonable prices. Also: send your lists of books wanted. Free search service!

INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS
Box 3003-TW, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Gold In Iron Boxes!

(Continued from page 55)

a bank at Clarkdale in the upper Verde Valley. Happening onto some pertinent information by accident, he grew keenly interested. During a search which extended from the early 1920s to 1935, he was assisted by a close friend, Thomas V. Long of Flagstaff.

On week ends and holidays they drove to Mahan Mountain and camped. Time and again they searched the area around Pine Springs, but discovered no clue to the cache. Says Long today, "The fortune in gold remains there. I am convinced of it as strongly as when we hunted for it. By whatever means the robbers hid it, they sure did a good job!"

Other treasure hunters who are well known to me are agreed on a supposition—that the iron boxes were dropped into a convenient, shallow volcanic crack at the base of the mountain behind the stage station barn and corral. This, they are convinced, is the secret of how it was stashed away so quickly and completely as to defy retrieving.

This idea does seem possible. There is ample evidence that such a crack once existed until an earthquake in 1885 shook all of northern Arizona. The quake destroyed many springs and numerous caves on Coconino Plateau, and closed known earth cracks when the surface was shifted by violent tremors.

Wash Henry passed on his legacy of Pine Springs lore to T. R. (Ford) McElroy. The two men met in 1920 while McElroy was engaged in road construction around Mormon Lake, a few miles north of Mahan Mountain. Henry was the powder man, working summers for money to continue prospecting. He still traveled the country in his burro-drawn wagon.

The very old man and the young one were close friends for many years, until Henry's death in the Pioneer's Home at Prescott, 1931. Now retired, McElroy lives in Flagstaff. He has outfitted a "treasure hunter's special" that is the envy of many. It is a four-wheel drive panel truck fitted with a sleeping bunk, and all the equipment and supplies necessary to spend weeks or months in the most isolated places. It will negotiate mountain and desert terrain, and contained in special chests are metal detecting devices of use only to an expert treasure hunter.

The solidly built McElroy does not admit to being a treasure or lost mine hunter. He just "looks around" in the wilderness as a recreational activity. Nevertheless, his knowledge of lost mines and treasures and prospecting is second to none in the Southwest.

He will talk readily of Wash Henry, discussing what the old man told him by many a campfire light. But of his own experiences in hunting the Pine Springs gold nothing of importance passes his lips.

Recently when asked if he thinks the iron boxes are still there he replied, "They are. They could be in a ground crack, or they may have been buried in a shallow hole under a cliff of the mountain base. In either instance the early day earthquake that rattled windows in Flagstaff and Camp Verde may well have covered them. Then again, maybe all those people hunting them for the past ninety years simply failed to look in the right spot."

Rarely does a summer pass when he is not seen camped in thick timber somewhere in the vicinity of the stage station site. He carries a .45-70 rifle rebarreled for modern ammunition, and wears a belted six-gun while poking around Mahan Mountain.

When hardy men like McElroy consider a place dangerous, it is. Mystery men have been observed dodging out of sight. There are well founded reports of treasure hunters' being shot at during past years. Maybe the bullets were dispatched as warning that their presence is not wanted; maybe not. McElroy thinks that whoever is lucky enough to find the vanished fortune in gold will experience considerable trouble bringing it out safely.

Access is easy to Pine Springs during the summer months and anyone can find the old place. When the long winters close down, snow covers the ground as deep as six feet, and much more where it drifts. Until late spring when the ground dries hard, mud bogs down wheeled vehicles. A good many fishermen, hunters and woodsmen have been carried out of there by the county sheriff's rescue squads.

A paved road leads south of Flagstaff, past Mary and Mormon Lakes to Happy Jack logging village (the old one). Eight miles north of Happy Jack, Coconino National Forest Road No. 22 forks southeast from the highway. Five miles on, this rocky road passes along the northeast side of Mahan Mountain, thence veers east to Soldier Annex Lake.

By turning off Road 22 and the bend close to the mountain, pickup trucks and four-wheel drive vehicles can pass south to some old buildings which were once the Mahan homestead. Probably half a mile farther on, below a stock watering tank, are the springs and the site of the old stage station. Years ago stockmen erected lay-over and line cabins in the area but these have largely rotted down.

This is one of the most beautiful sections of the great Cononino National Forest, and it has to date concealed well its secret of the three gold-filled iron boxes. Not even searchers using expensive detectors have come up with anything.

The Great Green Parks of the Rockies

(Continued from page 20)

bathed during the morning hours or late at night, and the ladies in the afternoon when they had the hotel to themselves, the men having gone about their business affairs.

Taking a bath created quite a procession down the corridors. First came the porter with the tub which he carried inside the room and set down in the middle of the floor. Another porter followed with a big water bucket full of cold, lukewarm, or hot water as the bather ordered, then the maid with an armload of towels. When the first bucket of water was poured into the tub, the bather sat on the little stool and scrubbed himself with soap while the porter with the water bucket went back for more. It took two porters to carry out the tub because it was never emptied in the bedrooms.

The old tub served all alike whether the bather was a Ute Indian who had come into Poncha Springs to barter some furs and who had signed the register with an inky thumb print, or an old mountaineer who put an "X" by his room number, or a most highly educated gentleman from Oxford.

The hotel keys stayed at the hotel. One could not easily carry a key around with him and not know it, for each was fastened on a loop of heavy leather about two feet long with a big brass plate which had the room number on it.

A doctor, T. J. Reid, had the idea that the little town with its ninety-nine hot springs could rival the well known Hot Springs, Arkansas, and he set about putting the place on the map. His companions in the venture were a G. G. Latta and W. Nelson. There was no law then against blue sky advertising and those promoters really let their imaginations run wild.

They mailed out brochures which claimed miraculous powers for the water and stated that 40,000 visitors a day could be accommodated by the bath houses. The water ranged in temperature from 90° to 175°, and there was twice as much of it as Hot Springs, Arkansas had.

Chronic and acute alcoholism, weak and diseased lungs and throats, inherited blood poisoning, chronic ulcers and paralysis from blood poisoning, nervous diseases from an overworked brain, unnaturally cold feet, sleeplessness and neuralgia of the head, were a few of man's ills which the water of Poncha Springs could alleviate forever, according to the promoters.

Of course, the town never became a prominent spa, but it has retained its lovely setting and has a tradition of peace. The people of South Park claim they are protected by a guardian angel, for high on a mountain called Shavano, there are three deep clefts or crevices that are filled with snow. When the snow on the rest of the mountain has melted away the crevices are still white and form an angel with wings outspread.

The Fight at Brunckow's Cabin

(Continued from page 25)

was named the "Heintzelman Mine." This time, the ore which Brunckow had located was so rich and in such abundance that operations were begun without hesitation.

The silver-copper "glance-ore" came out at $7,000 per ton, and when the first big supply train arrived in the autumn of 1857 from Santa Fe, Arizona Territory, it went back with ore samples stuffed in leather bags, a ton to a wagon. The high-grade ore went back through Santa Fe to Kansas City and was meant to convince eastern investors that the Heintzelman Mine was truly a going concern. It should have been, because even then with only the crude adobe-brick furnaces available, 10 long-tons of ore yielded 2,300 ounces of pure silver plus *a bonus of 300 pounds of raw copper!*

This was more than enough for any mining engineer and like so many others, Brunckow got the "fever", too. Why should he work for someone else, when he might strike it rich on his own? When he left for the East on April 15, 1859, Brunckow had probably already decided to try for his golden opportunity in Arizona.

On his return to the Territory he selected as his homesite this rocky hill, now about 200 yards off the old Tombstone-Charleston stage coach road. Precisely 9/10ths of a mile by road, east of the San Pedro River, is the turn-off to his cabin. In the 1860s the San Pedro often had running water in it and was sometimes the scene of serious flooding. Frederick Bunckow located a promising outcropping of mineral bearing rock and began work on his San Pedro Silver Mine, a short distance from his house. He took in two partners, and then hired a dozen Mexican laborers.

ALL began well enough as Brunckow and his partners stocked their small store with over $2,000 in trade-goods imported from St. Louis. In addition, each partner had some cash on hand, plus silver and gold. It wasn't much, but to the penniless peons working around the store it must have seemed like a fortune. When seven horses and some mules were driven into the corral the Mexican workers made up their minds to steal everything in sight. Their chance came in July, 1860.

Early in the morning of July 23, William Williams left the Brunckow cabin for a trip to Fort Buchanan, thirty-six miles due west, to purchase a wagonload of flour. He went alone on horseback, intending to rent a wagon and hire a teamster at Fort Buchanan for the return trip. Everything seemed perfectly peaceful when he left his brother James at the store. With James Williams were Brunckow; his German cook, David Brontrager; and a former chemistry professor from St. Louis, James C. Moss.

No sooner had Williams ridden off than the peons began to loiter closely around the premises. Early the same afternoon they struck. Mr. Brunckow was up on the hill working at his mine shaft and the cook was sitting in the kitchen quietly reading a book. Professor Moss and James Williams were outside. These two were shot down in the initial mad attack, and David Brontrager was seized and held prisoner inside the cabin. His life was spared by the Mexican miners because they had known him when he spent some time down in Sonora. They wanted to save his life, they said, because he was a good Catholic. Going to church regularly had saved his life!

The other assassins raced up the hill to confront their employer. For his kindness to them Brunckow was repaid by being beaten to death, shot several times, stabbed and then thrown to the bottom of his mine shaft.

ARE YOU ??

- A TREASURE HUNTER?
- PROSPECTOR?
- ARTIFACT HUNTER OR COLLECTOR?
- COIN HUNTER OR COIN COLLECTOR?

Then You Better Read This!

"The Association" proudly submits to it's newspaper readers, Association members, customers, as well as the interested general public, a NEW idea in low cost transistorized metal/mineral detectors.

"THE ACHIEVER"

- 5 Transistors (No tubes)
- *Crystal Controlled Oscilator For Greater Stability*
- Rugged, but Light (3½ lbs.)
- *Large Sensitivity Meter*
- *Battery Monitor*
- *Professional Earphones*
- *Internal Speaker*
- *Waterproof Highly Sensitive 8" Search Loop (Coil)*
- *Waterproof Probe Rod (Stem)*
- *Beat Frequency Operation With Metal Or Mineral Selectivity*

This excellent dectector allows operator to submerge the search loop plus 22" of the probe rod completely in water to a depth of 24" without damage to the instrument, in order to search streams, creeks, creek beds, beaches, etc., *in addition to general treasure hunting,* coin shooting and artifact hunting. No extra loops to contend with. Sensitive enough to detect a single penny or an iron pot. And great for nugget shooting in wet areas.

Total Price—$129.50 complete

F.O.B. Oscoda, Mich.

Write today for free information on "THE ACHIEVER" *and* you better ask for our free newspaper while you're at it. It's written by treasure hunters for treasure hunters and gives you the straight facts on treasure hunting, instruments and their uses, finds and leads.

"THE ASSOCIATION"

Attn.: JOHN BALLINGER

Treasure Bank Bldg., P.O. Box 412, Oscoda, Michigan 48750

Phones: Day 517—739-8101 8-5
Nite 517—362-2454 6-10

The cook was tied on a horse and taken with the murderers on their mad flight across the international border and down into the interior of Old Mexico, where they hoped to escape capture and punishment. Their families looted the store of everything they could carry or pack on the mules, and then everyone took off for Sonora. What could not be taken along was smashed, as is the way with vandals everywhere.

Some thirty miles away, after the precipitous flight into the desert, David Brontrager was released, but his shoes were taken from him and he was left behind without any water. This was about midnight on the 23rd of July, and it was not until four days later that the cook was finally able to reach Camp Jecker, where a survey camp had been set up by the Sonora Survey Commission.

Brontrager was taken to Fort Buchanan the next morning, only to be arrested! To the German's great suprise he was thrown into irons and shoved into the guardhouse by Capt. R. S. Ewell. While the cook never expected to be treated as a conquering hero, he must have been shocked when he was jailed. Later on, the Commanding Officer reportedly offered the lame excuse that Brontrager was put into irons "to protect him from enraged citizens" and that he might be needed as a material witness if they ever caught the slayers.

In the meantime William Williams had reached Fort Buchanan, bought his flour, and unable to hire a regular teamster to drive the wagon had arranged to have two young sons of Mr. Acke ride back with him. They arrived at the scene of the multiple murders late at night on July 26, and immediately noticed that the many barking dogs of the Mexicans were not around to noisily greet them. Rushing inside the cabin Williams found his dead brother's body lying amidst the rubble of the looted store. He could see that what hadn't been stolen had been smashed and scattered in rage. Everything was in shambles. Professor Moss was nowhere to be seen, but it was easy to imagine what had happened to him and Brunckow. Ordering the two boys into the wagon, Williams tore back up the road to Fort Buchanan. What he did with his full load of flour has never been determined. Luckily, he chose not to head for San Pedro Ranch, which was much closer, because that is where the Mexicans had released David Brontrager, without a horse and barefoot, to make his way through miles of cactus.

Williams arrived at the fort early the next morning and Captain Ewell promptly dispatched a squad of soldiers under Sergeant Henderson to investigate the single known murder and to possibly locate the other bodies. They found James Williams, who had been shot several times and beaten about the head, sprawled on the floor of the ransacked store. Frederick Brunckow was dead at the bottom of his mine shaft. Professor Moss was found near the cabin, where he had been shot twice and left to die. All three bodies had begun to putrify, and had been extensively mauled by rodents. To William Williams fell the unhappy task of gathering the scattered remains of his brother and of his good friends. I have not been able to find the burial plot, but it must have been shallow and close by because later newspaper accounts go into great detail regarding the soldiers' hurried assignment as a burial party.

The first and only clue to the whereabouts of the murderers appeared in a report on August 2 from the Mexican Commandante of the Santa Cruz district, in Sonora. He sent a message to the commanding officer at Fort Buchanan stating that a former employe of Brunckow was in Cananea boasting of his part in the killing of the mining engineer. This man, Jesus Rodriguez, was also selling off his share of the loot from the plundered store. Whether the renegade was ever apprehended and tried is not known. The other members of his miserable band continued on to the south, eventually reaching Hermosillo where they dropped out of sight forever, never to be caught.

When Captain Ewell released Brontrager, the cook quickly left the San Pedro Valley, and it is possible that he went to work for the Sonora Exploring & Mining Company which was still operating in the Santa Cruz Valley fifty miles to the west. We do know that there were several German-speaking members in their work party at the Cerro Colorado Mines.

The Brunckow cabin and mine was destined to be abandoned with the coming of the Civil War. In June, 1861, the commanding officer at Fort Buchanan received orders to destroy all supplies and to abandon his station. Lieutenant Chapin reluctantly burned his commissary and quartermaster stores, and pulled out with all of his troops. With their leaving, settlers in the Southwest were left to fend for themselves.

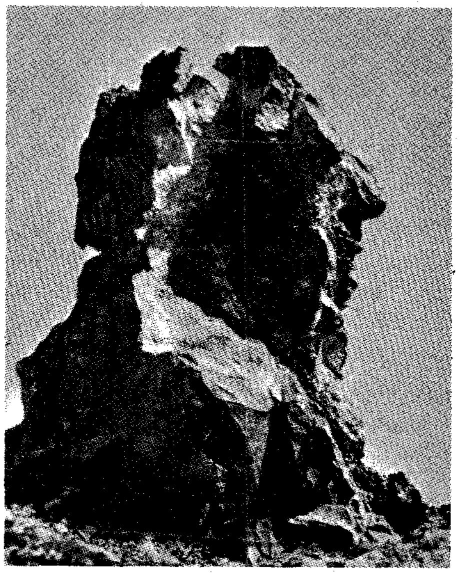
The San Pedro Valley was largely deserted all through the Civil War but as the population increased when peace in the East was restored, the murders picked up where they had left off.

During the next twenty years at least fourteen more men were slaughtered on this barren hill. Some died in arguments over the mine, others were slain by Indians. After the deserted adobe became a hangout for drifters and thieves, the mortality list rose sharply. Shallow graves were once evident all around the ruined cabin, but not a single one can be found today. The adobe house and nearby mine seemed to be cursed, and brought certain disaster to almost everyone who lingered in the vicinity. The sole exception, perhaps, was the famous Ed Schieffelin, who camped there awhile and then went on to discover the fabulous silver reef which lies under Tombstone, Arizona.

My First Friend was an Outlaw

(Continued from page 39)

Almost a year had passed when an old prospector came into Ely, Nevada, to get supplies. He was supposed to be mining a claim in the desert. Even with his whiskers and dirty clothes, someone dead bent on the reward—a man who had once known him and called him friend—was not fooled by the disguise and went to the sheriff. That reward proved stronger than friendship, as it often does.



Black Rock or Pot Mountain stands out from the sand hills and scrub growth of the desert, plainly visible from the Dorrity Ranch.

They trailed Joe to an old abandoned mineshaft and surrounded it. They told him to put up his hands and come out. Minutes passed and then when the tension was becoming heavy to bear and some of the posse were becoming trigger happy, they heard the shuffling of feet slowly coming down the drift. As Joe reached the mouth of the tunnel and raised his hands, someone in the posse, either through fear or meanness, pulled the trigger and sent a bullet through my friend's heart.

Some, like us, will always believe him innocent; others will consider him guilty. But because he never received his day in court, no one will ever know if Joe Katey was a victim of circumstances or really an outlaw.

Not a Chance in the World

(Continued from page 33)

Sheriff Lafe Shadley, whom the undersheriff had notified, arrived. Not knowing where they would take Bonham, he first had ridden to a spot where he hoped to find them. From there he hurried to the trestle, riding along the railroad track. Standing there above them, Shadley angrily demanded to know what they'd done with his prisoner.

"He's down here, Sheriff. Come and get him." When Shadley reached Bonham the boy was dead.

FOLLOWING the lynching, citizens of Independence and the surrounding areas were divided in their opinions as to the guilt or innocence of Frank Bonham. Today, with few remaining in the town who remember the incident, there still are divergent opinions. The majority of residents have never known of the crime and its tragic aftermath. This was found to be true in searching for documentation for this story. The clerk of the district court declared she'd never heard of the early-day lynching. The name, Frank Bonham, meant nothing at all to her. The present sheriff said the name rang a bell in his memory but he knew nothing of the details surrounding the lynching.

Charles Dwyer told me, "My father always declared, down to the time of his death, that the mob had lynched an innocent man. His attorney, A. B. Clark, had accounted for all but two hours of the time Frank was away from home and he had this proof when the mob hanged him. Attorney Clark had asked for a change in venue, and the guilty one, or ones, were terrified Bonham would be cleared. Since that would mean further investigation, the only thing to do was get rid of Bonham and put an end to everything."

Another thing that the late Charles Dwyer mentioned was the suspicion surrounding the ringleader of the mob. Near the time that Mrs. Bonham and her sons and daughter came from Missouri to live at Independence, another man came to that area also. After his arrival rumors began sifting in from a midwestern state concerning the murder of a farmer who was found with his throat cut, his team of horses and wagon standing in mid-stream of a small creek. The farmer had driven to town with a load of hogs which he'd sold and had left with the cash on him. When they found him the money was missing.

Just how much of this was truth and how much rumor none could really say, but the newcomer came under suspicion after the deaths of the Bonham family. He was one of the leaders of the lynching mob.

When asked as to what emotion he felt upon seeing the masked men ride by the school, Dwyer replied, "Well, of course, we were just kids. We had no idea what the men planned but we did know something sinister was in the air and all of us children were scared.

"Mrs. Sarah Bonham was a fine woman. She brought her family out here two years prior to her death. The family appeared to have some wealth. She'd built a nice two-story house and she seemed to be doing right well on the farm she'd bought. Frank was a fine looking young man, well liked by everyone. My grandfather, Andrew Jackson Hagaman, plastered the Bonham house. That was about 1882 or '83."

Another resident of Independence said: "My family felt that Frank Bonham was hanged for a crime he did not commit. There were accusations made against others whose reputations were not always above reproach. In those days a thousand dollars was considered a lot of money. And everybody knew of the sale of the Bonham hogs and the amount of money they'd received for them."

Yet on the other hand one resident declared, "Frank was guilty. He was seen by those who knew him. I personally think they hanged the right man."

OF LATE YEARS the old trestle has been rebuilt. Hundreds of brightly colored cars flash by each day, coming and going along Highway 75. The Mount Hope Cemetery is about four blocks north of the railroad trestle. Frank Bonham lies in the same plot of ground with his mother, brother and sister. His

DISCOVER THE TRUE WEST . . .

with the new GOLD-MASTER Super Sensitive Mineral, Metal, and Treasure Finder.

Detects Gold and Silver Nuggets, Rings, Coins, Mineral Float, Veins and Treasures.

- No cumbersome earphones . . . a powerful speaker is used.
- Easy to operate.
- Comes with two special loops. *A small loop for detecting nuggets and one for detecting treasures.*
- Instructions . . . and fresh batteries included.

A small natural GOLD NUGGET goes with each instrument which it will detect.

Buy the GOLD-MASTER on Easy Terms! Just $29.50 down and balance at $10.57 per month . . . Also available thru your local Finance Co. with no down payment upon approved credit.

COMPLETE . . . ONLY $169.50

WE WHITE'S ELECTRONICS

Send for FREE literature now!!!

WHITE'S ELECTRONICS
Room 401
1011 Pleasant Valley Road
Sweet Home, Oregon

OLD TIME BOTTLE PUBLISHING COMPANY
611 Lancaster Drive N.E.
Salem, Oregon 97301 Dept. TW

BOOKS ON BOTTLE COLLECTING
. . . . . . a Specialty!
Wholesale — Retail

Send for free photo illustrative catalogue.

DEALERS WANTED: For Clevenger's South Jersey Historical reproduction bottles. Ask for free illustrative folder.

CATFISH

Channel, Blue, Albino and Opelousas catfish. Fingerlings, yearlings, or stockers. Goldfish, shiners and experimental fish. For private or commercial lakes and ponds. Live delivery guaranteed. Wholesale or retail.

SABINE FISH HATCHERY
P.O. Box 503 Newton, Texas 75966

"VIKING"

The "VIKING" Sportsman Knife—Swedish sword blade steel—Mora wood handle—full tang—rugged. 8½" long with steer hide sheath. Buy direct and save 50%. Only $2 postpaid, cash or check.

SWEDEN IMPORT COMPANY
6875 Normandy Drive Newark, Calif.

name stands alone on one side of the tall white marble tombstone, while the other three family members are on the opposite. His inscription reads: "Frank L. Bonham, born May 17, 1863. Died March 13, 1885."

A stranger pausing to read the words would never imagine how the four met death. Frank's remaining brother must surely have believed in his innocence, else he never would have buried him beside those whom he was accused of murdering. His grave there under the tall evergreen seems to bear mute testimony to at least some lingering doubt of his guilt.

My father and mother lived in the vicinity of Elk City, a few miles distant from Independence. On March 14 word reached my father of the hanging. He saddled a horse and rode to the county seat. Bonham's body, of course, had been removed to a funeral parlor, but pictures taken while he was hanging from the trestle were being sold for ten cents each. Father bought one and carried it home. When he showed it to Mother she cried out, "Oh, how could you? I'm going to burn this picture. I could never bear having it about the house." And burn it she did.

Often through the years of my childhood Mother related the story of Frank Bonham to me and my brothers. "That poor boy was innocent," she'd say with a sob in her throat. "He was a good boy and never could have committed such a terrible crime."

An interesting sidelight is to be found at the Mount Hope Cemetery. Not far distant from the Bonham graves are the graves of Sheriff Lafe Shadley and members of his family. It is said that he died in Indian Territory while bringing back a prisoner to Independence. The story goes that the prisoner somehow got the drop on him and shot the sheriff to death.

Pining Away For Caddo Country

(Continued from page 13)

said goodbye to Myrt's family and made the two-days' drive north to Missouri.

As soon as we moved into our new home that fall, we took stock of our facilities and money. I had two young Percheron mares and Dolly, a wild grey, and Old Frank. My wagon was battered from the trip but was still serviceable. We had a few household utensils and two beds. Our stuff didn't begin to fill up the house.

OUR POST OFFICE was the little town of Washburn, Missouri. It was about six miles northeast of the farm and consisted of one long main street with business houses and short side streets where the people who ran the businesses lived. About the only produce that was exported from the rail siding was livestock and rough hewn railroad ties.

The land right around the town was rough and rocky and not very good for farming. This didn't bother the people because they never tried to raise anything. Their hogs and cattle ran on free range and were marked with a slash or a certain number of hog rings in the ear. Most of the people didn't seem to care whether they raised anything or not. To me they seemed to be a shiftless lot. They didn't know what was going on in the world and seemed to care even less.

These people were so primitive in their farming methods that they came from miles around to see the machine I used for cutting and binding wheat. Many of them still used the ancient cradle, and hand-bound their wheat in bundles. My machine, to them, was just another newfangled idea. We accumulated furniture from public auction sales around the country and finally had enough to fill the house reasonably well.

Our family wasn't received too well at first; in the hills, the settlers regarded newcomers with suspicion.

"Why did you leave Oklahoma—I thought that was a wonderful new land?" I was questioned time and again. I told them of the drouth but I don't think that I convinced them too well. They were certain I had run afoul of the law or that I was a "revenoor" trying to find their stills.

A lot of the good citizens of southwest Missouri had illegal whiskey stills on their places. This kept them in drinking whiskey and furnished a little cash for buying things from the store. It was certainly a different atmosphere from the one I had known in Oklahoma.

At the end of main street in Washburn there was a grist mill for grinding grain for flour or cornmeal for pone. Many of the hill people would bring wheat and corn to town to grind. The miller took one-third for the grinding. It wasn't too long until we were taking our grain there to be ground like the rest.

The only cash crops that were legal were livestock and railroad ties. Much of the land was covered with virgin timber, mostly hardwood, and when cash ran low the man of the house would take his cross-cut saw and broad-axe and go out into the woods to cut railroad ties.

Cutting ties was hard work and took a bit of skill. A straight and true tree over a foot in diameter would make one tie or maybe two if you knew how to cut it.

THE TIE BUYER in Washburn was a crusty old character nicknamed "Windy" Black. He got his name because he was constantly talking and bragging about himself. He could get away with it because he was a privileged character in the town. Everyone had to sell their ties to him. He was a heavy drinker but seldom bought his own. Someone was always trying to win his favor and get the best price for their ties.

Good ties sold for forty to fifty cents apiece while culls were only worth a dime. Windy could take one look at a tie and call out the price that he would pay for it. No matter how drunk he was he could always spot a cull.

My first tie was one of these culls. I selected a good tree and I thought I sawed it correctly. When I started squaring it up with my broadaxe, it seemed I was doing a pretty good job—but when I proudly showed it to Windy Black, he called out, "Cull!" Apparently it wasn't the right length or it wasn't squared up properly. Something was wrong.

I had spent a half day on it and I wasn't about to sell it for a dime. I figured that I would try to pass it off with a full load of ties on my next trip. On the way home, I took it to the outskirts of town and dumped it in the weeds. When I next brought a load of ties to town, I stopped and threw this cull on the wagon with the others. I did this same thing several times, hoping each time to sell it with the other ties. But no matter how drunk old Windy got or how many ties I had on the wagon, he always called that tie a cull.

I finally gave up and took it home and made a corner post out of it. That tie got to be quite a joke in the hills. The very mention of it was enough to get a roaring laugh out of the hillbillies.

Besides cutting ties, I spent a lot of time clearing out the land. Dynamite and black powder were used to blow the stumps. The shattered pieces of stumps were referred to by the hill people as "juggles." After clearing the land I would load the wagon with juggles and haul them to the house for firewood.

One night I was coming home with a load of juggles. The hill was steep, so I put a pole through the spokes of the rear wheels and started down in the semi-darkness. I was doing all right until I hit a slick place, then I, the team, the wagon and the juggles ended up in a pile in the ditch.

I extracted myself from the pile and started yelling for Myrt to bring a lantern. Gladys, my daughter, came running up the road with the lantern and I saw the mess we were in. I unhitched the horses and gave up until morning. The rigors of living in the hills could be very trying to the soul!

We had good neighbors on the north of us but the neighbors on the south were constantly giving me trouble. I was the only ambitious farmer in the area and my desire to accomplish something caused me no end of grief. It was discouraging to plant a crop and cultivate and care for it only to have it eaten by range hogs and cattle, so I fenced my field.

(Continued on page 64)

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS, OCTOBER 23, 1962, SECTION 4369 TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF FRONTIER TIMES, published bi-monthly in Austin, Texas. Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher, Joe Austell Small, 2405 Briargrove, Austin, Texas 78704. Editor: Pat Wagner. 706 Rio Grande, Austin, Texas 78701. Managing Editor: None. Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704; Joe Austell Small, sole shareholder. Average number of copies printed during last twelve months: 255,878; total copies printed last single issue: 255,000. Average number of sales during last twelve months through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 129,304; sales for last single issue through dealers and carriers, street vendor and counter sales: 112,635. Average paid circulation during last twelve months, mail subscriptions: 27,571; paid circulation, mail subscriptions last single issue: 28,029. Average total paid circulation during last twelve months: 156,875; total paid circulation last single issue: 140,664. Average free distribution during last twelve months: 1,000; free distribution last single issue: 1,000. Average total distribution during last twelve months: 157,875; total distribution last single issue: 141,664. Average number during last twelve months unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 98,003; total number last single issue unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 113,336. (Signed) Pat Wagner, September 26, 1967.

FIND BURIED TREASURE!

10-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

TREASURE PROBE

TREASURE PROBE

$18 88 ppd

Absolutely complete and ready for use
including earphone and battery

LOOK AT THESE OUTSTANDING FEATURES

1. Uses three Silicon Planar transistors.
2. Five-inch Search Coil with depth range to 18 inches.
3. Completely wired (not a kit).
4. Thumbwheel tuner for one-hand operation.
5. 9-volt transistor battery included with each unit.
6. 8-ohm magnetic plug-in earphone included with each unit.
7. Attractively styled streamlined high impact molded case and search coil with gold anodized aluminum search coil rods.
8. Weight under 1½ pounds.
9. Two separate colpitts oscillators each utilizing printed circuit board construction.

ALL TRANSISTORIZED

NEVER BEFORE AT SUCH A LOW PRICE — $18.88

10 DAY UNCONDITIONAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

NOW, for the first time all of America can thrill to the golden dream of buried treasure in real life! A true scientific electronic instrument, transistorized, streamlined, amazingly sensitive, it exceeds many high priced units in its finding ability. It is light enough for even a five year old, and sensitive enough for weekend adult treasure finders! Sturdy, foolproof, high impact molded case and detection search coil, the Treasureprobe uses high temperature silicon transistors, one common 9-volt transistor radio battery powers it and produces a strong electromagnetic field which alters as the search coil passes over hidden metal resulting in a loud squeal at the earphone. The Treasureprobe will find large metal objects, chests, weapons, artifacts buried several feet in the ground. It will find small objects buried up to several inches. It finds all kinds of precious and common metals . . . gold, silver, bronze, nickel, copper and iron.

ONE OF THE MOST FASCINATING HOBBIES

Electronic treasure finding has become a fabulous hobby! Everywhere in the country there are valuable and fascinating things to be found hidden by just a few inches of topsoil, sand, vegetable matter or gravel. Metal buttons, weapons, and insignia are found on Civil War and Indian battlefields. Gold nuggets are found in the dry washes of the Sierra mountains and throughout the Mother Lode country. Millions of dollars worth of lost old coins are still to be found . . . in the sands of thousands of beaches, in the earth of old circus lots, in the foundations of old buildings, old farm houses, even in the grass of the national parks. Test it yourself with a coin under the rug. Treasureprobe will also find modern lost items . . . the fountain pen in the grass, lighters, jewelry . . . day or night. It will find buried pipes and conduits. Treasureprobe is fun, it's useful, its appeal is universal. Its price is right!!

PRINCIPLE OF OPERATION

The Treasureprobe operates by comparing the frequencies of two colpitts oscillators and amplifying the audio frequency which is the sum of the difference. The fixed oscillator is in the molded handle of the Treasureprobe, and is controlled by the thumbwheel tuner. The variable oscillator is in the search coil and changes its inductance when the search coil is brought into close proximity of any metal. This difference when amplified is heard in the earphone as an audio signal tone.

TO ORDER

Send check, cash or money order, $5.00 deposit for C.O.D. In N. J., add 3% state tax. 10-day money back guarantee.

TO TREASUREPROBE, Box 228 FAB , Toms River, N.J. 08753

Enclosed is $__________. Please send________Treasureprobes at the low price of $18.88 each post paid.

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City and State____________________Zip Code________

Pining Away For Caddo Country

(Continued from page 62)

The neighbors immediately took offense. They couldn't understand a neighbor putting up a fence against them; it was a violation of their freedom. I had considerable trouble over it.

I had a good crop of corn on the south forty and I had a good fence around it to keep out the stock. One morning I looked out in the field and there were the neighbor's hogs eating my corn. I drove them out and repaired the fence. It looked like it had been cut with wire cutters. I told the neighbor, Previtt, that the next time I caught his hogs in the field it would cost him money to get them back.

Two days later I looked out and there were his hogs back in my corn. I locked the hogs in my barn lot and kept them until Previtt came looking for them the next day. I told him it was going to cost him five dollars to get them. He paid in a threatening mood and left, muttering to himself.

A few days later I was plowing alone in the field when Previtt and his grown son paid me a visit. I grappled with the boy and threw him on the ground and held him. Old Previtt climbed on my back and bit a half circle out of my left ear. I was left bleeding in the field.

Myrt and the kids came out and helped me stop the flow of blood and got me back to the house. It was growing late when Manuel and Gladys went out to look for my ear. They never found it; Previtt must have eaten it.

AFTER THIS I bought a .38 revolver and practiced in the gully behind the barn. I could put an old hat in the crotch of a tree, walk twenty paces and turn, and put six shots right through the crown of the hat. The news of my shooting capability spread rapidly and it wasn't long before the Previtts were trying to make up and be nice to me. I told them to keep their distance.

My shooting reputation won me a lot of friends in the little community. It seemed that they had great respect for a man who could handle a gun. I was elected head of the local school board and became active in the little community church.

The hogs on the range often became dangerous and wild. One night Gladys didn't come home from the country school she attended and I went out to look for her. I found her treed by a wild boar. I chased and kicked the boar for a quarter-of-a-mile down the road and returned and took Gladys home. It wasn't safe for the kids to go out alone.

Two of my children were born in Barry County, Missouri. Joe was born soon after we arrived, and Lucille was born just before we left.

We lived there four years—four years of fighting the rocks, the poor land, the hills, the free range, the ticks, the roaming hogs and cattle. It was an interesting place to live and the people were simple folks who liked nothing better than to follow the hounds on a coon hunt. They would build a big fire and sit around it telling stories while the hounds prowled the woods in search of a raccoon. When one was treed, the dogs would start to bay and we would all set off through the timber to find them. It was good sport but for a man who had farmed on the prairie and plowed a long straight furrow, these hills with their quaint little patches of crops and their quaint little ways of doing things could never take the place of the land I longed to see.

I had been corresponding with a man, Earl Shephard, in Grey's Point in Lawrence County. He wanted a larger farm and didn't seem to mind the hills and he had a mortgage on his farm that was giving him trouble. Even though he had only eighty acres, I was willing to consider anything if I could get on level ground.

I looked at his farm; the land was pretty much like the land in Oklahoma. The buildings weren't too good, but the place was more or less the environment I had been missing. The hills were wearing me out; I had to move.

After I visited his farm, he brought his family and visited me and the deal was made. We swapped straight across the board. He would get 160 acres in the hills with good improvements and I would get 80 acres on the prairie with only fair improvements. This may not sound like a very good deal but I was willing to do anything to get back to something flat.

In 1917 we closed the deal and I took all our possessions in two wagons. With the herd trailing along behind, we made an overland caravan of sixty miles to Lawrence County, Missouri. We moved in the same manner as many people moved to Oklahoma at the opening.

IN LAWRENCE COUNTY we had an older house and a much smaller barn but I was satisfied just to be able to farm the way I know how to farm. Most of the land I planted in oats and corn that first year. We had an excellent corn crop but I had to fertilize the land. It was not new and full of life like the soil I had broken in Oklahoma.

The farm was really too small for all the stock I had. I knew I would never be able to raise a big crop like I had in the past. I really was looking for an excuse to go back; all my friends were there and all Myrt's brothers and relations except her Dad were around El Reno.

The next year I planted wheat and corn. The war was on and the wheat sold for a very good price. We got $2.32 per bushel; the wheat made forty bushels to the acre on the fertilized land. This was the best crop I had ever had in Missouri. After that crop was sold we had the biggest bank account that we ever had. I was too old to be drafted so I was able to make more money farming in one year than I had ever made in my life.

Missouri was a good place to live if you had been raised there and had your friends and relatives there. But we always felt like outsiders. Something seemed to be drawing us back to Oklahoma. Something about the place got in your blood. Once you had felt the Oklahoma wind and lived in that rugged climate you always yearned to return.

Frank Irwin wrote me that the drouths had left Oklahoma and he had raised three good crops in a row. He also told about the good price he got for his wheat and he made it sound like Oklahoma had come out of the doldrums and was on the road to good times again. My bank account was pretty fat and the challenge to go back to the old stomping grounds and show the home folks that I had struck it rich was real strong.

I figured I could sell out in Missouri and go back to Oklahoma and have enough to pay cash for a good farm of my own. I had never owned a farm there but had always rented. I wouldn't need to rent anymore; I had come up in the world.

We decided to sell everything. We had not forgotten the awful trip we had made from Oklahoma to Missouri and we didn't want to repeat it. We were going back in style.

The eighty acres in Lawrence County was the smallest farm that I had ever farmed, yet I figured if I sold everything and if things were still the way they were when I left I could buy a much bigger farm and stock it well in Oklahoma. I was thinking in terms of a section or so of land.

The sale was a sad occasion. I had spent many years building up my herd and my draft horses and I had very good stock when I sold. I knew I would never be able to replace them with the same quality animals. I hated to part with my horses. There was no prettier horseflesh in all of Missouri. One team and harness brought over $500.00 at the sale. This was top money for horses even in war times. Everything sold well and we completed the sale with over $5,000.00 in the bank.

THE FAMILY bought new clothes all around, the first time we had all had new clothes at once. We bought train tickets for Oklahoma City and started that night. It was one of the most hopeful moments of my life.

Lots happened when I got back. I farmed—there were good times and bad times. We found a place in the rolling sandhills of Caddo County and went through the worst winter I've ever seen—1919. Soon the money from the farm in Missouri was gone.

I built up new stock and even grew some cotton, but the schools were so poor and the terms so irregular we moved again—after seven years—and found a place in El Reno.

One day after the Second World War we drove back to our first little farm in Dewey County. It was like a day out of the past. It was Saturday afternoon and we parked the car on the dirt street and ordered a root beer at the same old fountain just as in the old days. It was like a dream. As fate would have it, and not by our planning, there was a homecoming celebration that day. A horseshoe game was going on over by Rogers' store just the way there always used to be. The cars kept coming and familiar faces kept joining the group but some were missing, some were already gone.

I had dreamed of a place in Caddo, a

little farm among the trees where I could make my home and have peace and find that pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. That dream eluded me in Caddo. I sought it again in Missouri only to be disappointed again. Over and over again I sought it but I was always late or something happened to interfere.

It seemed that I had always sought the perfect spot but I know now that it was only an image in my mind, a dream that was unreal. It was an ideal—a thing that lives only in the minds of people who dare to go out into the untracked land and try to make something of it.

The dream was necessary to give life a goal. The dream was also fulfilled but not in the way that I had been looking for. Life is like that; it seldom rewards one in the way that he plans. But if a man is wise he will accept the gifts as they appear and not look in vain for something impossible to achieve. I was too old for it to do me any good before I learned this lesson. My life had passed before I learned to know its face.

The Old Kitchen Stove

(Continued from page 35)

in the United States. But he is best remembered for the stoves which were manufactured in Troy, New York.

The idea—or ideal—of a cookstove had not gone unattended in this country even before the years of Stewart and his contemporaries. In Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1642, one of the first ironworks in America turned out a roundbottomed kettle with a lid, adaptable perhaps for teakettles, and believed to be the first stove of any kind manufactured in the colonies.

Many, and smoky, experiments followed, but none that seems to have left a literary trace. Stewart, living in "stringent poverty" in New York City, in 1836-37, set himself to make a stove for poor families that would "work on three sticks of wrist-size wood" for baking and cooking, and only one stick at a time, laid over the embers, for heating a flatiron.

He curved his firebox so that the three sticks would burn together and hung his oven in the middle to absorb heat on the bottom and both sides at once. He fitted a reservoir to provide hot water at no extra fuel cost. Waste heat warmed it. What an emancipation for the housewife from food half-scorching over an open flame, and hot water for washing up in a back-breaking kettle hung from a crane!

There were other stove inventors in Stewart's day: Dr. Eliphalet Nott, president of Union College; Jordan L. Mott, Mott Haven, Westchester County; Henry Miller, Worcester, Massachusetts; James Spear, Philadelphia; James Atwater, New York City; D. G. Littlefield, Albany. The ideas which had been germinating for so many centuries flowered almost simultaneously.

Stewart suffered tribulations, failures, and lawsuits against copyists. He was constantly experimenting, constantly improving. Finally he gravitated to a solid arrangement with Fuller, Warren & Co., which manufactured the cook-

Get out of debt In 90 minutes Without borrowing!

How to Protect What You Have, Pay What You Can, Stop Creditors From Pushing You Around!

Now you can get out of debt—without borrowing! You can be free of debt worries—before you've paid another bill! Stripped of legal double talk, in 90 minutes you'll find out:

How to pay off debts — on YOUR terms!

How to use the little known Law of Debt Relief to protect what you have (your home, car, salary, possessions) from grasping creditors!

How to AVOID bankruptcy by PREPARING for it!

How you can use "Big Money Methods" to solve YOUR debt problems!

Why there are certain old bills you'd better NOT pay or even acknowledge!

How the Government stands ready to protect you against tricky creditors!

Why not owing ENOUGH money can be worse than owing too much!

All this and hundreds of other facts are fully and simply explained.

YOUR LEGAL RIGHTS WITH CREDITORS. How to beat a greedy merchant out of excessive charges and even collect damages . . . How and where to get *free* legal advice . . . How to win a lawsuit . . . Which creditors to pay first. The ones who are bullying you probably have the least chance of collecting . . . The case for and against bankruptcy—and the help and forms you'll need . . . Where you can legally deposit your savings so they're probably safe, even if you go bankrupt.

POWER OF MONEY MANAGEMENT. Why you *SHOULD* be in debt to *INCREASE* your income!

. . . How and where to borrow at "wholesale" rates . . . what *NOT* to say on a credit application . . . How to get your hands on money you may not know you have!

MONEY MAGIC. How to go into business without risking a cent . . . How to invest in the stock market without gambling . . . Booby-traps in business!

And much, much more! Facts not available anywhere else. SOMEBODY'S going to use your money to get rich — why not you?

AMAZING 10-DAY FREE TRIAL. This book, sold only by mail, and shipped in a plain wrapper, sells for $3.95.

After you've read it, if you don't agree it's the most valuable book you've ever seen, you can get your money back. Just return it within 10 days for a quick and unquestioned refund!

Without risking a cent, this has to be the fastest, cheapest way to solve your money problems —or money back!

CASE HISTORIES

FEBRUARY, 1964—A 39-year-old man with a large family was out of a job, hopelessly in debt, and lived in an old, rented house.
TODAY—using the Power of Money Management, he has satisfied his creditors, bought an expensive home, 2 cars and a boat!
What he did, you can do—if you act now!

EIGHT YEARS AGO an engineer, working for one of the large aerospace firms, declared bankruptcy. But, using information contained in The Power of Money Management, he was able to salvage $6,000.

TODAY—He's still an engineer, still working for the same firm. But, using the principles of The Power of Money Management, he invested $4,000. Now he has a $50,000 equity in $195,000 worth of property.

IN 12 YEARS—He'll be retired and should own $250,000 worth of income-producing property — free and clear.
HE did it. So can **YOU**!

WHAT IMPORTANT PEOPLE ARE SAYING:

Superior Court Judge:
"Solid advice written in terms that a layman can understand. I know that, literally, thousands of people can profit from it."

Public Accountant:
"Has to be of great help to anyone with money problems."

Bankruptee:
"Had this book been available five years ago, I am confident I could have avoided the financial chaos I endured."

Housewife:
"Saved my husband's business and, I am sure, our marriage as well."

Former City Attorney:
"A knowing and helpful look at the debt problems faced by so many today. Invaluable!"

FINANCIAL PUBLISHERS Dept. 5134
7551 Melrose Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90046

I enclose $3.95 with the clear understanding that I have a 10-day money-back guarantee. Please send "The Power of Money Management!"

☐ Add 50c for RUSH handling.

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State__________Zip__________

The OREMASTER "POCKET MAGNETOMETER"

This is another sensational instrument developed in our Research Laboratory and added to the famous OREMASTER line of super sensitive space age, prospecting and research instruments.

This is an exceptionally sensitive magnetic meter and will automatically react to either a detectable positive or negative magnetic field in an ore sample, vein, ore body or piece of float. *Will pinpoint* the source or sources of these fields to show the richest ore. *Will react* through wood, aluminum, quartz, water, ice, snow, mud and dirt. Add one of these to your modern Oremaster equipment. No batteries required—weight only 7 oz.—size 2½" x 1".

Price—$29.50. No Sales Tax $10.00 down—Balance $5.00 per month

WHITE'S ELECTRONICS
Special Models Available For Mobile Prospecting
1218 Main Street Room 400 Sweet Home, Oregon

FIND TREASURE
GOLD • SILVER • RELICS • METALS
WITH POWERFUL
METROTECH Locators
Low Cost • High Performance
Money-back Guarantee
WRITE FOR DETAILS TO DEPT. 2A
UNDERGROUND EXPLORATIONS • Box 793 • Menlo Park, California 94025

stove still in use in so many kitchens today. "All that is of value in other stoves is taken from the Stewart," wrote Eliphalet Nott, who must have been singularly free of professional jealousy, for he held numbers of stove patents himself.

The inventions of Stewart and his contemporaries came at the time of the final expansion of America. Cookstoves were carried by wagon, barge, and steamboat to the West and other parts of the country. They followed the 49ers by ship around the Horn. Disassembled, they went by pack train into the mining camps of the Rockies. Let it not be forgotten that Leadville Johnny Brown and his Unsinkable Molly accidentally burned up their first fortune in an old wood stove.

Willa Cather, in *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, describes my beautiful boyhood hometown, which was then (1858) a huddle of dirty shacks: "At Camp Denver there was nothing to be bought but tobacco and whisky. There were no women there, and no cookstoves."

By contrast, Miss Cather wrote from personal experience when she recalled, in *My Antonia*, "On those bitter, starlit nights, as we sat around the old stove that fed us and warmed us and kept us cheerful, we could hear the coyotes howling down by the corrals. . . ."

Laura Ingalls Wilder, author of the "Little House" books (written for children but perhaps the most authentic of all accounts of Upstate New York and late-frontier Western life) refers often to the cookstove:

"Pa came in from the stable, stamping the snow from his feet. He broke the ice from his moustache and spread his hands in the warmth of the stove." And, "The room was warm from the glowing stove. Mush was frying on the long griddle. The teakettle was boiling and the table was set."

IT WAS the railroads that gave the stoves their universality. When the Golden Spike was driven at Promontory, Utah, on May 10, 1869, tying America together by rail at last, the way was open for a vast commerce, human and inanimate, including the cookstoves which were more prized than gold by the pioneer women. As the people surged westward, the industry left its cradles in New York, Pennsylvania, and New England, and went with them. Manufacturers and brand names multiplied. Many are still famous.

My own first experience with the cookstove, long before I reversed the pioneer journey and found the Adirondacks, was in Fort Morgan, Colorado, on my uncle's ranch. My cousin and I were sent out all summer to collect cow chips by the wagonload. Dried to tinder in the blazing sun of those plains, they were known as "prairie coal." They sent up a quick, clean, blue-green flame, very hot but having little holding power. Nonetheless, they were an important part of the ranch economy. They could warm a room and cook a meal. They conserved the real coal, which was expensive.

Only the rifle, the axe, and the plow contributed more to the final settling of the West than the old kitchen cookstove. It is gratifying to know that the cookstove is now in a mild renaissance. At the end of World War I its future looked dim—stoves by the millions went to the rust heaps or were broken up for scrap. But the decline has been slowed. The end is not yet. Between five and six million old kitchen cookstoves are still in use. Manufacturers in 1958 (last available figure) shipped 29,974 new coal and wood ranges and 14,734 coal and wood cookstoves, according to the Bureau of the Census. A range is just a large cookstove.

The renaissance may be due in part to the mushroom growth of second homes —shacks, weekend camps, ski roosts, and summer homes—to which Americans flee from their over-civilized first homes. In homes that have furnaces and modern cookstoves, many keep an old stove for its comforting glow and its insurance against utility and power failures. Barely a month after I wrote in my diary that loving account of our Keene Valley woodstove, I read in the papers of thousands of families in Albany, Saratoga, and Warren Counties stranded in freezing modern houses after an ice storm.

Of course, it'll never be like the Good Old Days. One of my Keene Valley village friends said to me, his eyes squinting into the past, "It was so beautiful here . . . winter mornings . . . the wood smoke standing up straight from every house, blue, over the white snow. You could smell it, along with the bacon."

He didn't know his own eloquence.

Tangled Trails to Treasure

(Continued from page 23)

We stopped for breath-catching. Assuming that a man had started at the X on the map, had walked for five minutes, spent five minutes burying a fair-sized can, and five minutes returning, we had certainly covered most of the probable terrain. We decided to explore the creek.

This creek was about twelve feet wide in most places; rough with boulders; sometimes full of water and sometimes quite dry. Walking in its bed was a continuous choosing of one's next step, and involved much ungraceful hopping from rock to rock. Then every so often the creek would take a sharp little dive straight down, creating a small waterfall, difficult to get around. The steep banks on both sides were a kind of oily clay and quite unstable. Many times during the day we lost our footing and took unplanned shortcuts to the creek bed.

"It stands to reason there wouldn't be a good hiding place on the sides of the creek," we thought, "because any landmark would soon be covered up. It's one thing to bury your gold, but a fellow wants to be sure he can find it again."

Still, we ran the detectors over both banks. We climbed; we searched; we dug again and again. On the theory that the old man, after leaving his granddaughter, might have gone down the creek rather than up, we traced the stream almost down to the road by which we had driven in. It was man's work.

The BIGGEST
ALL-TRUE, ALL FACT
WESTERN MAGAZINE
IN THE WORLD! . . . That's
OLD WEST
ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND
LOOK FOR IT
THEN LOOK AT THE
INSIDE FRONT COVER
LISTING AN OUTSTANDING
ARRAY OF ARTICLES, STORIES,
FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS
BY THE FINEST WESTERN
WRITERS IN THE FIELD!

- THEY CALLED HIM COYOTE
- GOODHEARTED AND UNLUCKY
- STUMP-JUMPER ON THE FAIRBANKS-VALDEZ TRAIL
- BLUE RICHES HALFWAY TO THE SKY
- CLIMAX JIM
- CLIMB THE BLACKJACK
- NOAH H. ROSE, FRONTIER CAMERAMAN
- STEAMBOAT ON THE SOUND
- OAKES RHYMES WITH HOAX
- "AN EYE FOR AN EYE" WAS NOT ENOUGH
- TRICKS OF THE TRADE

$15.00 BONUS!
SCARCE BOOK Reprinted
COMPLETE in this issue!
RUBE BURROW
AND HIS BAND OF
TRAIN ROBBERS

OLD WEST
Box 3668 Austin, Texas 78704
I enclose: $2.00 for 1 year (4 issues)______
Special! $3.50 for 2 years (8 issues)______
Name______
Address______
City______State______Zip______
(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)

". . . There were dilapidated buildings which were probably the remains of the Hansen homestead . . ."

We three had a real workout pushing our way through the undergrowth. At one point, Ron, scrambling down the creek, passed Don, inching up the creek. They were not twenty feet apart, but in the dense brush neither was aware of the other until they compared notes.

I TIRED OUT first. The boys, younger and still excited, didn't even get hungry until almost three o'clock. High up in the old orchard, away from the blackberry and devil club, I found a clear sunny spot and sat down to relax. It was very peaceful. I could see the Chehalis River far below, and occasionally hear a car on the distant freeway. I hadn't found the treasure, but I was sure enjoying the search. At three we went down to the station wagon and had a grand lunch of fried chicken and potato salad which Don's wife had prepared.

Recharged and rested, the fellows were off with a new idea. Each man had brought a huge ball of twine. They decided to mark off sections of ground so that a man with his detector in hand and his nose to the ground would not go in circles and miss important spots. They were going to be sure that every inch of earth was covered.

Don tied the twine to a sapling, then toiled back and forth up the hillside, over rocks and around head-high stumps (some enormous old ones with large trees growing out of their centers). He went through vines and thorns, up and up, winding in and out with the cord and zigzagging back and forth toward the head of the creek, high on the mountain. Looking at him from below, I could see the string mapping out an odd pattern for more than a quarter of a mile. I took my light detector and did my best to follow in Don's footsteps. I found no pay, except for the foot of an old iron bedstead, down in the lower section.

Ron then double-checked the ground I had covered, but he did no better than I had done. If we had been digging for wages, we would have quit. But on your own, you continue, and we worked until dusk was falling and we could no longer see.

Exhausted, we now sat back to think things over. Some of the old bottles we found are now "antiques" and they, with the iron we gathered probably will pay our few expenses for the trip. But we are not done searching for the main prize. The family has always been convinced that the treasure was buried. The map has proved accurate, and as complete as most treasure maps are. But did the grandfather actually bury his money? Were the trips with the shiny cans only a blind to satisfy his wife and throw others off the track? Was there something wrong with our search pattern?

We believe not. All of us are sure that the family nest egg still lies where it was first hidden and that conditions are favorable to our finding it.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 5)

Starr, the Daltons, the Campbell brothers and other notorious characters. In fact when he was in his teens he moved Belle Starr's daughter to Ft. Smith, Arkansas, when she opened her hotel.

My husband is a disabled veteran and we travel the West, Southwest and South a lot. We look for agates, rocks, arrowheads and anything of interest we can find, but don't know too much about it. If any of your readers know of places we might look for such things as this and would like to share their knowledge with us or educate us a little, we'd like to hear from them.—Mrs. John Daze, 1116 Doyle Street, Oildale, California 93308.

Desert Reading

Dear Joe:

When I started out on this present safari a friend at home gave me five years of TRUE WEST, several years of OLD WEST, and FRONTIER TIMES from No. 2, New Series, to April, 1966, saying it would supply me with interesting reading matter for my evenings while camped out on the desert. I'm camping here and there painting desert landscapes, old squaws on the reservations, etc., etc., getting ready for a "one man show" of my work.

Well, he wasn't kidding about them being interesting! You don't know what a goldmine of memories these mags have stirred up—about Captain Hughes, of the Texas Rangers—jeez, when I was a little shaver I was boon companion with Johnnie Cook, the son of Ranger T. T. Cook, of Captain Hughes' Company. Johnnie and I were quarantined one time at the Ranger camp in Ysleta because a Mexican prisoner they had brought in had a contagious disease.

And the article about Arbuckle's Coffee—honest, I never knew there was any other brand of coffee until I went into the Army in WW-I.

And the Big Bend country of the Rio Grande—I remember going in there with my dad one summer, in a camp wagon with a Mexican driver, headed for some hot springs. At the end of the second day's drive we came up to a family of white people on the move. There was a teen-age girl out picking up "prairie coal" with a stick.

Then there was old Tom Pate who

SMART, TOP VALUE FOX WESTERNS
HAND MADE IN OUR FACTORY, TO YOUR ORDER

Order a Fox Western hat exactly as you want it. Select from 12 colors, all sizes, also select style, crown height, brim width to 4½", and band width. Greatest value at lowest cost. The choice of hundreds. This quality buy only available from Fox. All hats made of heavier weight, imported felt. Money back guarantee.

Send for FREE illustrated Folder—gives ordering details.

FOX HAT CO., Hatters Since 1910
477 Wabasha St., Dept. FT-3
St. Paul, Minnesota 55102

FOX
LOW
PRICES
$12.50
to
$20.00

ILLINOIS
WISCONSIN
INDIANA
TREASURE HUNTERS!
Midwest dealer for
WHITE'S METAL DETECTORS
HARRY'S TREASURE SHACK
322 West State St.
CHERRY VALLEY, ILL.
Phone 332-5157

LIVE-CATCH ALL-PURPOSE TRAPS

Write for FREE CATALOG

Trap without injury squirrels, chipmunks, rabbits, mink, fox, stray animals, pests, etc. Sizes for every need. Also traps for fish, sparrows, pigeons, crabs, turtles, quail, etc. Save 40% on low factory prices. Free catalog and trapping secrets.

SENSITRONIX Dept M11 2225 Lou Ellen, Houston, Texas 77018

SPECIAL! ALASKA CENTENNIAL EDITION
BLACK SAND AND GOLD! *By Ella L. Martinsen.* Alaska-Yukon adventures of Ed Lung. Has 419 pages and forty gold-rush pictures, some rare. Photos of Dawson, Bonanza, Eldorado, Klondike Kate, and many others. Eyewitness account with some diaries. Autographed copies $5.00 C.O.D. or money orders. Ella Martinsen, 30 East Victoria, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93104.

Authors!

Your book can be published, promoted, distributed by successful, reliable company. Fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly, religious and even controversial manuscripts welcomed. Free Editorial Report. For Free Booklet write Vantage Press, Dept. FT, 120 W. 31 St., New York 1.

HYDRAULIC JACK REPAIRS
Earn While You Learn In Your Spare Time

Trained and qualified mechanics needed NOW to service inoperative hydraulic jacks. BIG opportunity for ambitious men. We show you HOW — in your basement or garage to earn spare time cash in an expanding industry. Don't wait, ACT NOW! Get the facts.

Write for folder No. FT3 and free bonus offer.

Hydraulic Jack Repair Manual Co., Inc
G P O BOX 14 STATEN [illegible]

TREASURE
METAL-MINERAL DETECTORS
FREE 128 page CATALOG
GENERAL ELECTRONIC DETECTION
16238 Lakewood Blvd., Bellflower, Calif. 90706

EAR NOISES
relieved!
. . . thousands reported

Wonderful relief from years of suffering from miserable ear noises and poor hearing caused by catarrhal (excess fluid mucus) conditions of the head. For the past 23 years that's what folks (many past 70) reported after using our simple Elmo Palliative HOME TREATMENT. NOTHING TO WEAR. SOME of the symptoms likely to go with your catarrhal deafness and ear noises; mucus dropping in nose or throat every day; hear—but don't understand words; hear better on clear days—worse on bad days; ear noises like crickets, bells or others.

Write TODAY for PROOF OF RELIEF and 30 DAY TRIAL OFFER. Pay only if helped.

THE ELMO CO., DEPT. 8FT2, MADRID, IOWA

NEW WESTERN HAIG
.12 CALIBER
SPECIAL FACTORY OFFER!
$3.00 post-paid

USES POWDER CHARGE
This small bore gun shoots .12 cal. lead bullets fired by small 4.4 mg. powder charge. Not a CO$_2$ gun! You'll like the handsome lines, grip, and balance. Western in style, but patented ball and cap action allows this low price. 9¾" steel barrel cased in knurled styrene stock, overall 13½". Develop pistol form, accuracy at a fraction of cost of large caliber pistols. Comes with 50 lead bullets. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send $3 to:
Haig Mfg. Co., P.O. Box 26-B Alhambra, Calif. 91802

RUPTURE RELIEF!
GUARANTEED!
TRY THIS TRUSS FOR 30 DAYS FREE!
OR YOUR MONEY BACK IN FULL!

Lasting, comfortable relief for your reducible inguinal rupture. Prove it. Give WEB a trial. If not completely satisfied return it within 30 days for full refund of purchase price. Write for free booklet.

WEB TRUSS CO. Dept. FT-3
Hagerstown, Md.

WHY GUESS? $130 RACE-DAY PROFIT WITH $50
25 YRS. RESULTS 7 IN 10 PLAYS WON

No need to guess. Get this fabulous book. Clearly reveals secrets of 10 world's greatest race professional investors. 25 yrs. actual results included showing 7 in 10 plays won and $130 average race day profit with $50. Wins at all tracks, horses, harness, dogs. Tear out this ad now and mail with name and address with zip code for bonanza offer. *Hitchings, Box 5715 WPA, Carmel, Calif. 93921.*

WRITERS

N. Y. publisher wants books on all subjects, fiction, nonfiction. No fee for professional opinion. FREE: Brochures that show how your book can be published, publicized, sold; contracts. Write Dept. 172 C

EXPOSITION PRESS INC.
386 Park Ave. So., New York, N. Y. 10016

American-Old West Indian Relics

Large Free List—Arrowheads 10 for $3.00, Birdpoints 10 for $5.00. Fine arrowheads 10 for $5.00, extra fine arrowheads 5 for $5.00. Spearheads 5 for $5.00. Pottery and sepcial collectors and museum specimens. HYDE'S, Box 1384, Jonesboro, Arkansas 72401.

used to regale us kids with wild hair-raising stories of Indians, and of trips up the trail with cattle drives.

Joe, do me a favor. Refer me to someone who can tell me about the silver mines and history of the town of Batopilas, Chihuahua—before the Mexican Revolution as big a silver producer as was in Mexico—now completely inoperative but still rich in ore. I headquartered in Batopilas on my safari into the Tarahumara country. It's okay if the book or history is in Spanish for I can read it. Before the revolution the mines worked over 2,000 miners, now there aren't 2,000 people in the town. No roads in—just an ancient mule pack-train path leads from the nearest road at La Burfa twenty-two miles down the Batopilas River to the town—eleven hours on mule (and on foot at the steep parts where the mule can't scramble up the trail with a rider aboard). Surely there are books about it—the mines have been there since the late 1790s, or thereabouts.— W. R. Curry, P. O. Box 165, Palm Desert, California.

Frank Dunn and the Insurrectos

My Dear Sir:

Frank Dunn's name has appeared in your magazines several times. I knew him. One time, when I was working for the railroad between Del Rio and Sanderson, Texas, I ran into two friends of his at Langtry. They had just escaped from a band of Mexican *insurrectos* (followers of Madero in the 1910 overthrow of Porfirio Diaz) and told me about the experience.

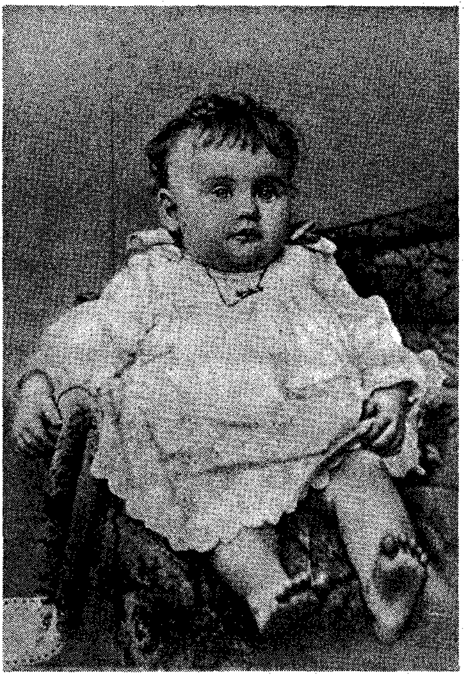
Dunn and Jap Lowe were looking for livestock that the *insurrecto* bands had driven into the Santa Rosa Mountains, across the Rio Grande into Mexico. They left Jap's father and his son in camp. While they were gone a band of Mexicans appeared. Old Man Lowe's first inclination was to hole up and offer resistance but the presence of the boy handicapped him. And he knew that if he put up a fight and stood off the *insurrectos* the two men out on the range might be ambushed when they returned to camp. He decided to surrender, knowing it would mean the loss of their horses and other personal property, but he felt the Mexicans would not harm them if they submitted peaceably. This proved to be right.

Of course the Mexicans took everything the Americans owned (except their clothing) but they treated their prisoners decently and let them slip away one night with a lariat and a little food. Old Man Lowe managed to pull four horses out of the herd and, by riding bareback at nights and hiding out during the daytime, they managed to avoid capture by any other Mexican bands. Finally they straggled into Langtry, where we picked them up and took them on to Del Rio.—Burr H. Mallory, 3 Mitchell Place, Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

"The Look on a Baby's Face . . ."

Dear Sir:

While vacationing this summer, I stopped at an antique store in the small town of Ribley, Tennessee. There I came upon this very appealing portrait of a small child. There was something about the look on the baby's face that made it impossible for me to turn away from it. I asked the owner if she knew who the child was but she didn't know. She did tell me she had purchased the portrait along with several other items in Canada and had brought them to Ribley for resale.



Do you know this child?

I bought the portrait and took it to my local photographer when I got home. We estimated, from the condition of the paper, etc., that it had been taken about fifty years ago.

Judging from the style of dress, the hair-do and the teething ring, my husband and I think the child is a boy between six and nine months old. We'd like to find out more about him. Can anyone help us?—Mrs. Emerson Walden, 59 East Basic Road, Henderson, Nevada 89015.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 42)

in, his hair and whiskers scorched, and shouted, "For God's sake, Mother, help me save the haystacks!"

Together they ripped carpets from the floor and quilts from the beds, wet them in the water trough and spread them over the haystacks. Then, nearly exhausted, his Sunday suit in tatters, Father hurried back to the woods to battle the flames which were attacking the loose brush along the creek bank. Mother and I were alone in the house when a burning cottonwood branch fell on the shingle roof of the sod kitchen and Mother climbed up a ladder, snatched the branch, and threw it to the ground.

When the flames jumped the creek and raced into the plum thicket, Mother took me by the hand and said, "We must go in and pray!" We knelt by the bed and she prayed fervently that God would save our home and all other homes in the wake of the fire.

For some strange reason, the flame split about twenty feet from our back door. One stream raced across the cornfield to the east, the other swept through a stubble field on the west. A mile south the two streams converged and ignited a neighbor's haystack, sending sparks sky-high before crossing the state line into Kansas.

When the danger was over, Mother collapsed and had to be carried to bed, where she stayed for two weeks.

For days after this great fire, black ashes stirred by the breeze filled the air until day became night and men's faces were so blackened one couldn't recognize his nearest neighbor.

I was ten years old when this happened. The old log house has long ago fallen into decay, the sod kitchen has returned to the dust from whence it came. I'm eighty-five now but even today the sound of a fire siren can send me back along memory's lane to that dreadful day of the prairie holocaust.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 43)

Slim Evans Again

In your August 1967 issue, you published my letter about Slim Evans. I have received many letters from all over the country, none with information but all wanting information from me. They all asked if Slim Evans could be related to the famous Jesse Evans?

The answer is Slim Evans *was* Jesse Evans. He was a beanpole about six feet tall and he weighed about 140 pounds. One man told me a rancher had traced him from Lincoln to Texas where he got involved in a gunfight and a Texas Ranger was killed and he was captured and sent to Huntsville prison for ten years. But he escaped in 1882 and his trail was lost.

That is not what he told me. He said he went from Lincoln to Mexico. If he did time, he never mentioned it. Everyone knew Slim was Jesse Evans and the general attitude was, "That's Jesse Evans, so what?" At that time he was a respected foreman on a large cattle ranch, the headquarters of which was thirteen miles west of Gila Bend, Arizona.—Bob Monroe, Box 335 B, Star Route, Rio Vita, California 94571.

Mary Ann Manning

Mary Ann Manning started to California during the gold rush with an older brother. Somewhere along the trail—we've always thought it was in the vicinity of Death Valley—the train split up due to the shortage of grazing land for the stock. For some unknown reason Mary Ann's brother went with the other party and Mary Ann never saw or heard of him again.

A few years after reaching the goldfields, Mary Ann married a John Sprouls, a miner who later joined the San Francisco police force. In the 1870s, after her husband's death, she moved to Oregon. If anyone can give me any information concerning Mary Ann Manning's family in Indiana or the lost wagon-train, I would be very grateful.—Mrs. Ailene Darland, Box 161, Salome, Arizona 85348.

Ivins

This is my last resort in an effort to locate the burial place of my grandfather, Frank F. Ivins. Little is known by me, the last male relative, since he left Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, years before I was born. Due to his leaving his family, the sons and daughters of Frank Ivins would not talk of him to me and a cousin, or give any information to us.

On the death of my uncle, his oldest son, in 1964 some letters and notes came to light. James D. Ivins was ninety years of age at death and had been ten years of age at the time his father left home. There were three other children, Mary, my mother, Barclay and Rebecca. All are deceased except Rebecca, who is past the time of comprehension. Other than her, my cousin Mrs. Myrtle Haughton and I are the only ones of the family surviving.

Frank Farraday Ivins left Philadelphia and went west. After about a year he returned to his wife, the former Elizabeth Bailey of York, Pennsylvania. He stayed about a year and then left again and was not heard from until 1926. At times he wrote from Russelville in Arkansas, and stated he was in good health and if his arthritis did not give him too much trouble, would come east.

The next letter was in 1927 from Subiaco, Arkansas, where he said he was stone cutting for a new monastery. Mail should be addressed in care of "New Monastery," Subiaco, Arkansas. I attempted to trace him from there in 1965 but they had had a fire in December, 1927, and all records of laborers in the construction had been destroyed. All known laborers were deceased.

Among the notes and passages of his letters, these things were stated. On the first trip he had been prospecting throughout the West, having been in Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and Oregon. At one time he had been a scout for General Merritt. He stated that he owned a farm or ranch and had a car. Another comment was that he would go back to Arizona or New Mexico.

I recall one statement which inferred that he had had another family somewhere in the Southwest. This may have been the basis for the family attitude.

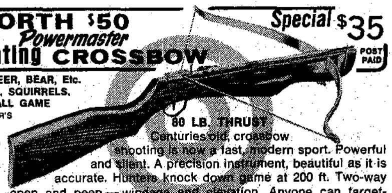
I am in no way interested in any holdings or property he may have accumulated. All I would like is to find his burial site and any relatives who may exist, or by chance, someone who may have known him. I am sixty-six years of age and about to retire. There are no pictures of him to my knowledge or of any of the other deceased members of our family.

If anyone has any knowledge of Frank Farraday Ivins and would write me, I would be most grateful.—James J. Duffy, Star Route 2, Bismarck, North Dakota 58501.

(Continued on page 72)

FREE 52 page CATALOG
ARMSTRONG
HI-FLOTATION TIRES
FULL SET OF 4 - 11:00 x 15" 6 PLY GENUINE ARMSTRONG TIRES, TUBES, & 9" WIDE ONE PIECE WHEELS - $199.95 FEDERAL EXCISE TAX INCL.
no exchange necessary. We ship anywhere.
Cepek 68
ARMSTRONG High Flotation TIRES & WHEELS UNIQUE JEEPING & CAMPING ACCESSORIES
DICK CEPEK
P.O. BOX 181 - FT
SOUTH GATE,
CALIFORNIA 90280
569-1675 564-3478
SHOWROOM
9623 Calif. Ave.
South Gate, Calif.
HOURS: Tues. thru Fri. Noon to 8. Sat. 8 to 5. Closed Sun. & Mon.
Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____
"NO ZIP CODE - NO FREE CATALOG!"

Southwestern Historical Quarterly's CHISHOLM TRAIL COMMEMORATIVE ISSUE
Includes eight articles on the nineteenth century cattle trade and a beautiful twelve-page folio of photographs of cowboy life from the Erwin E. Smith Collection. The issue is a must for all with an interest in western history.
Send name, address, and $2.00 to:
TEXAS STATE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION
P.O. Box 8059, University Station
Austin, Texas 78712



WORTH $50 Powermaster hunting CROSSBOW
Special $35 POST PAID
KILLS DEER, BEAR, Etc. RABBITS, SQUIRRELS, ALL SMALL GAME
COLLECTOR'S ITEM
terrific target sport
80 LB. THRUST
Centuries old, crossbow shooting is now a fast, modern sport. Powerful and silent. A precision instrument, beautiful as it is accurate. Hunters knock down game at 200 ft. Two-way sights—open and peep—windage and elevation. Anyone can target-shoot right in their own backyard. Harpoon fish with free line attachment. 34" hardwood stock. 33" bow. Handsome den display. Possession is legal in all states ... Money back if not completely satisfied. Target arrow 80¢ each. Hunting and fishing arrows $1.25. Send to:
WHAM-O MFG. CO., Box 20-N San Gabriel, California 91778

MAKE BIG MONEY
raising either Chinchillas, Guinea pigs, Rabbits, Mink or Pigeons for us. This is your big opportunity to get started on the road to prosperity with us, and to have an income for life. Send 25c for full information that explains everything about the big proposition we have to offer you.
KEENEY BROTHERS FARMS
New Freedom, Pa. R. No. 2 Box No. 108

HAVE YOUR
POEMS
SET TO MUSIC
See how your words can be turned into a song. Songs recorded, phonograph records made. Send your best poems or songs for prompt FREE information.
CROWN MUSIC CO.
49 West 32 St. Studio 299, New York 10001

SCRATCHY EYELIDS?
Soothing LAVOPTIK, the medicinal Eye Wash, relieves burning, itching eyelids; aids natural healing; refreshes, relaxes tired eyes. Satisfaction or money back. For dependable eye comfort insist on genuine LAVOPTIK, Eye Wash eye cup included, at your druggist.

Watch for the
April TRUE WEST
... on sale February 20

CLASSIFIED

(30c per word, cash with order)

Books & Magazines

ARIZONA TREASURE HUNTERS Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map 1881, smaller early map. 1200 place name glossary, mines, camps, Indian reservations, etc. $1.50. Theron Fox, 1296H Yosemite, San Jose, California.

LOCATE ANY BOOKS! Any subject. No obligation. Frontier Bookfinders, Box 15070, Orlando, Florida 32808.

NEVADA TREASURE HUNTERS Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map. 800 place name glossary, railroads, camps, camel trail, etc. $1.50. Theron Fox, 1296½ Yosemite, San Jose 26, California.

BOTTLE IDENTIFICATION by Putnam. A reference book that describes old bottles and their moulds. Names each bottle, gives its size and use. Patent dates of spring stoppers and crown caps. More than 1,000 pictures taken from the old time bottle makers catalogs. Retail $2.75 postpaid. P. Putnam, Box 297, Duarte, California 91010.

"BURIED TREASURE & LOST MINES" by Frank Fish—Successful Treasure expert. Fish spent 42 years researching this information. An authentic guide and reference book. Make treasure hunting your hobby—make it pay. Price $1.50 post paid. Publisher—Erie Schaefer, 14728 Peyton Drive, Chino, California.

BOOK HUNTING OUR BUSINESS. Service is our product. No charge for search. Satisfactian guaranteed. D-J Book Search, Box 3352, San Bernardino, California 92404.

"DIG THOSE CRAZY BOTTLES." Drawings of over 250 bottles with descriptions, history, color, size, and pricing. Plus a special section on miniature whiskeys. $2.00 postpaid. Don Kauffman, 3520 Laramie St., Cheyenne, Wyoming.

101 EASY WAYS TO FIND BURIED TREASURE. A book for all treasure hunters, crammed full of information. Only $2.00 cash, check or M.O. Dayne Chastain, Route 2, Seminole, Oklahoma.

"POINTS, ARROWHEADS, and other Artifacts of the Southwest." Booklet. Over 120 illustrations. Covers Stoneage from "Sandia" to recent. $1.00. Canyonada, Rt. 2, Box 12, Mountainair, N. Mex. 87036.

FREE 128 page catalog on metal locators, books and maps. GENERAL ELECTRONIC DETECTION CO., BOX 67, BELLFLOWER, CALIF. 90706.

FREE BOOK LISTS: Guns, Cowboys, Indians, Western History. Free!!! Colonial Trading Poste, Box 11051, Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406.

GHOST TOWN DIRECTORY OF THE WEST—347 locations—10 states—Gold Panning Instructions—Pictures—Maps—Price $1.00. Other books for the Rockhound, Prospector, Treasure and Bottle Hunter, Etc. Free Catalog on request. Pierce Publishing, Dept. A-6, Box 5221, Abilene, Texas 79605.

MAPS: PIONEER-HISTORICAL. Mississippi River to Pacific Ocean. "West-Southwest (30" x 50"); "West-Northwest" (21" x 50") $2.00 each folded, $3.00 each tubed. They show Old Forts, Fur Posts, Towns, Railroads, Cattle Trails, Stage and Telegraph Lines, Indian Areas, "Trails of Tears," Emigrant Routes. Most everything 'dated.' MAPS, Box 56H, Tijeras, New Mexico 87059.

AMERICAN INDIAN MAGAZINE. History, lore and current news. 35c sample copy. $1.50 a year. Write MANY SMOKES, P.O. Box 5895, Reno, Nevada 89503.

BOOKS AND SPECIAL FEATURE MAGAZINES. Wide Range of Subjects, including Western Items. Some First Editions. Select List for stamp. Clarence H. Weihe, Box 102, Postville, Iowa 52162.

WESTERN YESTERDAYS by Forest Crossen. Volumes I through V. Each volume a different collection of true adventures by oldtime Westerners. Illustrated. $1.95 each. Colorado residents add 3% sales tax. Address WESTERN YESTERDAYS, Box 1433, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

TREASURE, Coin, and Relic Hunters news publication. Only $1.00 yearly. Sample copy 25c. GOLD BUG, Box 588-T, ALAMO, CALIFORNIA 94507.

SELLING TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES. Nation's largest stock. Send your list for prices. Stamped envelope appreciated. Miller, 2626-B Spring Lane, Austin, Texas 78703.

GHOST TOWN MAPS, New Book Titled "California Ghost Town Trails" has pictures, maps to California Ghost Towns $2.95. F. Abbott, P.O. Box 4262, Anaheim, Calif. 92803.

LOCATE VALUABLE COINS ANYWHERE. Thousands of dollars in valuable coins collected each day. No other equipment needed. Only $2.00 cash, check or money order. Address SILVER-TURN, Box 566, Dallas, Texas 75221.

GHOST TOWN GUIDE: Over 100 California Ghost Towns listed with directions on how to reach them. Only $1.95. F. Abbott, P.O. Box 4262, Anaheim, California 92803.

"GHOST TOWN & MINING CAMPS OF IDAHO" description & directions. Colorful. Interesting and helpful. $2.25. Alturas Enterprises, Box 1066, Soda Springs, Idaho 83276.

PICTORIAL MAP OF MONTANA'S gold strikes, Ghost Towns, Frontier Military outposts. Excellent for reference or framing. In color. Illustrated border 23" x 29". $1.50 ppd. Bob Cooper, 224 E. 4460 So., Salt Lake City, Utah 84107.

Books & Magazines

HARD TO FIND MAGAZINES—BOOKS—Every Subject! Folios free! ALKAM, TW, Box 464, Jackson Heights Stations, Queens, NYC 11372.

TRUE WEST, 2 thru 75 (No. 28 missing). FRONTIER TIMES, 1 thru 42 (No. 17 missing). Make offer. Marmor, 8339 Pierce, Buena Park, Calif. 90620.

ONE COMPLETE SET OF FRONTIER TIMES $65.00. Anthony Fiore, 103-35 117 St., Jamaica, N.Y. 11419.

SELLING PULP WESTERNS, TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES. Wm. Krueger, Conklin, Michigan.

YOUNGER BROTHERS—pictures, documents, historical items wanted. W. A. Zink, Appleton City, Mo.

SELLING BACK ISSUES—FRONTIER TIMES—TRUE WEST—OLD WEST—REAL WEST—GOLDEN WEST—$2.00 each. G. Buchanan, Box 474, McCleary, Wash. 98557.

SELLING COMPLETE SET, FRONTIER TIMES. TRUE WEST 15 to 84 except 17-19, 26 thru 30, 34, 35, 36, 39 missing—Best Offer. 11 extras FRONTIER TIMES—2 thru 7, 9, 13, 14, 17, 18. Best Offer each. All in fine condition. B. L. Brown, Box 837, El Paso, Texas 79945.

RARE MAP, "Trails of New Mexico's Malpais (Badlands)." Old Indian trails, historic and pioneer routes, points of recent historic interest. Mike Todd plane crash area; explored and unexplored ice caves. Drawn by old-timer who absolutely knows region, with six lost treasure area pin-pointed by author. Excellent for campers, weekend tripsters, vacationists, treasure hunters, explorers, adventurers. Folded, $2.00. Kit Carson, 805 Ortiz NE, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

TO FIND TREASURES of the past you need an accurate map of the past. That's just what Relco has—Treasure and Landmark Map. Shows original shape of old Republic of Texas. Covers all or parts of Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, and Gulf of Mexico. Shows treasure sites where vast fortunes remain lost or hidden. First publication. $2.00. Relco-B66, Box 10563, Houston, Texas 77018.

"POCKET FIELD GUIDE FOR THE BOTTLE DIGGER." First field guide ever published on bottles. Loaded with bottle photos, all bottles priced. Very attractive, compact and durable. Send $2 to Old Bottle Collecting Publications, P.O. Box 276, Ashland, Ore. 97520. Dealers inquiries invited.

"ANTIQUE BOTTLES" Just published. Loaded with actual color photos of old bottles, all priced. A very beautiful and informative book. Send $3 to Old Bottle Collecting Publications, P.O. Box 276, Ashland, Ore. 97520. Dealers inquiries invited.

PICTORIAL MAP OF ARIZONA'S lost and abandoned mines, ghost towns, frontier military posts. Excellent for reference or framing. In color. $1.50 ppd. Bob Cooper, 224 E. 4460 So., Salt Lake City, Utah 84107.

MOST WESTERNS. Buying REAL WEST, TRUE WESTERN ADVENTURES. Your list with stamp. H. Brooks, 106 W. Catlin, Canon City, Colorado.

"ANNALS OF OLD FORT CUMMINGS, N.M., 1867." Photo reproductions, rare original book. $4.95. J. Braddock, 242 Polaris, WSMR, N.M. 88002.

Business Opportunities

FREE BOOK "990 Successful Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth—237M, Brooklyn, New York 11218.

BOOMING Australia needs your skills! Government assisted passage. Details $1.00. Irv Hayer, 1117A S.W. Columbia, Portland, Oregon 97201.

WRITERS, ARTISTS needed for special commercial assignments. Editor, B.E.R. Service, Box 530, North Hollywood, Calif. 91603.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Good Pay, Adventure, Government Paid Transportation Allowance! Send $1.00 for "Australian Opportunities Handbook." International Services, Box 12-K3, Greenfield, Indiana 46140.

GAME WARDEN, Government Hunter, Forestry, Park and Wildlife Services announce job openings regularly. Prepare at home for outdoor work, good pay, security. Complete information Free! Write North American School of Conservation—AP, Newport, California 92660.

AUSTRALIA. A new life. Beckoning Americans. Government shares fare. Details $1. Pacifico, Box 43485-AM, Los Angeles, Calif. 90043.

Fishing & Hunting

COLLAPSIBLE FARM—POND—FISH TRAPS; Animal traps. Postpaid. FREE information, pictures. Shawnee 3934-W Buena Vista, Dallas 4, Texas.

FREE CATALOG . . . saves you money on reloading equipment, calls, decoys, archery, fishing tackle, molds, tools, rods, blanks. Finnysports, (TR) Toledo, Ohio 43614.

JEEPS $62.50 . . . AUTOS . . . BOATS . . . Thousands Others direct from Government! "How to Buy in Your Area and 1968 Directory," send $1.00. Surplus Disposal, Box 11211-WC, Indianapolis, Indiana 46201.

FISH TRAPS, collapsible. Pond-lake types. Animal, bird traps. Free catalog and trapping secrets. Sensitronix, 2225-F9 Lou Ellen, Houston, Texas 77018.

LIVE TRAPS. All sizes, mouse to dog. Also fish, sparrow, turtle, and other traps. World's largest selection. Free catalog. Sensitronix, 2225-MC23 Lou Ellen, Houston, Texas 77018.

Fishing & Hunting

KNIVES; 101 Imported hunting, fishing, camping and novelty knives. Priced Catalogue (25c). Friedmar Imports, 320 N. 16th St., Montebello, Calif.

DISCOUNTS UP TO 50% on nationally advertised tackle, boats, motors, guns, etc. Send $1.00 for list. Walter Craig, Box 927, Selma, Alabama.

LIVE TRAPS, All size, Mouse to Dog. Collapsible or Rigid. Carrying Cages. Free Literature. National Live Traps, Regional Sales Office: 420 W. Oak, Flagstaff, Arizona 86001.

Firearms

MODERN MUZZLE LOADERS! Share the excitement of thousands who are shooting modern muzzle loaders. Rifles, pistols and shotguns of new manufacture—and priced realistically. Tons of antique gunparts. Send $1.00 for catalog No. 116-T. A must for any firearms collector. Dixie Gun Works, Union City, Tennessee.

Indian Relics

POTTERY, BASKETS, BEAD WORK, AZTEC BOWLS. List $.50. SAN JOAQUIN INDIAN TRADING POST, 18 West Downs, Stockton, California 95204.

ARROWHEAD MAKING: Complete illustrated instructions on ancient methods. Includes 1 hand chipped arrowhead. $1.00. CANYONADA, Rt. 2, Box 12, Mountainair, New Mexico 87036.

HOW TO FIND ARROWHEADS. New book tells how, where, when to look. $2.00 Canyon Publishing, Canyonville, Oregon 97417.

SPECIALTIES COLLECTOR AIDS—Pamphlets on cataloging Artifacts and spotting fakes and reworks (samples included) all for $1.00. Free brochure listing frames and many other items. THE TEPEE, Box 749, RICHLAND, WASHINGTON 99352.

SEVEN AUTHENTIC Texas/Mexico Indian arrowheads only $2.00 postpaid. Artifact lists free. Utberg, Box 420T, Edinburg, Texas 78539.

INDIAN MADE BEADWORK, Weapons, costumes, catalog 50c. Tecumseh's Trading Post, 1430 Gaskill St., Reading, Pennsylvania 19606.

LARGE SPEARPOINT. Over 5 inches long. Only $3.00. Money back if not satisfied. WALKER, Box 482, Denison, Texas.

Inventions Wanted

PATENT Searches including Maximum speed, full airmail report and closest patent copies, $6.00. Quality searches expertly administered. Complete secrecy guaranteed. Free Invention Protection forms and "Patent Information." Write Dept. 16, Washington Patent Office Search Bureau, 711 14th N.W., Washington 5, D.C.

INVENTORS! Don't sell your invention, patented or unpatented, until you receive our offer. Eagle Development Company, Dept. T, 79 Wall Street, New York 5, N.Y.

INVENTORS! We will develop, sell your idea or invention, patented or unpatented. Our national manufacturer-clients are urgently seeking new items for highest outright cash sale or royalties. Financial assistance available. 10 years proven performance. For Free information write Dept. 49, Wall Street Invention Brokerage, 79 Wall Street, New York 5, N.Y.

Leathercraft

FREE: "Do-it-yourself" Leathercraft Manual. Tandy Leather Company, 1001 Foch, D63, Fort Worth, Texas.

Rare Coins & Stamps

RARE SILVER DOLLARS: 1883-1884-1885-1899-1900-1901-1902 O Mint or 1880-1881 S mint. Uncirculated, $3.50 ea. New Catalogue 50c. SHULTZ, Salt Lake, Utah 84110.

GOLD COINS 20s for $55.00. 10s for 35.00. 5s for 28.00. Grant Morris, 1440 Canterbury Dr., Salt Lake City 8, Utah.

THREE NEW UNCIRCULATED Mexican silver dollars. Only $1.00 postpaid. Utberg, Box 420T, Edinburg, Texas 78539.

5 FORMOSA SILVER DOLLARS $2.95. 100 Foreign Coins $2.95. 100 Foreign Notes $3.95. BELL'S, BOX 276W, TOLLESON, ARIZONA 85353.

I PAY $250 EACH for 1924 1c green Franklin stamps rotary perforated 11 ($2,500 unused). Send 25c for illustrated folders showing amazing prices paid for old stamps, coins, collections. Vincent, 85TW, Bronx, New York 10458.

SEND ME YOUR old U.S. Coins. Highest prices paid. Also have old applied ring bottles for sale. Taylors Grocery, Rt. 2, Box 174, Port Lavaca, Texas.

Real Estate

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . LOW AS $1.00 ACRE. Millions Acres! For Exclusive Copyrighted Report . . . plus "Land Opportunity Digest" listing lands available throughout U.S., send $1.00. Satisfaction Guaranteed! Land Disposal, Box 11211-WC, Indianapolis, Indiana 46201.

CANADIAN VACATION LANDS: Full price $385.00. 40 acres $10 month. Suitable cottage sites, hunting, fishing, investment. Free information. Land Corporation, 3768-W Bathurst, Downsview, Ontario, Canada.

400,000,000 ACRES GOVERNMENT PUBLIC LAND in 25 states. Some low as $1.00 acre. 1968 Report. Details $1.00. Public Land, 422-W Washington Building, Washington, D.C.

Real Estate

U.S. GOVERNMENT LANDS dirt cheap! Mountain cabin sites, $25. Millions acres! Fully illustrated! Satisfaction guaranteed! Send $1.00 for "Land Buyers' Guide." Omega Press, Box 613-D, Tustin, Calif. 92680.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . LOW AS $1.00 ACRE. Millions Acres! For Exclusive Copyrighted Report . . . plus "Land Opportunity Digest" listing lands available throughout U.S., send $1.00. Satisfaction Guaranteed! Land Disposal, Box 9091-WC, Washington, D.C. 20003.

PEACEFUL SOUTHERN UTAH VALLEY. Land 2½ acres. $250. Cash or Terms. Dept. FT, P.O. Box 17401, Holladay, Utah 84117.

Recipes

"FREE" SOURDOUGH recipe, from the "Ole West." Send 25c cover handling and mailing. Box 174, Battleground, Washington.

101 WINE, BEER RECIPES. Illustrated manual. $2.00. Supplies. Dominae, Box 584-W, Ft. Wayne, Ind. 46801.

"SOURDOUGH" Recipes, Chuckwagon Biscuits, Hotcakes, Donuts, $1.00. "BAR-B-Q" Recipes, Sauces, Beans, etc. $1.00. "JERKY" Make your own from fresh or frozen beef or game. Recipe $1.00. Box 111, Brush Prairie, Washington 98606.

BEER 6¢ qt. Modern Recipe, supplies list; errorless brewing with hints, etc. $1.00. Niemannsbrau Ent., P.O. Box 41292, Los Angeles, Calif.

"BUTTERMILK RECIPES" Delicious favorites . . . cakes, breads, waffles, etc. Illustrated Book $1.00. 4566FT Live Oak Canyon, LaVerne, California 91750.

BEER, CHAMPAGNE, WINES—Time-Tested, Proven Home Recipes! $2.20. (Supplies, hydrometers catalog with order). Brugenheimer, Box 158-E38, Lexington, Mass.

LIGHTWEIGHT CAMPING, SURVIVAL foods—Keep indefinitely without refrigeration. Recipes $1.00. Smokehouse, Box 723, Pinetop, Arizona.

COCKROACH RECIPE. A "Simple Home Recipe," cost less than 10c. Will rid your home of roaches forever. After one day you will see no more cockroaches around. Quick, safe and sure. $1.00 for recipe. M. F. Wooten, 1909 San Francisco St., San Antonio, Texas 78201.

SMOKED FISH, meat, jerky recipes. Inexpensive smoker instructions. Send $1.00. Smokehouse, Box 723, Pinetop, Arizona.

BEERS, PEACH BRANDY, WINES—Strongest Formulas, $2.25. (complete brew supplies hydrometers catalog included)—Research Enterprises, 29-WO7 Samoset, Woburn, Mass.

Western Merchandise

BARB-WIRE—Antique and rare. Send 25c for sketch list. Demco Barb-Wire Sales, Box 1025, Littleton, Colorado 80120.

PLACER GOLD, $2.00. Pocket gold, $2.00. Gold dust, $1.00. Attractively displayed. Moneyback guarantee. Lester Lea, Box 1125, Mt. Shasta, California 96067.

ANTIQUE BARBED-WIRE AND DISPLAY LABELS, Send 25c for sketch list. Huaco Wire Sales, 1316 N. 34th St., Waco, Texas 76710.

ANTIQUE BOTTLES. Send self-addressed stamped envelope to P.O. Box 5136, Oxnard, Calif. 93030 for catalog and price list.

ANTIQUE BARB WIRE catalogue 25c. Barbed Wire identification Handbook $1.00. Box 6392, Bakersfield, California 93306.

TANNED SHEEPSKINS: Large size, luxurious soft wool. Free brochure. Snow Plume House, 2370 South Race, Denver, Colorado 80210.

"BEER BOTTLES." Found in Idaho's Gold Rush Camps. Approx. 75 to 100 years old. $6.50. "Ghost Town Bottles." Box 234, Kooskia, Idaho.

PEARL AND METAL SNAP FASTNERS FOR Western Shirts. Many styles and colors. Free Catalogue. Campau Company, Box 76055G, Sanford Station, Los Angeles, Calif. 90005.

Treasure Hunting

"TREASURE HUNTERS! Prospectors! Relco's new instruments detect buried gold, silver, coins, minerals, historical relics. Transistorized. Weighs 3 pounds. $19.95 up. Free catalog. Relco-A91, Box 10839, Houston, Texas 77018." "See elsewhere for our display ad."

HEAP FINDINGEST DETECTORS YET for metals, minerals, coins and underwater. Latest far out improvements. Information 25c. IGWTT, Williamsburg, New Mexico 87942.

PROSPECTORS—TREASURE HUNTERS! Metal Detector $3.00 sold WORLD WIDE on MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Will locate metal many feet underground. Weight 8 ounces. Users have traced underground veins, located covered mine shafts, located treasure articles, old Spanish graves, etc. Complete instructions. Send cash, M.O. or check—we pay postage or c.o.d. PLASTINO MFG. CO., 6907 W. 12th, Denver 15, Colorado.

TREASURE HUNTER'S MAP OF WASHINGTON STATE—over 200 leads on map and in descriptive booklet—$2. T. Christensen, Box 961, Spokane, Wash. 99210.

NEW FOR '68! Goldak Treasure Locators—Find Coins, Gold, Silver. A profitable yet fun hobby. GOLDAK DEPT. FTC, 1544 W. Glenoaks, Glendale, California 91201.

Treasure Hunting

TRANSISTORIZED SENSITIVE METAL DETECTORS at Lowest Prices. Free Information. AGMA, Box 17389, Tucson, Arizona.

TREASURE—Prospector's Special. Locates gold, silver and mineral flows at long distances. Guaranteed to operate for anyone. For information write to: R. L. Gann, Route 1, Ballinger, Texas 76821.

GOLD, SILVER, RELICS! Located with powerful Detectron Metal Locators. Free information. Terms. Detectron, Dept. FT3, P.O. Box 243, San Gabriel, Calif. 91778.

METAL DETECTORS! This is the one you have been looking for. Designed to find GOLD only, SILVER only. Thousands in use. Will also detect all other metals if desired. Lightweight. Only $5.00. GOL-TECTOR, Box 791, Seminole, Oklahoma 74878.

SAVE $ . . . METAL FINDERS, build your own. Complete plans only $1.00. Goldpan Enterprises, c/o General Delivery, Historic Jacksonville, Oregon 97530.

TREASURE GOLD, Silver, Relics. New 1968 detectors now available. Free information. Rayscope, Dept. 3-J, Box 715, North Hollywood, California 91603.

MAKE TREASURE HUNTING PAY—Free information. Box 482, Denison, Texas.

Miscellaneous

OREGON GHOST TOWN & TREASURE MAP $2.00. Grant W. James, 2836 N. E. 19th, Portland, Oregon.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP, Self-hypnosis, prayer-plant experiments! Details, catalog FREE. Research Association, Box 24-TW, Olympia, Washington.

"OVERLOOKED FORTUNES" in the rarer minerals and gemstones. Here are a few of the 300 or more you may be overlooking while mining, prospecting or gem hunting: Uranium, vanadium, columbium, tantalum, tungsten, nickel, cobalt, selenium, germanium, bismuth, platinum, beryllium, golden beryl, emeralds, etc. Some minerals worth $1 to $2 a pound, others $25 to $100 an ounce. Some beryllium gems worth a fortune; get out of the agate class into the big money; an emerald the size of your thumb may be worth $500 to $10,000 or more. Learn how to find, identify and cash in on them. New simple system. Send for free copy "Overlooked Fortunes"—it may lead to knowledge which may make you rich. Duke's Research Laboratory, Box 666, Dept. 4, Truth or Consequences, New Mexico.

AUTHENTIC INDIAN SONGS AND DANCES on Phonograph Records—Catalogue on request from Canyon Records, 6050 No. 3rd St., Phoenix, Arizona 85012.

BEAUTIFUL NATURAL COLOR Prints of Charles M. Russell's Masterpieces, suitable for framing. 50c Each. Over 100 subjects. Send 10c for list. Gudmundson, 815 E. Bannock, Boise, Idaho 83702.

TEXAS PROSPECTORS AND HISTORIANS MAP, by Harley & Vera Smith. Comes to you in 22 x 29 inches and in three colors. Lists 105 Army forts, Missions, ghost towns, Indian, cattle & Military trails. Rock information, sunken ships off Padre and much more. Autographed if desired. $1.00 each. Smith's Publishing Co., P.O. Box 6018, Odessa, Texas 79761.

WINEMAKING . . . Grape, Elderberry, Dandelion, Frozen Juices, etc. Brewmasters' Secrets Revealed! Powerful Methods! Instructions, Recipes, and Supplies. Catalog, $1.00. Continental, Box 11071-WC, Indianapolis, Indiana 46201.

FOUR "WILL" FORMS and Lawyer's "Guide to Wills"—$1.00 complete. NATIONAL, Box 48313-MB, Los Angeles, California 90048.

OIL BUGS. Bug and Lessons, $28.85. Box 577, Conrad, Montana 59425.

LINCOLN'S MURDERER Reward Poster. Nearly 2 feet long. $1.00. POSTER SHACK, Box 613-D, Tustin, Calif. 92680.

"WILL FORMS (2). Instructions written by Lawyer. Who should make a will. When and how. Instructions cover all states. $1.00. Ward, Ward, & Ward, Box 185, Fairfield, Alabama 35064.

COLLECTORS: Composite photograph of Geronimo and related scenes with biographical summary. Two pieces 8 x 10 each. Suitable for companion framing. Excellent conversation pieces. $3.00. M. Howe, Box 7368, Waco, Texas 76710.

BLACK MEXICAN SWEET CORN—Sweetest you'll ever taste. Same delicious variety ancient Aztecs grew. 12 ounces $1, catalogue. Catalogue alone 10c. Nichols Gardens, 1190 North, Albany, Oregon 97321.

WANTED TO BUY: Merchant's trade tokens, Army post tokens, bus and baggage, omnibus, hack, livery and transfer, bridge tokens. Will pay $10.00 for any token saying, "Good for one ride from hotel to depot." Mrs. William R. Johnsoh, Box 176, Tecumseh, Michigan 49286.

QUART OREGON HOPS with 101 recipe booklet—Homebrewing, winemaking, Hop Yeast Breads, Sourdoughs $1, Nichols Gardens, Pacific North, Albany, Oregon 97321.

DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR STOPPED! "Simple Home Remedy" to remove the cause of dandruff forever. Restores your scalp to normal good health and improves the luster of your hair. Only $2.00. Nothing else to buy. Safe and sure. M. F. Wooten, *1909 San Francisco St., San Antonio, Texas 78201.*

BILL PROBLEMS? Poor credit no trouble. Not a loan company. Send for free application. Automatic Acceptance, 318TW Broadway Blvd., Reno, Nevada.

Miscellaneous

SUFFERING FROM ARTHRITIS? Try Ginseng; Information Free. Write Ginseng, Asheville 51, N.C.

PRE-COLUMBIAN Art Southeastern American Indian—Send $3.00 for Introductory Series. Gorget Enterprises, Box 98, Calhoun, Tennessee 37309.

LIKE SWEET ONIONS? 600 Assorted "Irish Love Apple" Plants with free planting guide $3 postpaid fresh from TOPCO, "home of the sweet onion," Farmersville, Texas 75031.

BARB WIRE TIMES, monthly publication where old barbed wire is bought, sold and traded. Subscription $3.00. Barb Wire Times, Box 442, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

WE NEED GINSENG GROWERS? $3,000-$25,000 annually. We buy your crop. $2.00 brings seed sample and information. Glass's Ginseng Exchange, Dept. 36, Box 1969, Springfield, Mass. 01101.

MAP COLLECTORS: Here is your opportunity to have a detailed map of the Chisolm Trail, from Red River Station to Kansas Line. $2.00 postpaid in mailing tube. The Great Publishing House since 1889, Co-Operative Publishing Company, P.O. Box 936, Guthrie, Oklahoma.

WANT—pair Joe Bianchi spurs. Harry Moore, Grover, Colo. 80729.

CHINESE KARATE. Complete Course with Identification Card, only $1.98. Kungfu, Box 16853, Dept. (G), Jacksonville, Florida 32216.

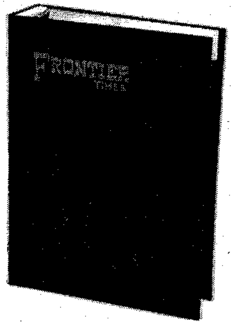
MINI GOLD MINE—a dazzling display of beautiful, pure gold, crystals developed in silica gel. A rich gold mine in miniature. A perfect gift. $2.00. CRYSTALS, P.O. Box 52T, Williams, Oregon 97544.

SUPPORT

C P

UNITED CEREBRAL PALSY

Frontier Times Multiple Binder



Only $3.00 each Postpaid

- **Now you may obtain a sturdy binder with fine simulated leather cover for your copies of FRONTIER TIMES at just $3.00 each, postpaid.**
- **FRONTIER TIMES is stamped in gold on the cover and the backbone. There are beautiful, four-color photographs on inside front and inside back cover.**
- **Convenient, easy to handle, it holds 10-12 issues. (Many back issues available.) No punching or mutilation of your copies necessary. You'll like it on your bookshelf!**

FRONTIER TIMES
P.O. Box 3668, Austin, Texas 78704

I am enclosing $............Send...... binders at $3.00 each to the following:

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 69)

Jenkins

I'm writing through you to your readers in the Billings, Montana, area. I'm trying to get any information I can through old records, newspapers, etc., about my grandfather, William Herron Jenkins, commonly called "Will." He died in Billings around 1911 or perhaps later.

He was a horse trader and farmer, hadn't been in Billings for long. He was six foot, a big man, bald with blue eyes, one shoulder higher (right) than the other. He was forty-eight years old.

It was rumored that he was murdered, but that was never proved. He died in a hospital there after an operation to save his life, a Catholic hospital. My mother (who is seventy-four now) was young at the time, in her teens or early twenties. I'm trying to find out for her and her brother and sisters just what or who killed him. In all these years they have never known.

Please, old-timers or sons and daughters of old-timers who perhaps have heard him spoken of, please write to me. —Mrs. C. W. Rogers, P. O. Box 451, Oak View, California 93022.

Syler

Would like to hear from anyone who knows the present address of my brother, Clarence E. Syler, or any of his children (if he has any). He was born Orban Dwight St. Clair on December 23, 1898 at Spokane, Washington, and was adopted by John and Maggie Syler in 1899. Have traced the Sylers to Hope, Idaho, where the elder Sylers are buried. I have also learned that Clarence was in the Army in 1918, service number R-138288. The last address the Army had was in 1931 and that was 322 East Colfax Avenue, South Bend, Indiana. He had a twin sister but she died at Nampa, Idaho, June 25, 1951. Please write to—Ellis St. Clair Laidlaw, Rt. 1, Box 131, Waitsburg, Washington 99361.

Frazier

I would like to know the burial place of my grandfather who died in West Texas in 1930. He lived about 100 miles from Alpine. His name was William Eran "Bud" Frazier. I would also appreciate knowing the whereabouts of his three sons born in Mason County, Texas: James, Walter and Jesse. Any information will be welcome.—J. M. Beth, 2302 W. Avenue L, San Angelo, Texas 76901.

Funston—Alf Hart

My grandfather, John Henry Funston, was born in Bath County, Kentucky, in 1842. He served with Company H 5th Infantry from Kentucky and somewhere we have cousins in the Alf Hart family. I would like to hear from anyone in this connection.—G. Funston Bilbrey, R. 2, 824 North 5th, Frederick, Oklahoma 73542.

Nelson

Perhaps some of your readers can help me with information on my brother, Harry L. Nelson (or Looney Nelson) whom we have not seen or heard from in over forty years. He is seventy years old, six feet tall and an oil field man. He worked the fields in Ranger, Breckenridge, Caddo, Texas; Smackover fields in Arkansas; also fields in New Mexico. He was born and raised near Dublin, Texas. He left there and went into the oil fields in 1918-19.—Mrs. Letha N. Rockwell, 804 A Street, San Rafael, California 94901.

Charles E. Bowman

Can anyone give me any information about my old schoolmate and friend Charles E. Bowman? He was a member of the 15th Cavalry in 1904. After his discharge he located at Napa Junction, California, as a real estate salesman but I haven't heard from him since just before the San Francisco earthquake.—Floyd S. Yeary, R.R. #2, South Haven, Kansas 67140.

Knapp

I'm trying to locate information about my paternal grandparents, Daniel Knapp and Louisa Hocheman Knapp, who lived in Leadville, Colorado, during 1887 and 1898, or possibly longer. My grandfather was in the meat and grocery business there during these years, and lived on Oak, Hemlock and Toledo Streets. The last known business address was 105 Oak Street, and this was possibly known as "The Colorado Grocery." The business was sold to a man named George Klippel in 1898. Leadville residents (a few old-timers, that is) remember Mr. Klippel, but not my grandfather.

My grandmother died on March 9, 1901, and is possibly buried in Leadville, perhaps in the Catholic Cemetery, although I cannot verify this either. We understand that my grandfather left Leadville after my grandmother died. He may have gone to Cripple Creek or Florence.—(Mrs.) Willa (Knapp) Stewart, 328 Lilac Court, Redlands, California 92373.

Hack

I would like to correspond with relatives of William Henry Hack, born about 1812, reared around Covington, Indiana. Lived in Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, and died in 1907 at Rambo, Pawnee County, Oklahoma. He lived with Tillman Hack and William Henry Hack, Jr. after 1900, around Glencoe, Oklahoma.—Phyllis Hack McMicheal, 4009 N. W. 27th, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73107.

Womack

Abner Pryor Womack, born in 1806 in Georgia, moved from Mississippi to Polk County, Texas about 1850 or '51. Does anyone know from what county in Mississippi he moved, and exact date of arrival in Texas? He and his family moved to near Morgan, Bosque County, Texas in 1859, where he lived until his death in 1894 (with the exception of a year or two in Brown County, Texas). He was the father of nineteen children and had three step-daughters. William W. Stringer, my great-grandfather was born in 1829 in Mississippi, but what county? He was living with Abner Womack in 1860 in Bosque County, Texas, where he married Nancy Prine Womack in about 1861; their children: Abner, Grene, George L., James and Stacy. The four sons lived their lives in Bosque County. Stacy Stringer married Seke Fulfur in 1900s. Her last known address, Tuttle, Oklahoma. Any information on the above would be appreciated.—Roy E. Gibson, 3709 Linden Avenue, Fort Worth, Texas 76107.

TUMBLEWEEDS
—by Tom K. Ryan
HAVE A CIGAR, SHERIFF, AND CONGRATULATE ME... IT'S MY ANNIVERSARY!
©1966 LEW LITTLE SYND.
ANNIVERSARY? WHAT ANNIVERSARY?
1-7
I'VE BEEN MAKING A SUCKER OUT OF YOU FOR EXACTLY ONE YEAR TODAY!
POOM!
T.K. RYAN

LOOK!

AT THIS OUTSTANDING LISTING OF RELICS, ARTIFACTS, ANTIQUE FURNISHINGS AND ALL MANNER OF COLLECTIBLES . . .

- SCARCE BOTTLES
- LAMPS & LANTERNS
- CANNING JARS
- COINS
- RARE PRINTS
- LADIES FANS
- SADIRONS
- OLD CALENDARS
- EARLY "DYES"
- STAGECOACHES
- COWBOY RELICS
- POSTERS & SHOBILLS
- VINTAGE THRESHERS
- PRESSED GLASS
- HORSESHOE LORE
- GUNS
- TOYS
- FRONTIER FENCING
- CABINCRAFT
- INDIAN ARTIFACTS

THAT HAVE BEEN COVERED BY AUTHORITATIVE NARRATIVE AND WITH SUPERB PICTURES IN THE FIRST THREE ISSUES OF

RELICS

RELICS

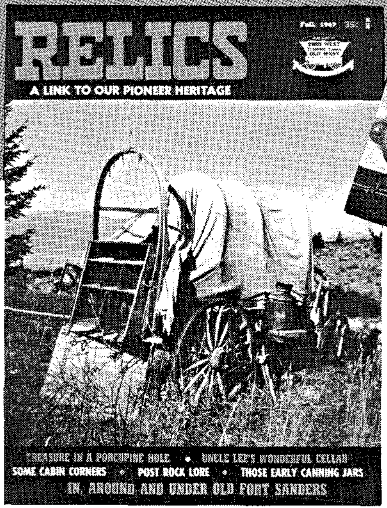
A LINK TO OUR PIONEER HERITAGE

AMERICA'S NEWEST, MOST ORIGINAL COLLECTOR'S MAGAZINE!

RELICS
A LINK TO OUR PIONEER HERITAGE
Summer 1967 35¢
UNDERHAMMER GUNS
VINTAGE CALENDARS
ANTIQUE SADIRONS
INDIAN WOMEN KNEW HOW TO "DYE"
INKS AND SODAS
AND PUMPKIN SEEDS

YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS A SINGLE ISSUE FROM HERE ON IN . . . SO

Subscribe NOW!


RELICS
Fall 1967 35¢
A LINK TO OUR PIONEER HERITAGE
TREASURE IN A PORCUPINE HOLE • UNCLE LEE'S WONDERFUL CELLAR
SOME CABIN CORNERS • POST ROCK LORE • THOSE EARLY CANNING JARS
IN, AROUND AND UNDER OLD FORT SANDERS

During the past few years, there has been a tremendous surge of interest in Pioneer Americana . . . an awareness of the significant role those items played in the expansion and development of the Vast Frontier—And it's extremely important that the relics and collectibles of that bygone era be **recognized, recovered** and **preserved.** That's **RELICS** in a nutshell! Like our other publications, **TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES** and **OLD WEST,** we're trail blazers . . . **FIRST ON THE SCENE** with this distinctive publication.

MAKE IT **YOUR GUIDE** TO THE FASCINATING WORLD OF AMERICANA!

DON'T DELAY!

$1.25 PER YEAR

RELICS-CD
P.O. BOX 3668, AUSTIN, TEXAS 78704

☐ ONE YEAR SUBSCRIPTION . . .(4 ISSUES) VALUE $1.40. . . . .$1.25
☐ TWO YEAR SUBSCRIPTION. . .(8 ISSUES) VALUE $2.80. . . . .$2.50

(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)

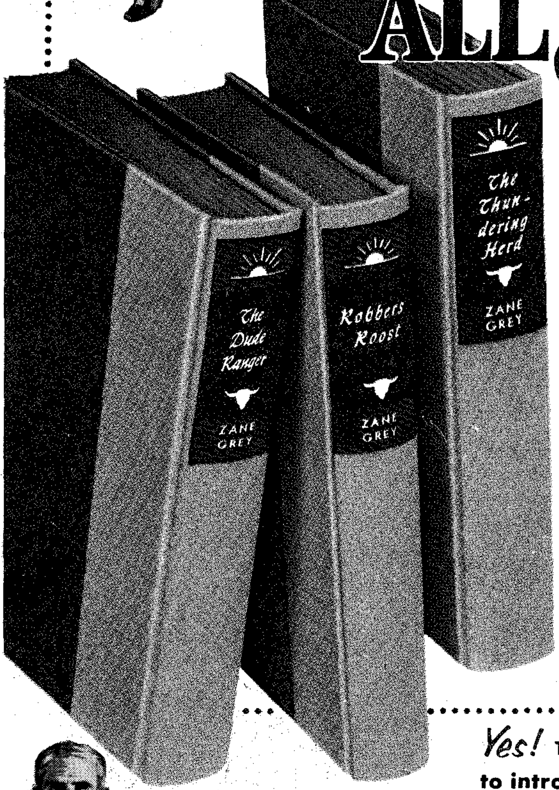
NAME__________________________________

STREET__________________________________

CITY________________STATE________ZIP________

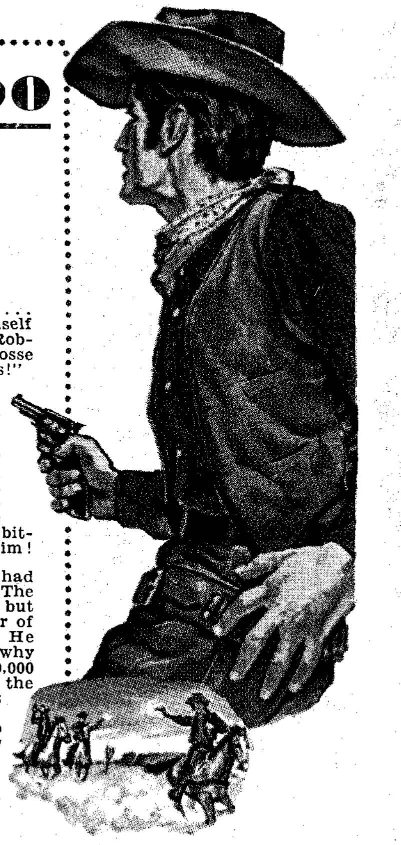
A RIP-ROARING **BONANZA** FOR WESTERN FANS!

3 of the Greatest Western Stories Ever Written BY THE IMMORTAL ZANE GREY



ALL 3 FOR ONLY $1.00

[AN $8.67 VALUE]



Now Ready! YOUR FIRST 3 VOLUMES

THE THUNDERING HERD. When the plainsman asked Tom Doan why he wanted to hunt buffalo, Tom replied "I can ride . . . I'm quick on the draw – and I ain't seen man nor beast yet I'd run from!"

"You'll do," the raw-hide-rough plainsman said. "I reckon I'll need every hand I can get. Them Indian varmints is aimin' to run every hide-huntin' white man off the plains — YOUR SCALP WILL DO AS GOOD AS ANY!"

ROBBERS' ROOST. The Hank Hays Gang was *at large!* These blood-crazed killers were wanted—DEAD OR ALIVE—for robbery . . . rustling . . . murder . . . jailbreaking . . . and now for KIDNAPPING a beautiful young girl!

But the girl was doomed to perish! *No one* dared go near their hideout . . . where Hank Hays himself had boasted of a "Robbers' Roost whar no posse could ride in 20 years!"

THE DUDE RANGER. Ernest Howard was a new tenderfoot on the Red Rock Ranch. The ranch manager wouldn't even let him go *near* a horse. His daughter treated Ernest like *dirt!* And the foreman hated him bitterly – tried to KILL him!

But the Tenderfoot had an ace up his sleeve. The others didn't know it, but HE was the new owner of Red Rock Ranch! He wanted to find out why the manager had $200,000 in the bank while the ranch itself was barely breaking even! He *would* find out, too – *if he lived long enough!*

Yes! TAKE ALL 3 FOR ONLY $1.00

to introduce you to the luxurious, matching, hard-bound volumes of "The Zane Grey Library"—*No Obligation To Buy Any More Books*

ZANE GREY
America's Most
Beloved Western
Story-Teller

THESE DE LUXE VOLUMES are handsomely-bound in Glowing Shades of Red, Tan, Blue – Stamped in Genuine Gold! You will be proud to own them.

HERE THEY ARE — the greatest Western thrillers ever written—all by the King of Western Writers, ZANE GREY! Use the Reservation Certificate to get the THREE Zane Grey classics described above — plus no-obligation information on how to get additional Zane Grey Westerns in matching, low-cost deluxe editions!

What a treat is in store for you! *You'll re-live* the trials and triumphs of Hell-Bent Wade . . . Arizona Ames . . . Nevada — ALL of Zane Grey's unforgettable heroes! *You'll thrill* to round-ups and hold-ups, stampedes and stage rides, gambling and gunplay! Look at these adventures awaiting you:

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE. Brave days of old Utah – drenched with blood!

WILDFIRE. Story of a great wild stallion, a fiery girl – and the man who was strong enough to tame them both!

ARIZONA AMES. His blazing six-shooter spread terror among the toughest badmen!

SHADOW ON THE TRAIL. Quick-shooting Wade Holden fights with rawhide-tough rustlers.

ROGUE RIVER FEUD. Violence and death on Rogue River.

DESERT GOLD. Spine-tingling adventures of men and women crazed by the lure of riches.

WEST OF THE PECOS. A hard-riding, straight-shooting young man turns out to be a *girl!*

THE LONE STAR RANGER. One man against the toughest killers in the wild Texas borderland!

CALL OF THE CANYON. Smashing drama of death and danger!

30,000 ON THE HOOF. Pioneer Huett battles screaming Indians and lawless rustlers.

WILD HORSE MESA. A party sets out to capture a phantom stallion.

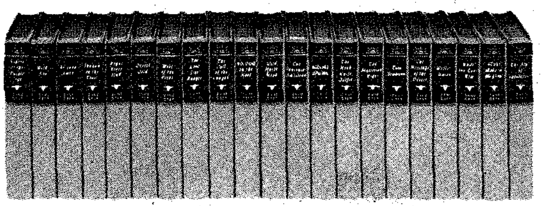
Other volumes include: The Vanishing American; Fighting Caravans; The Hash Knife Outfit; The Mysterious Rider; Twin Sombreros; The Heritage of The Desert; Western Union; Under The Tonto Rim; The Fugitive Trail; Shepherd of Guadaloupe; Thunder Mountain; To The Last Man; The Man of The Forest; many more Zane Grey classics! Every one complete!

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail RESERVATION CERTIFICATE to examine your first three volumes, shown and described above. With them will come an introductory invoice for only $1.00 (plus a few cents mailing charge) as payment IN FULL for ALL THREE books, and instructions on how to get your other beautiful volumes at the low price of $2.89 each. If not fully satisfied, you may return all three introductory books, or any later volume in the series; you may cancel your reservation at any time.

You have nothing to lose – and a lifetime of thrilling Westerns to enjoy! So send your risk-free Reservation Certificate NOW to:

WALTER J. BLACK, Inc., Roslyn, L. I., N. Y. 11576



READER'S RESERVATION CERTIFICATE

WALTER J. BLACK, Inc. **8-HF**
Roslyn, L. I., New York 11576

Send me at once the three Zane Grey books described above: THE THUNDERING HERD, ROBBERS' ROOST *and* THE DUDE RANGER. I enclose NO MONEY IN ADVANCE; within a week after receiving my books, I will either return them and owe nothing, or keep them for the special introductory price of ONLY $1.00 (plus a few cents mailing charges) for ALL THREE fine volumes.

Also reserve in my name additional beautifully-bound volumes in the Zane Grey Series. I will be entitled to receive them as they come from the press, on approval, for only $2.89 each (plus a few cents mailing charges). I am to receive advance descriptions of all future volumes. I need never send money in advance; if not completely satisfied, I may return any book within one week of receipt. I may cancel my reservation at any time. *(Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)*

Name..
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address.......................................
23A

City..

State............................ Zip...........